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SKETCHES

IN

BIOGRAPHY,

DESIGNED TO SHOW THE

INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE

ON

CHARACTER AND HAPPINESS.

24371 a c

By JOHN CLAYTON, Esq.

Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet, extremis in vicis, balba senectus.
Hor. ad librum.

EDINBURGH:

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M.DCCC.XXV.

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TO

WILLIAM CROSS, Esq.

OF RED SCAR, NEAR PRESTON,

WHOSE INSTRUCTIVE EXAMPLE

HAS PROVED

THAT THE DEEPEST SENSE OF RELIGION

CAN GIVE THE MOST CHEERFUL, ENDURING,

AND EXALTED RELISH

FOR LIFE AND ALL ITS BLESSINGS,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,

IN TESTIMONY OF

AN INHERITED AND CONSTANT FRIENDSHIP,

AND WITH AN EARNEST WISH

THAT HE MAY LONG CONTINUE TO COMBINE

THE ENJOYMENTS OF TIME

WITH THE HOPES OF IMMORTALITY.

PREFACE.

This is a work of humble pretensions: it professes to contain no discoveries in art or science: no new theories of morals, and no large quantity of novel information respecting the eminent literary persons of whom it treats. I claim no merit beyond that of having collected from a multitude of sources, and placed before the reader, in a concise and clear form, a series of authentic facts, tending to throw light on the interesting question of the influence of literary pursuits on human happiness. The extent of this influence has never been defined, and it is usually much underrated. The beautiful, eloquent, and just eulogium of Cicero on literature is too well known to be quoted here at length: no man was better qualified to speak, from experience, on the subject, than he was: for his letters, which have been ably interpreted into

Middleton's account of his life, show that his industry in reading and writing was wonderful and indefatigable. He said most truly, that literature adorns prosperity, and is a refuge and a comfort in adversity; the following pages are intended to prove further, by examples, which are the best arguments, that it refines the manners, strengthens the domestic affections, and exalts the character, making its votaries happier and better. In the course of my travels, I have seen many a promising and fine young man gradually led to dissipation, gambling, and ruin, merely by the want of means to make a solitary evening pass pleasantly. I earnestly advise every youth who quits that abode of purity, peace, and delight, his paternal home, to acquire a taste for reading and writing. At every place where he may reside long, either in England or on the Continent, let him study to make his apartments as attractive and comfortable as possible, for he will find a little extraordinary expense, so bestowed at the beginning, to be good economy in the end: let him read the best books in the language of the place in which he lives; and, above all, let him never retire to

serve and discriminate, for a man ceases to read with a desultory and wandering mind, which is utter waste of time, when he knows that an account of all the information which he has gained must be written at night. His rule of conduct, with regard to society, will then be *good company or none*, and he will find literature the protector of independence; the promoter of peace and refinement; and the guardian of religion, in principle and practice.

Of the three great sources of earthly enjoyment, reading, conversation, and composition, it is remarkable that two are solitary. Over books it is not uncommon to yawn in languor and weariness: in conversation with animated and intelligent friends, the hours pass uncounted: but the most soothing, the most absorbing, the most constantly delightful of all occupations is composition; for it can enable a man to forget pain, neglect, poverty, and every ill of life, except remorse, and the suffering of near connexions. I therefore advise every one to compose at least a journal, but I do not advise all my readers to follow my example, by taking the hazard of publication. If fame or profit be expected, there must be anxiety, and there may be disappointment; the only protection from these great evils is the exercise

of that most rare and most beautiful Christian virtue, *humility*.

A friend, whose opinion is entitled to respectful consideration, has blamed my want of severity in the subsequent sketches of some French literary men, of the class called *the Philosophers*. I value the comfort, the light, and the hope of Christianity as treasures above all earthly blessings: for those who are unfortunate enough to want them, I feel no sentiment but profound pity. I have therefore done justice, without scruple, to the filial and paternal affection of Marmontel, the wonderful industry and eloquence of Buffon, and the dignified consistency, the benevolence, and devoted loyalty of Malesherbes. I wish that the owners of these high qualities had united with them such principles as might have entitled men so celebrated to unqualified praise.

Should an inquiry be made why, with such an opinion as I have expressed of these sketches, I publish them at all, my answer is this; the numerous facts which I have collected afford, in short space, ample materials for thinking, and even for forming theories on life and manners; my book is calculated for the numerous class called light readers, who dread folios and quartos, and who will find variety here; for,

having laboriously compressed each life into about twenty duodecimo pages, I have scarcely given enough of any subject to cause that dreadful disease of the mind, weariness. I have hopes also, that my little book may be found useful and acceptable in schools, for both sexes; as I trust that it does not contain a word or a sentiment calculated to bring a stain upon the pure mind of innocence. Besides, it is well known that no two eye-witnesses of a fact narrate it in exactly the same manner. Events naturally take their colour from the understanding through which they pass; mere *abridgement* may be a very useful labour, but it is a humble one: the task of *condensation*, by which the facts scattered over numerous volumes are selected, placed in order, connected by a new narrative, and commented upon according to their degree of interest, is much more difficult. I have consulted the works of Bray, Heber, Forbes, Hayley, Pennington, Lord Teignmouth, and many others: I have taken from them dates, facts, and a few illustrative extracts, which will, I hope, be found in general scrupulously marked as quotations, but the connecting narrative, and the comments in the following pages, are nearly all original and whatever an author's subject may be, if he pour his mind

into his pages without reserve, some rules for conduct in prosperity, and for consolation in adversity, something new, worthy of being read and recollected, may be found; for the varieties of thought are almost infinite.

The reigning taste of the age is for fictitious history; but the indiscriminate reading of novels is dangerous to young persons, as it produces an unnatural and feverish excitement of mind, causing them to look for romantic adventures in common life, and thus rendering the most important domestic duties irksome and insipid. There is one infallible general rule by which every rational reader may decide upon the real merits of a book at once: it is this, *judge it by its fruits*, that is, by the effect which the perusal of it produces on the mind. Taking this as a criterion, it will be found that those works which describe the events of history, the examples of biography, and the manners of foreign nations, or such as place moral duties in a clear and convincing light, may be most safely recommended to gratify the ardent curiosity of the young and inexperienced.

It is fortunate for me, that if this little work should utterly fail in obtaining readers and exciting attention, I am consoled beforehand; for nothing can rob me now of the recollection of

pleasant researches, and of evenings which my collections and comments caused to pass delightfully. To public approbation I am not indifferent; the influence which it procures, and the friendships to which it is often a passport, are valuable in themselves, and the pleasure which it causes to near connexions is of much higher value still; but the hopes of man are often disappointed: whilst the reputation to which a writer looks forward as the reward of his labours is delayed, Time and Death are doing their appointed work; and when fame comes at last, the friendly ear to which it would have been sweet music, may be cold in the grave, or callous through bodily pain or domestic calamity. Of the small dear family circle, in the presence of whom the greater part of the following sketches were written, in winter-evenings, whilst

> The busy needle plied its wonted task,

one is already removed, ripe in years, and rich in Christian virtues, to a better world, and the other is widely separated from me by the call of paramount duty, but survives, and I hope will long survive, with her warm and generous affections unimpaired.

Of the motives for publication, which are usually imputed or suspected, vanity, and the desire of gain, are the most common. Vanity is utterly contemptible; but the pursuit of competency or wealth, by industry, is blameless if restrained within proper bounds, and may be commendable if it be sanctified by the intention of making a right use of what is acquired. A much higher motive may be furnished by the hope of amusing the lonely days of a fellow-countryman in sickness, in prison, or on a journey; of beguiling the misery of a sea voyage, or the greater misfortune of exile in a land of strangers. An author would feel richly recompensed for his labours, if he had any reasonable ground for expecting that they might restore cheerfulness, light, and hope to the suffering mind. This expectation is not quite chimerical. There are times when corporeal pain makes the labour of serious thought insufferable, for the nature of the connexion between the mind and the body is one of those mysteries which we strive in vain to solve. I have seen a learned mathematician suffering from severe headach, brought on probably by intensity of thought. He bore pain manfully and patiently, frequently exclaiming, alas, poor human nature! but felt the day tedious

from the interruption of his usual pursuits: under these circumstances, some of the following sketches were read to him at his own request, and I had the pleasure of hearing that they had contributed to divert his mind, by offering new subjects for his meditation, and had filled up some hours which would otherwise have been heavy or vacant.

If my attempt to illustrate life and manners, and to show the beneficial effects of literature on character and happiness by examples, be found acceptable and useful, I shall rejoice: if otherwise, I will be content with the consciousness of good intentions, and with the pleasure which my researches have already afforded me.

Ne longum faciam, seu me tranquilla senectus
Expectat, seu mors atra circumvolat alis;
Dives;—inops;—Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exul;
Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.

HOR.

Whether, in short, in tranquil age I sing,
Or threat'ning death flies round with gloomy wing;
Rich;—poor;—with friends, or exil'd from their sight,
Whate'er my lot may be;—I still must write.

EDINBURGH, *June* 18, 1825.

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF ARIOSTO.

NICOLO ARIOSTO, a man of ancient and respectable family, was governor of the castle of Reggio, in Lombardy, under the Dukes of Ferrara. He there married Daria di Malaguzzi, and had five sons and five daughters; of whom Ludovico, the celebrated poet, born in 1474, was the eldest. The genius of this distinguished author was displayed in very early youth: premature talents often give promises which, in more advanced life, end in disappointment: it seems as if the vigour of the intellect exhausted itself by unnatural and untimely exertion; and it too frequently happens, that prodigies of early genius are remarkable in manhood only for debility of mind, or are hurried to a premature grave. To this rule there are, however, brilliant exceptions; such were Cowley, Pope, Milton, and Ariosto. The first composition of Ariosto was a drama from the well-known story of Pyramus and Thisbe, which was acted before a very partial audience, by his brothers and sisters. He

prosecuted his classical studies diligently, [illegible] one of the first Latin scholars of his age. [illegible] an early and decided predilection for lit[illegible] pursuit, but the circumstances of his fat[illegible] rous family rendered the choice of a mo[illegible] profession necessary; and for five years [illegible] diligent, but a very reluctant, student o[illegible] from motives of principle and duty. [illegible] was employed in reading and translating [illegible] Spanish romances; and of these favou[illegible] abundant traces are to be found in the productions of his maturer age; particularly in the work which obtained such distinguished fame, *Orlando Furioso.* Nicolo Ariosto at last saw that it was useless to contend against the decided bent of his son's genius: urged by natural affection, and by the remonstrances of a near relative and friend, he consented that Ludovico should renounce the law, which was likely to make him miserable without making him rich; and the young poet returned to his classical studies with a keenness of relish which can only be understood by those who have been long restrained from favourite pursuits by the pressure of severer duties. His tutor was Gregorio Spoleti; a man celebrated for taste and extensive knowledge; an enthusiast in the love and study of Greek and Roman literature. Under this excellent guide, the progress of Ariosto was rapid and extensive; the classical Latin authors soon became his familiar and favourite companions; he preferred Horace to the rest, but no traces of imitation are to be found in any of his works except in his satires. He was

, to drink deep of the pure springs of taste
eek classics, when his progress was arrested
eath of his preceptor. Ariosto deeply la-
his loss, for the connexion between the tu-
pupil, when each is worthy of the other's
must always be intimate and endearing;
he could make a new arrangement for
s classical studies, his whole attention was
y the death of his father. This calami-
brought down his mind from soaring into
the regions of fancy and fiction, to the serious duties and business of life. His mother, and a large family, were left with slender provision, and depended principally upon him for aid, consolation, and support. Confidence in the principles of her eldest son is the first worldly comfort which reaches and cheers the heart of a widowed mother after her privation. Ariosto did his duty admirably, and he thus describes its details in his sixth satire:

> My father dead, I took the father's part,
> And chang'd, for household cares, the muse's art;
> For tuneful verse, each thoughtful hour I spent,
> To husband well the little heaven had sent.
> Each sister claim'd, by turns, my guardian hand,
> To watch her youth, and form her nuptial band;
> While piety and love my heart engage,
> To rear my helpless brethren's tender age.
>
> HOOLE'S *translation.*

Such domestic cares, so various and so deeply interesting, allowed little time for study and composi-

tion. It was honourable to his character, t
vourite pursuits should be suspended fro
cause. Amongst the good qualities whic
guished him, duty and affection to his mo
always conspicuous; she lived to extreme
cheered and blessed throughout a long li
kind attention of her son; observing with n
light his rising reputation, and enjoying wi
culiar feelings of maternal pride the distinc
ferred upon him. During the five years
lowed the death of his father, Ariosto coul
vote a few stolen hours to literature; but o
made so happy and so diligent an use, that his sonnets and Latin verses circulated widely in society;—the applause which they received was warm and general,—the author could not long remain in obscurity,—his poems attracted the attention of one of the great patrons of Italian genius, the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, brother of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara. His conversation fortunately confirmed the favourable impression made by his works; he accepted the offer of an honourable place in the Cardinal's household, which procured for him at once the use of an excellent library, the advantage of polished and literary society, abundant leisure to pursue his favourite studies, and an income which afforded independence and competence to a man of his philosophic habits, and moderate wants.

The taste for romantic poetry was then becoming general in Italy. Ariosto had shown an early and strong predilection for it, by his perusal and transla-

tions of the French and Spanish romances. Success in this branch of composition must, as he clearly perceived, lead at once to the highest distinction, and his determination to write a great romantic epic poem, was confirmed by his intimacy with a kindred spirit, Count Matteo Maria Boyardo. The great and honourable family of Este were all pleased with the celebration of the romantic exploits of Ruggiero, from whom they were proud to derive their origin.

Boyardo's poem, *Orlando Innamorato,* procured for him two great advantages, the patronage and friendship of the noble family of Este, and fame and popularity in his native land; but he died before his extensive design could be completed, and Ariosto determined to continue the work. Aware that silence, retirement, and complete abstraction of mind are necessary for the man who labours with a view to immortal fame, he chose for his retreat a beautiful country house, the property of Sigismundo Malaguzzi, a relation of his mother, and in his fourth satire, he thus describes the situation:—

Blest be the time, when from the world retir'd,
Fair Reggio's peaceful scenes my muse inspir'd;
Nurse of my infant years! remembrance views
Thy pleasing seats and every charm renews.
I see where Rhodan's tide delightful flows,
While sportive Naiads on the banks repose;
The fishy pool with silvery lustre crown'd,
Whose dimpled water moats the garden round.
The living stream that pours a crystal rill,
Through sprinkled herbage to the neighbouring mill,
The clustering vines that yield their purple store,
The hills, the vales, and ivy-circled tower.

HOOLE.

The celebrated and learned Cardinal Bembo, whose friendship was one of the early advantages which literature procured for Ariosto, earnestly advised him to write his great poem in Latin; he fortunately possessed too much taste and judgment to make such an attempt. "I would much rather," he said, "be the first amongst Italian poets, than second or third amongst the Latins." The disadvantages of writing in a dead language are indeed so great, that success without servilely copying the classical authors is almost impossible; and if Ariosto himself had made the attempt, his genius probably would not have saved his name and his poem from oblivion. The reputation of Petrarch amongst his cotemporaries, and in his own opinion, rested chiefly upon his Latin poems; but they are now read only by the antiquary, or the curious scholar, whilst the sonnets and canzoni, which were lightly esteemed by their author, will live and be read with delight as long as the language is known in which they were written.

Ariosto was in his thirtieth year when he began to compose his great poem, in the beautiful retreat which he had chosen. Relying, with a confidence which the event amply justified, upon his own taste, and encouraged by the warm applause of the chosen friends whom he occasionally consulted, the ten years which he passed in writing and correcting his great work must have been eminently happy, for, like Camoens in his exile at the Island of Macao, he enjoyed one of the most delightful of human sentiments —the anticipation of his future fame, a sentiment

which is the peculiar privilege of those who devote their days to the pursuits of literature, and which is exquisite enough to recompense them fully for all the laborious preparatory studies which great success must require.

The retirement of Ariosto was sometimes interrupted by the calls of gratitude and duty. The Duke of Ferrara, wishing to deprecate the resentment of Pope Julius the second, (who, though the ostensible head of a religion which professes universal peace, threatened his enemies with all the extremities of war,) sought an ambassador distinguished for high talents and conciliating manners, and found these qualities united in Ariosto. His mission was to a certain extent successful, he brought back a more favourable answer than the Duke expected; but when the Pope's fiery temper precipitated him into measures of violence, which ill suited his high station, the poet buckled on his armour, gallantly drew his sword to defend his patron and friends, was present at the capture of one of the Pope's armed vessels on the River Po, and showed distinguished courage. He was sent a second time with proposals of peace to Rome, after the repulse of the Papal army; but the Pope was irritated by the disasters which he and his allies, the Venetians, had met with in their unjust attempt, and it was with great difficulty that Ariosto escaped from the city, though protected by the title of Ambassador. From these important avocations he returned to his retreat and to his great work, with redoubled delight and ardour. At length, at the ma-

ture age of forty, he gave to the world the fruit of ten years of labour and care in composition and correction, his *Orlando Furioso*, a work combining with many of the very highest poetical beauties of genius, in sentiment, description, and expression, some of the faults peculiar to the age in which he lived. It is a collection of wild stories without a plan,—the middle of a romance without beginning, connexion, or end,—full of dragons,—giants,—winged horses,—enchanted castles,—battles,—wandering maidens,—knights-errant,—love and gallantry. It has been supposed that allegorical meanings and moral intentions lay concealed beneath its many vivid poetical beauties and faults; but probably the author had no design beyond amusing his readers and pleasing the family of Este, his patron and friends. If these were his only intentions, his success was great; for no work ever became more universally popular, no poem was ever more extensively read, quoted, and admired, than *Orlando Furioso*. In the third and fourth stanzas of his first canto he thus beautifully introduces his complimentary address to the person and family of his first patron, Cardinal Ippolito d'Este.

III.

Piacciavi, generosa Erculea prole,
Ornamento e splendor del secol nostro,
Ippolito! aggradir questo che vuole
E darvi sol può l'umil servo vostro:
Quel ch'io vi debbo, posso di parole
Pagare in parte, e d'opera d'inchiostro:
Nè, che poco io vi dia, da imputar sono;
Che quanto io posso dar, tutto vi dono.

IV.

Voi sentirete fra i più degni eroi
Che nominar con laude m'apparecchio,
Ricordar quel Ruggier chi fu di voi
E di vostri avi illustri il ceppo vecchio.
L'alto valore e i chiari gesti suoi
Vi farò udir, se voi mi date orecchio:
E i vostri alti pensier cedano un poco,
Sì che tra lor miei versi abbiano loco.

III.

Vouchsafe, great offspring of th' Herculean line,
In whom our age's grace and glory shine,
Hippolito! these humble lines to take,
The sole return your poet e'er can make,
Who boldly now his gratitude conveys
In lays like these and verse for duty pays:
Nor deem the labour from a tribute small,
'Tis all he has, and thus he offers all!

IV.

Here shall you, midst the bravest chiefs survey,
Whose honour'd praises claim the swelling lay,
Renown'd Rogero, from whose loins I trace
The ancient fountain of your glorious race!
My muse the hero's actions shall proclaim,
His dauntless courage and his deathless fame;
So you a while each weightier care suspend,
And to my tale a pleas'd attention lend.

HOOLE.

The original stanzas are copied here because much of their spirit and elegance has been lost in the translation.

It is natural to suppose that the highest favour of the Cardinal would be conciliated by a poem, which was destined to immortalize the character and exploits of his great ancestor Ruggiero, and which was addressed to himself in such a strain of courtly elegance; but Ariosto was doomed to experience the fickleness of patrons, and to feel that the kindness of great protectors is won with difficulty and easily lost. Ippolito, being about to visit Hungary, wished to take with him a small but chosen society of literary men, by whom at home he was constantly surrounded. He hoped to derive credit from having in his train the author of *Orlando Furioso*, but Ariosto felt in all its vigour the Italian prejudice against foreign countries, and gave deep offence to one unused to contradiction, by positively refusing to quit his native land. His feelings on this point are well described in his fourth satire, thus:—

Degli uomini son varii gli appetiti,
A chi piace la chiesa, a chi la spada,
A chi la patria, a chi gli strani liti,
Chi vuol andare a torno, a torno vada,
Vegga Inghilterra, Ungheria, Francia e Spagna,
A me piace habitar la mia contrada.
Vist'ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romania,
Quel monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia e un mare, e l'altro che la bagna:
Questo mi basta.——

Various are men's pursuits; these seek renown
In fields of death; those choose the sacred gown,
Some quit their native for a foreign shore:

Let those that wish, unnumber'd realms explore,
To Hungary, France, Spain, and England roam;
While I prefer a peaceful seat at home.
I've viewed whate'er the Tuscan country yields,
Fair Lombardy and wide Romania's fields;
The hills that Italy from Spain divide,
And those extending to the surging tide.
Let this suffice.——

HOOLE.

The resentment of Cardinal Ippolito was aggravated and prolonged by the mischievous suggestions of persons who envied the rising reputation of the poet. Ariosto deeply lamented the coldness of his patron; but he found consolation in the general applause bestowed upon his great work, which he corrected with incessant diligence. It is possible that a clear and correct prose style may be formed and written with great rapidity, if the matter be valuable, and the manner unaffected; if the author understand his subject well, and convey his meaning without pretending to any thing beyond clearness and accuracy, his pages may be composed at once, and printed without revisal, and yet be read, applauded, and admired; but in poetry there is no chance for immortality without frequent, laborious, and diligent correction, a process which should be patiently and incessantly continued, till no line or word remains which it is possible to change for the better. Pope and Goldsmith, who have condensed so much meaning into their verses, were eminent for the skill, the patience, the minute attention which

they bestowed on alterations and corrections: Ariosto laboured for immortality with the same diligence, and after five years of study, he published a second and improved edition of Orlando in 1521. After the death of Cardinal Ippolito he wished to devote the remainder of his life to literature in deep retirement, but being reminded by his friend Pistofolo, secretary to the Duke of Ferrara, that no man is justified in burying his talents in retreat and obscurity, when opportunities occur to render them extensively useful to his fellow creatures, he entered into the service of the Duke, who wished to employ him on a confidential and important duty. He was appointed Governor of the province of Grafagnana, in the Appenine mountains,—a district which, by the neglect of its former rulers, had fallen into a state of licence and anarchy. In this new and high station Ariosto displayed abilities which till then had been untried and unknown. By firm and gentle means he introduced amongst the people intrusted to his care, peace, justice, security, and order; he was rewarded by the thanks of the Duke, and the warm affection and gratitude of those whom he had governed. On one occasion he is said to have been indebted to his popularity as a poet for the safety of his property, and probably of his life. Italy has been for five hundred years, and still is, infested by banditti of peculiar manners and character;—united in bands, under some determined leader,—in league with the shepherds, postilions, and innkeepers of the country,—keeping up the semblance of attachment to the out-

ward forms of religion, and yet occasionally murdering and torturing unarmed prisoners with the greatest ferocity and cruelty, passing their leisure hours in debauchery and gambling, or in singing stanzas of heroic and romantic poetry, of which they have always been extravagant admirers. One of these bands, commanded by Pacchione, infested the mountains of Grafagnana. Ariosto, in a short excursion, accompanied only by a few servants, found himself suddenly surrounded in a wood by a numerous troop of armed horsemen:—resistance was madness, and escape impossible; the victim was about to resign himself to a fate which seemed inevitable, in the best manner that he could, when the leader of the band, after a short parley with one of the servants, approached Ariosto with the deepest respect, said that his name was Filippo Pacchione, that he and his comrades were warm admirers of *Orlando Furioso*, which they read, rehearsed, and sung daily; that, finding the author thus unexpectedly amongst them, they begged permission to show their sense of his great talents, by escorting him in safety and in honour to his castle. The governor, thus strangely accompanied, was entertained on his way by the recitation and praises of his own stanzas;—he arrived safely at his home, and thus received from the most ferocious of mankind an extraordinary and most welcome tribute to his merits as a poet. Having done his duty in the government of Grafagnana to the general satisfaction of the Duke and the people, he declined the offered honour of a third embassy to Rome, and returned to

his beloved studies and retirement at Ferrara. He there built for himself a little dwelling, and inscribed on the portico two Latin lines, which marked his moderate wants, and independent feelings,

> Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
> Sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus.
>
> Small is my humble cot, but well design'd
> To suit the temper of the master's mind;
> Offending none, it boasts a decent pride;
> And my own purse the modest cost supplied.

When he was reproached for not having built a larger house, he replied, that he found it easier to arrange words than stones.

He augmented his reputation at Ferrara by the composition of the two popular comedies, *il Negromante* and *la Lena*. He had written *la Cassaria* and *gli Suppositi* early in life; and his attention was turned to writing again for the stage, at a later period, by the decided taste shown for theatrical representations by the Duke Alphonso. The prologue to *la Lena* was spoken by a nobleman of the house of Este, the Marquis of Massa; and his comedies were acted by amateurs, with the most distinguished applause. In countries where a taste for the theatre prevails, there is no shorter or surer road to popularity amongst his cotemporaries, for an author, than writing for the stage. The habits of Ariosto were active and temperate; he rose very early,—sometimes at two o'clock, when he had composed, on his

pillow, amidst the abstraction and silence of night, any verses which he thought worth preserving; his first occupation in the morning, was to write or dictate to his secretary whatevêr had occurred to his mind since the preceding day; and these fruits of his fancy he always, in the course of literary discussion, frankly communicated to his friends. He was temperate from duty, from habit, and inclination, despising what are called the luxuries of life, and taking only one meal in the course of the day. His constitution was naturally feeble and delicate; but he reaped the fruits of his strict regimen in the enjoyment of better health than he could otherwise have hóped for, in independent feelings, capacity for exertion, and constant spirits,—the natural result of temperance. He says of himself in his second satire, that he was fit to have lived in the world when acorns were the food of mankind.

> I little heed what plenteous wealth affords,
> Where costly dainties load luxurious boards.
> Well had I liv'd, when man to hardship bred,
> In early times, on simple acorns fed.
>
> HOOLE.

His allusion to his aged mother, in the same satire, is extremely natural, characteristic, and affecting.

> I view my mother's age with pitying eye,
> That draws my soul by every tender tie:
> Shall she be left by all? forbid it, shame,
> And every duty to a parent's name.
>
> HOOLE.

The situation of aged parents, when their children have all married, settled in the world, and quitted them, is frequently distressing and pitiable in the extreme; accustomed to the most interesting society, and the kindest attention,—used to the prompt, cheerful, and unhired services, of those

Who seek no wages save a parent's smile;

the mind and the body perhaps suffering together under the pressure of increasing infirmities, the close of life too frequently appears a deserted, forlorn, comfortless, and solitary scene. To apply the best remedies for such sufferings,—kindness and attention, is always a proof that the natural feelings are warm and right, and such a proof was afforded to his mother by Ariosto. The sufferings of old age, from infirmity, neglect, or desertion, may, in another point of view, be deemed a wise dispensation; they may be sent in mercy, to make the transition from life to death less painful, more easy and more welcome.

The friends of Ariosto were numerous, distinguished in rank and character, and warmly attached to him. His manners were peculiarly calculated to conciliate and secure the attachment of those who approached and observed him; unassuming and kind, ready in that desirable species of wit which shines without wounding, he brought to every subject and occasion, a disposition to please and to be pleased, and a mind full of ideas, acquired and original. To women, his romantic and poetical imagination,—his

distinguished talents and high fame,—his courteous and devoted demeanour,—rendered him peculiarly acceptable; and in their society he passed the most delightful hours of his happy existence: with them his conversation was always lively and gay: with men, he was more grave, showing an occasional tendency to that melancholy which has been said frequently to accompany the highest genius; and which is supposed to have in its slight depressions something of peculiar enjoyment; there is reason to suppose that Milton painted his own feelings much more accurately in *il Penseroso* than in *l'Allegro*.

It is natural to feel an interest in the personal appearance of men who have been remarkable for the possession and use of the highest talents. We wish to become acquainted as intimately as possible with great authors; to examine their features in portraits and descriptions, and to know how they looked, who wrote so well. Ariosto was tall, and stooped a little; his walk was deliberate and slow; a fine picture by Titian shows a countenance full of deep thought; his head was partly bald, his hair black and curling, his forehead high, his eyebrows elevated, his eyes dark, expressive and sparkling, his nose large and aquiline, his teeth white and even, his complexion had the olive tint of his climate and country; his figure altogether was such as could not be passed without notice and inquiry. It is not difficult to trace the signs and expression of genius in the well-executed small head, which decorates the first page of Hoole's Orlando. The character of Ariosto was ad-

mirable in many respects; and in the most important relations of domestic life, as a son and a brother, he was exemplary. But it is not a part of my plan to conceal his failings, or to represent him as perfect. I wish nothing to extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. He was reported to have married secretly, and to have concealed his marriage for the purpose of continuing to hold some benefices, which a public declaration of the ceremony would have compelled him to resign. It is impossible to suppress or to deny the conclusion, that this transaction was dishonourable and fraudulent; but the fault must be partly imputed to the absurd institutions of the Roman church in such cases, and partly to the relaxed morality of the times in which he lived. With this single exception, the conduct and character of Ariosto were, through life, manly, dignified and honourable, for neither tradition, nor envy, nor cotemporary slander have been able to affix any other stigma on his fair fame.

To this exception Sir John Harrington must have alluded, when he thus closed his account of the great poet; "his learning, his good behaviour, his honesty, made him beloved of all good men in his life, and bewailed of all honest men in his death; so as, methinks, reading over his life, I could find in my heart to wish, (saving for some very few things,)

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori."

Thus be my lot to live, and thus to die.

The last moments of Ariosto were tranquil, dignified, and in every way worthy of his high character and happy life. A belief that friends, who have loved and esteemed each other on earth, would meet and be recognised in a state of eternal happiness hereafter, was firmly impressed upon his mind; and to this amiable and delightful feeling he owed the remarkable composure which distinguished the closing scene of his high career. He assured the friends who were weeping around him that he quitted the world without reluctance, in the assurance that he should meet them and others who had preceded him, in a happier and better state of existence. He died at Ferrara on the 6th of July 1534, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was interred in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara. His talents and his character were celebrated by the first and most learned of his countrymen; and about forty years after his decease, a fine marble monument and a statue larger than life were erected to his memory.

The following Latin inscription was lately still legible.

Notus et hesperiis jacet hic Ariostus et Indis,
Cui Musa eternum nomen Hetrusca dedit,
Seu Satyram in vitio exacuit, seu comica lusit,
Seu cecinit grandi bella ducesque tuba:
Ter summus vates! cui summi in vertice Pindi
Tergemina licuit cingere fronde comas.

Here Ariosto lies, whose deathless name,
From east to west the Muses crown with fame,

Whose pointed satire lash'd the vicious age;
Whose comic scene inspir'd the laughing stage;
Whose martial trumpet, breathing loud alarms,
Could sing of mighty chiefs and fatal arms.
Hail matchless bard! for Pindus' summit born,
Whose happy brows the triple bays adorn.

HOOLE.

Of the triple claim to immortality alluded to in his epitaph, little now remains, except his great romantic poem, *Orlando Furioso;* his satires and his comedies are neglected or forgotten, but *Orlando* is still enthusiastically admired in Italy,—is read with a little less warmth of applause in other countries where the Italian language is studied, and is known almost universally through the medium of translations into nearly all the languages of Europe.

The beauties of Tasso, which are undoubtedly great, have been found by foreigners so much more regular and comprehensible than the wild and unrestrained flights of Ariosto, that it is usual for them to prefer *Jerusalem Delivered* to *Orlando.* If the natives of Italy were called upon to class their great poets in the order of their claims to superior genius,—they might hesitate whether the first place should be given to Dante or Ariosto; they would probably assign the third to Tasso, and the fourth to Petrarch. A full consideration of all the circumstances and events of the life of Ariosto must lead to the conclusion that his character was exalted, and his happiness eminently promoted by literature. Friendship is the balm of existence, and the applause of the honourable,

the wise, and the good, is one of the greatest blessings of life. These advantages, amongst many others, were obtained, by literary merit, for the great poet, whose history and character are here very slightly sketched. His friends are enumerated in the forty-sixth canto of *Orlando;* the list is a very long one, and it comprises nearly all the worth and eminence that Italy had then to boast of. He enjoyed the patronage, the favour, the kindness of the Cardinals Bembo and Ippolito d'Este, of the Pope Leo X., and of the Emperor Charles V., who solemnly and publicly placed a crown of laurel on his head in the city of Mantua.—But if happiness depended upon public favour alone, it must in its nature be imperfect, for man cannot always live in public;—the enjoyments of popular fame and general applause are great, and perhaps there is greater pleasure still in the secret contemplation of successful literary labour, in the delightful hope of a reputation enduring through countless ages. The hopes,—the anticipations,—the enjoyments of literature cheered and embellished the public and the private life of Ariosto.

METASTASIO.

He liv'd obscure 'till letters spread
Their vivid glory round his head.

D'Israeli, in his work on the Calamities of Authors, has, with great research and ingenuity, brought together a number of tragical anecdotes and histories, intended to prove that authors have been, in all ages, a peculiarly unhappy race of beings; and the direct inference, from the facts which he has so industriously collected, is, that the pursuits of literature are unfavourable to the happiness of mankind. This little essay is one of a series of sketches designed, without any formal or chronological order, to show that D'Israeli has stated only one side of a great question; that the employment of composition and the pursuits of literature are eminently soothing, absorbing, ennobling, and delightful: that, wherever other circumstances do not interfere to prevent these natural effects, they exalt the character, improve the temper, promote the happiness, and embellish the whole existence of those who are entirely devoted to them.

Felice Trapassi, finding himself unable to procure subsistence in Assisi, his native town, in consequence of various domestic calamities, removed to Rome, and

was fortunate enough to find there a compensation for his former sufferings in an amiable wife, and an employment in the Pope's household. He married Francesca Gallasti, a Bolognese, and found peace, comfort, and content in his humble establishment. Peter Trapassi, one of his younger sons, born in 1698, showed, at the early age of eleven, an extraordinary passion for music and poetry. It is well known how easily Italian words fall into rhyme, and with what success a talent for extemporaneous lyrical composition is still cultivated in the land of high renown and ancient song; to produce verses impromptu, which deserve to be written and remembered, is the exclusive privilege of Italians.

The celebrated lawyer Gravina was passing one evening through the street in which Trapassi resided, when he was attracted to the door by the singular spectacle of a little boy singing, with a very sweet voice, his own playful extemporaneous verses, to an admiring and applauding crowd. Gravina was a man of cultivated taste and benevolent feelings; he was delighted with the countenance, the manners, the early talents of the youth; his first favourable impression was confirmed by further conversation; he was unwilling that a genius so promising should be buried in obscurity, and determined to beg the boy from his parents, to educate and adopt him as his own. As their son was not to be removed from Rome, the parents cheerfully assented to a proposal so advantageous to his future welfare. Gravina, who was warmly attached to Grecian literature, translated the

name of his adopted son to *Metastasio*, a name which was destined to become so generally and honourably celebrated. The youth received a regular classical education; and his early talents were improved and developed with the most assiduous care. At fourteen he composed a regular drama, on the strict Greek model, and Gravina, proud of his pupil, took him to Naples, where the young bard exhibited his talents in extemporaneous song, in competition with Rolli, Vagnini, and Perfetti, all veterans in the art.

Metastasio was admitted to have excelled them all in facility and harmony, the qualities most valued in such compositions. He became affectionately attached to Naples during his first short residence there, his talents, character and manners rendering him, in every society, an acceptable guest. On his return to Rome, he devoted himself, at the request of his adopted father, to the study of the law, intending to make it his regular profession, whilst he looked to literature for pastime and amusement. The warmest attachment and the happiest union constantly existed between the pupil and his preceptor. Metastasio was twenty when Gravina died at Rome, aged fifty-four. He lamented with the deepest and most sincere affliction his early friend, his tutor, his patron, his second father, and spoke of him, through the remainder of his life, with the warmest affection, attachment, gratitude and regret. Gravina faithfully fulfilled every promise and stipulation which he had made, on receiving the youth from the hands of his parents: he treated his adopted son with constant

kindness,—taught him his own profession,—superintended his general education with parental care,—developed the good qualities of his head and heart, and bequeathed to him all his fortune. Metastasio, in the prime of life, thus found himself in possession of a small estate in the kingdom of Naples, a well-furnished house, an excellent and extensive library, and about 15,000 Roman crowns, equal to nearly L.4000 sterling; a sum which, in purchasing the necessaries and luxuries of life, may, in Italy, be deemed fairly equivalent to double the amount in England. Prudence and economy are not the virtues of twenty. His cook was excellent, his home cheerful, his temper social, his poetry delightful; his talents deserved much praise, and received still more. His friends were kind and very numerous; they left him no time for computation and reflection; and in two years his legacy was exhausted. His little estate, his library, and his knowledge of the law fortunately still remained. The troops of friends, who would have done any thing to serve him when he did not want their assistance, became cool or inefficient patrons when their aid was really required. He wisely and resolutely determined to leave them, and to depend on his own exertions for future support. He purchased the first lessons of experience and prudence at rather a dear rate; but they remained fixed upon his mind and memory, regulated his conduct for the remainder of his life; and little more was heard of his pecuniary distress after he removed to Naples. The

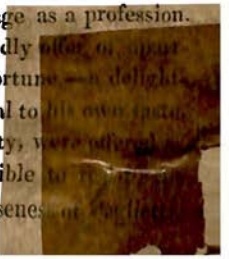
learned advocate Paglietti stood, in reputation, at the head of his profession in Naples; devoted to the law, and underrating the importance of every other study; he was a strict and stern enemy to music, poetry, and general literature; requiring no relaxation himself, he permitted none to those who were under his care. The disappointment which Metastasio had experienced in his hopes of patronage at Rome, and the passion for independence which it occasioned, induced him to offer himself to Paglietti as a pupil; he was received on condition that he would abandon recitation and poetry,—a condition to which he reluctantly, but resolutely assented.

My object in this sketch is to show that his mind was elevated, and his life rendered eminently happy by his love of literature: the year passed at Naples in the diligent study of law cannot be numbered amongst his years of enjoyment; but the satisfaction derived from a consciousness that he was sacrificing his own pleasures and his inclinations, from high and honourable motives, probably cheered and consoled him under his voluntary privations. He had recited, before his departure from Rome, in the presence of the society of the Arcadians, with general and warm applause, a beautiful elegiac composition, written to celebrate the virtues of his kind friend Gravina, and strictly kept his promise of abstaining from poetry for a whole year afterwards. Fortunately for his own reputation and happiness, and most fortunately for the innocent amusement of his cotem-

poraries and of posterity, his ruling passion, after having been repressed for a year, by a resolute will, and by severer studies, burst forth with increased vehemence in 1721, and peculiar circumstances rendered further efforts to restrain it quite unavailing: his accomplished friend the Countess d'Althan, demanded an epithalamium for the marriage of one of her relatives, and the call was promptly answered, by the production of more than a hundred harmonious and beautiful stanzas. Soon afterwards the Viceroy of Naples himself condescended to request Metastasio to compose an opera. Afraid of the keen and watchful eye of Paglietti, he began the task with that exquisite relish which authors alone can feel, whilst their favourite employment absorbs all their faculties; stole from sleep and from recreation the time required to complete it, and produced *gli Orti Esperidi*, which was performed in 1723. The appearance of this drama was an era in the history of the opera at Naples,—the numerous noble families there were in the habit of attending the performance every night,—they received company in their boxes, and generally went much more for the sake of conversation with each other, than of listening to what passed on the stage. A favourite singer might command silence and attention for a single air; but as soon as *it was over*, the noise and confusion recommenced, and the rest of the performance was disregarded and despised.

As compositions, the operas well deserved the con-

tempt which they received, the words were mere vehicles, or accompaniments for music, written without talent, and almost without meaning; the stories were absurd, improbable, or ridiculous. The beauty of Metastasio's poetry, and the deep and sustained interest of his dramatic scenes, made a revolution which was universally remarked; the audience listened, for the first time, with profound and silent attention to the sentiments and the story; and the author shared the applause which had before been bestowed on the musical composer alone. The celebrated Bulgarini was at that time the first female singer in Naples; she had taste and judgment enough to discover all the poetical merits of the new opera, and the novelty of commanding entire attention to every part of her recitation, from the beginning of the drama to the end, naturally delighted her. She sought and obtained an introduction to the author, —she was a woman of superior talents and acquirements, and she used all the influence which her powers of conversation obtained for her, in endeavouring to persuade the young poet to quit the dry and uninteresting study of the law, and to devote himself to writing for the stage as a profession. Her husband joined her in a friendly offer of apartments in their house:—fame,—fortune,—delightful employment, perfectly congenial to his own taste, the most gay and enchanting society, were offered as temptations, which it was impossible to resist. His decision was hastened by the moroseness of [illegible]



whose cold and harsh manner showed that he had discovered, and disapproved of, the new pursuits of his pupil. Metastasio took his final leave of the law in the year 1724. His first composition, after he became an author by profession, was the beautiful opera *la Didone abbandonata*, which raised his reputation at once to its summit; it was applauded universally; set by all the popular composers of the day, and successively performed in every court and capital in Italy and in Europe.

There is nothing in the life of an author so delightful as his first decisive success; whatever confidence he may possess in his own talents, he must always tremble for the final event, till his own hopes and sanguine anticipations have been confirmed by general approbation and applause: young,—pleasing in figure, character, and manners; confirming, by his composition and recitation, the favourion which his published works had creatsio was sought, caressed, and praised by ere most exalted in rank and literary re- the beautiful, the witty, the learned, Philosophers might envy him his transcenes of existence at Vienna; but manral would prefer his vivid enjoyment of is fame at Naples.

e returned to Rome with the Bulgarinis, aid their friendship and hospitality, by e house and receiving them as inmates own family. There are few sensations in

life more truly delightful than those produced by the well-earned praise of near relatives and friends; the parents of Metastasio enjoyed, for three short years, his reputation and his society; and it was probably the happiest period of their existence. He composed at Rome *Catone in Utica;* but the sentiments expressed by his hero were too dignified and exalted to suit the frivolous taste of his degenerate countrymen. It was followed, in 1729, by his more popular productions *Ezio* and *Semiramide.* In 1730, the destination of his remaining days was decided, by a flattering invitation from Vienna, to succeed Apostolo Zeno as court poet, or laureate; his office requiring him to write all the operas wanted for the Imperial Theatre. He was indebted for this distinction to his high character, his rising fame, and the warm recommendation of his predecessor, to whom he was known only through the medium of his published works.

The natives of Italy are warmly attached to their own beautiful country, and are too generally inclined to consider all foreigners, whom they contemptuously call *Tramontani,* as barbarians. His classical feelings, the early associations, the various ties of friendship and relationship, all combined to render Metastasio unwilling to quit the land of his birth; a high station, even in the imperial court, he considered only in the light of a splendid banishment; but his Roman patrons were parsimonious, and fickle. His friends and

though they all loved and sought his society, urged him not to reject an office which held forth in prospect great and certain advantages, both to him and to them; and his love of independence, after a long struggle, at last induced him to accept an offer which secured to him a moderate but sure competence, for the remainder of his life. He fulfilled his engagements to the theatre at Rome, by the composition of two popular operas there, took a final and affectionate leave of his family and friends, and removed to Vienna in 1730, where his reception was most kind and flattering, his personal and poetical reputation having preceded him.

On the 22d of July 1730, he was first introduced to his great protector, Charles VI. The Emperor was grave, moral, affable, and kind-hearted—such qualities, in a man of his distinguished rank, easily secured the attachment of all who approached him,—he was pleased with the talents, the conversation, manners of his new Laureate; and Metastasio became, in return, warmly devoted to his s, condescending, and generous patron. His uction, after he took possession of his new s the Oratorio of *Santa Elena al Calvario*, s performed a few months after his arrival a. His regular salary was fixed at 3000 ual to about L.300 sterling a year, to which eror afterwards added a pension of 2000 ore, charged on some ecclesiastical benefices . He took up his residence in the house of

Signor Martinez, who officiated as master of the ceremonies to the Apostolical mission, and remained an inmate in the same friendly and amiable family for the long remainder of his happy life; on them he bestowed the affections of his warm heart, as he became successively acquainted with their merits; and to them, after the death of his own relations, he bequeathed his whole fortune. His first opera at Vienna, *il Demetrio*, was performed in November 1731, and it was universally deemed worthy of the high reputation of its author. It was warmly commended by the Emperor himself; and the very rare spectacle of tears generally shed at the performance of a musical drama was witnessed on that occasion. His labours in composition were incessant; they consisted of Operas, Oratorios, lyrical pieces, Hymns, Cantatas, Sonnets, and Canzoni, which all display, in an eminent degree, elegance, refined ideas, pure morals, affecting sentiments, and harmonious expression. His prose writings consisted of translations from the Poetics of Aristotle, of notes to the *Ars poëtica* of Horace, and of numerous letters to the members of his own family, and to Farinelli, the celebrated singer; with whom he continued for his life on terms of such intimate friendship, that familiarly addressed each other by an appellation more near and endearing than that of brother, *mello*, or *Twin*. His prose style is delightful unaffected, and pure; and his letters, which more valuable, because they were obviously tended for publication, may serve as models

time which, according to his own statement, he required for the composition of an opera, was three months, but *l'Achille in Sciro,* being wanted in haste, for a particular occasion, was written in eighteen days and a half,—too short a time, from his own account, to enable him to complete it to his own entire satisfaction. His genius was in its full maturity when he produced *il Temistocle* and *il Ciro riconosciuto,* which are the finest, the most perfect, and the most sublime of his works; in these the deformity of vice, and the attractions of virtuous and heroic qualities, are so eloquently painted, that the hearer and the reader must feel exalted and improved by the performance and the perusal. These works appeared in 1736; and it appeared as if his mind required an unusual period of rest after the production of them, for no work in prose or poetry bears the date of 1737, and he published no other regular opera before 1740, when he wrote *Zenobia.* He had at this time to lament the death of his kind friend, protector, and patron, the Emperor Charles VI. and the disastrous war of the succession, which immediately followed, left the wretched and suffering inhabitants of Vienna no leisure or inclination to enjoy the Drama.

By the death of the Emperor, his daughter, Maria Theresa, became sole heiress of the extensive dominions of the House of Austria; but the succession to the imperial crown was disputed by her ambitious neighbours, and a general war soon involved this beautiful and interesting young female in the deepest and most

romantic distress. To grace and gentleness she united firmness, dignity, and invincible courage: in imminent danger of seeing her husband and her children deprived of their rank and all their possessions, she appeared before the states of Hungary in deep mourning, with her infant in her arms, and made so pathetic an appeal to her subjects for aid, that their enthusiastic efforts rescued her and her family from impending ruin. Such a sovereign, so young and beautiful, so deeply and undeservedly distressed, must have excited a great interest in the loyal, grateful, and feeling heart of Metastasio. It was only by such public calamities, and by the occasional loss of friends, which all those must experience whose days are prolonged, that the calm and gentle current of his happiness was ever disturbed. The Empress was so much pleased with the proofs of his attachment that she augmented his pension, and presented him with her own picture, richly adorned.

To literature Metastasio had been indebted for the enjoyment of the highest and best society at Naples; to literature he also owed the same envied distinction at Vienna. The accomplished Princess di Belmonte Pignatelli had received him in her house at Naples with the kindness which marked her amiable character, and on his departure from Italy, he was indebted to her for a letter of introduction to her relative the Countess d'Althan, then a resident in Vienna. He delivered this letter soon after his arrival; and [illegible] his character, and his manners procured [illegible]

neral invitation, of which, whilst the Countess lived, he availed himself daily. Amongst the most distinguished men at that time in Vienna were the Count di Canale, minister plenipotentiary from the Sardinian court, and the Baron d'Hagen, president of the Aulic council of war. Both were highly and justly celebrated for probity and talents, for pleasing, unaffected manners, and for passionate devotion to science and literature. With them Metastasio formed a friendship so confidential and intimate, that every evening, without exception, these eminent and accomplished noblemen visited him at his apartments at six, and staid till about eight; and they found so many attractions in the lively, improving, and intellectual conversation, that they continued this practice to the end of their lives. The subjects discussed on these social and happy evenings were new books and scientific discoveries, with recollections of favourite passages in the best classical authors; all controversy, all satire, every thing gloomy, or melancholy, were excluded by general consent; nothing therefore occurred which could imbitter the enjoyment of their meetings either in memory or in prospect. It was thus that the son of the obscure Felice Trapassi, uniting great talents with upright principles, humility, pleasing manners, and an affectionate heart, was exalted in the scale of society, sought at his own dwelling on equal terms by the rich, the learned, and the noble, distinguished by the constant and particular favour of his sovereign, and beloved by all who ap-

proached him. His modesty, and the care with which he avoided all censure and controversy, shielded him from the attacks of criticism, and his works were received with unmixed praise. Metastasio was a model of order in the distribution of his time; every hour had its appointed employment; his meals were taken every day at the same moment; portions of his existence were strictly appropriated to study, to composition, to religious duties, to visits abroad, and to receiving company at home. In the latter part of his life, when his reputation had spread over Europe, every distinguished traveller sought for an introduction to him; and the impression made upon strangers, by his easy, unaffected, and pleasing address, was universally favourable. His early friend, the celebrated singer Bulgarini, died in Italy in 1734, and bequeathed to him the savings of her professional life, amounting to 25,000 Roman crowns,—about L.6000. The bequest gave him an opportunity of exhibiting the generosity and disinterestedness of his disposition in a remarkable manner: he refused to receive any part of the legacy, but gave up the whole at once to her own relations. His letters on the subject of her death are eloquent and pathetic, and do equal honour to his head and to his heart. The genius of the poet seems never to have been enfeebled by time and age. He continued to write and compose to an unusually late period of existence with unabated relish; and without any perceptible decline of his admirable facility and skill. His last Opera, *Ruggiero*, was pub-

lished in 1771, when the author was in his 73d year; he had then lost many of his early friends, but he was still uniformly tranquil and happy; for these losses he reconciled to himself as the common debts of mortality, and he could look back on the events of his life without regret or pain. One of the amusements of his declining age was superintending the education of Marianna Martinez, the daughter of his host. Under his tuition she became an amiable and most accomplished woman, and one of the first musicians in Europe. During the time of her musical studies the great composer Haydn, whose reputation afterwards rose so high, resided for three years under the same roof with Metastasio. The task of education must be one of the most delightful employments of age, when success appears likely to reward the pains bestowed; for it permits hope to exist to the end of life, and the talents developed by it must be observed with constant pleasure. The life of Metastasio was prolonged in comfort and enjoyment to the very advanced age of eighty-four; few signs of decrepitude appeared in his person or countenance; and his fine faculties had suffered little perceptible decay. A cold, which he caught in seeing a solemn procession of Pope Pius VI., then at Vienna, was followed by a fever, which proved fatal in a few days. He expired in a most enviable state of tranquillity and peace of mind, on the 12th of April 1782, deeply lamented for his excellent moral and mental qualities, and immortalized by his numerous and beautiful works. It is

impossible to consider the events of the life of Metastasio without being forcibly struck with the many advantages which literature procured for him. He was raised by the cultivation of his literary talents from obscurity and poverty to distinction and affluence; literature supplied him with one of the most delightful occupations of existence, which continued without intermission from early youth to extreme old age; it soothed the common cares of life, composed his passions, refined his manners, exalted him in society, recommended him to the warm friendship of the most accomplished persons of his age, embellished his whole existence, obtained for his family, and all who loved him, the most delicious sensations of pride and pleasure in the enjoyment of his well-earned fame, and gave him, with that praise to which no human being can be quite indifferent, the nobler assurance that, when his body was buried in the grave, his name would live for ever. He was certainly one of the happiest men of his time, a blessing which he owed partly to the possession of admirable moral qualities, humility, generosity, consistency, and warmth of friendship and affection; but it was literature which brought these qualities to light, and caused them to be duly appreciated and justly admired.

Metastasio, having survived all the members of his own family, left his property to the children of his valued friend and host Martinez; he bequeathed to the two daughters, Marianna and Antonia, 20,000 florins, equal to about L.2000 each, and constituted

their elder brother, Joseph Martinez, his residuary legatee. The property which he had accumulated from the sale of his works, from imperial presents, and from his salary as court poet, amounted to 130,000 florins, or about thirteen thousand pounds. One paragraph in his will deserves to be translated as characteristic of his good sense and benevolence.

" Though I consider the following suggestion superfluous, I recommend it to the two sisters, Marianna and Antonia, to continue to live with their elder brother, my heir, Joseph Martinez, contributing to the support of his house, profiting by his wise counsels, and paying him their usual affectionate attention; and, if they think of changing their state, I earnestly exhort them not to venture upon a step, on which the happiness, or misery of their remaining existence must depend, without the advice and full concurrence of their wise and affectionate brother."

Amongst the papers of Metastasio were found a few short notes addressed to him in French, in the hand-writing of the Empress Maria Theresa, two of which, it may be thought, are worth copying as curiosities; they indicate, in a striking manner, the condescension and kindness of that noble and extraordinary woman.

Note written on receiving an ode called, *I Voti Publici*. " Je vous suis bien obligée de l'ouvrage que vous avez fait pour moi: j'en connois le prix; mais je ne suis pas satisfaite du sujet: c'est plutôt un reproche pour moi que je mérite actuellement, et le

passé n'a eu du mérite que dans votre habile plume, comme dans votre prévention et attachement pour moi. Recevez une pension de 1200 florins sur ma propre caisse, comme un gage de mon estime et de mon amitié.

MARIE THÉRESE."

Note on receiving the ode on the *Imperial Villa of Schönbrunn.* " La promptitude de la surprise est d'autant plus agréable, qu'elle me fait voir mon ancien Maitre parfaitement conservé, qui fait la gloire de notre siècle, et encore plus de ceux à qui il s'est voué.

MARIE THÉRESE."

The friendly and unassuming style of these little notes does equal honour to the Empress and to her devoted poet. The dramas of Metastasio are beyond the reach of criticism, their pre-eminent merits being acknowledged wherever the music of Italy is known, that is, in the most polished societies of Europe. They are in general deeply interesting, and always elegant and harmonious; perhaps they are the only Italian operas which have been read and admired for the sake of their own literary merits, independently of the beauty of the music; and that their merit does not consist in words alone, is proved by the fact, that nearly two hundred and fifty pages of *sentences* and *maxims*, remarkable for point and truth, have been extracted from them, and separately pub-

lished. His canzonettas—too few in number, are exquisite models of grace, taste, and harmony. Every stanza is beautiful in *la Libertà*, addressed to *Nice*, and beginning thus:

Grazie agl' inganni tuoi,
Al fin respiro, o Nice,
Al fin d'un infelice
Ebber gli Dei pietà:
Sento da lacci tuoi,
Sento che l'alma è sciolta,
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà.

II.

Manco l'antico ardore,
E son tranquillo a segno
Che in me non trova sdegno,
Per mascherarsi amor.
Non cangio più colore
Quando il tuo nome ascolto;
Quando ti miro in volto,
Più non mi batte il cor.

His fifth canzonetta, written in Vienna at 1746, called *la Partenza*, is still more celebrated, more natural, and beautiful. I have space left for the first stanza only:

Ecco quel fiero istante;
Nice, mia Nice, addio!
Come vivrò, ben mio,
Così lontan da te?

Io vivrò sempre in pene,
Io non avrò più bene;
E tu, chi sa se mai,
Ti sovverrai di me!

One of his little posthumous pieces, *la Cacciatrice*, begins thus beautifully:

Solitudine amene,
Bei colli, opache valli, ombre segrete,
Voi del mio cor sarete
Sempre la dolce cura.

To Metastasio may be justly applied the high praise bestowed on Thomson. He left in his published works,

No line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

FENELON.

L'enthousiame de la religion consideré en lui même, indepen-damment des diverses croyances, est le plus puissant de tous, et le plus exalté. Comme il appartient tout entier à l'imagi-nation, il est sans bornes comme elle: il dût embraser l'ame pure et tendre de Fénelon de l'amour de l'ordre, de la vérité et de la paix, réunis dans l'idée d'un Dieu.

LA HARPE.

FRANÇOIS SALIGNAC DE LA MOTTE FÉNELON, one of the ornaments of the French Church and of humanity, was born at the Castle of Fenelon, in Perigord, in the year 1651; his ancestors were noble, and some of his near connexions were distinguished by birth, talents, and character; amongst these was his uncle, the Marquis of Fenelon, upon whom the care of his education principally devolved. Fenelon had pursued his classical studies for some years at the university of Cahors; his original destination was the church, and at the early age of nineteen he was already a popular preacher. His uncle, dreading the effect of applause on a young mind, removed him to Paris, and placed him under the care and tuition of M. Tronçon, the prior of the congregation of St. Sulpice at Paris. With this excellent instructor he

lived for some years secluded from the world,—gradually forming, in deep retirement, a mind and a character which, at a subsequent period, and in an elevated station, were destined to instruct and edify his fellow creatures. Between the preceptor and the pupil a great similarity of pursuits and feelings produced its usual consequences—attachment and friendship, which ended only with existence. At the age of twenty-four Fenelon entered into priest's orders, and undertook a portion of the laborious duty of the parish of St. Sulpice, one of the most extensive and populous in Paris. His rank in life, and his high family connexions, obtained for him an easy introduction to all who were distinguished for character, talents, and literature in the metropolis;—his graceful elocution, his gentle disposition, and pleasing manners, made him universally acceptable as a companion and as a preacher.

The society of Paris was in those days the most polished and attractive in the world. Authors of talents and celebrity were daily invited to the tables of the nobility, and frequently had apartments assigned to them in palaces. In France the females have always mixed more in company than in other countries; many of them were well qualified to take a part in literary and even in scientific conversation; and French women have always been justly celebrated for the vivacity and fascination of their manners. Fenelon, at his age, might be expected to take a natural and an innocent delight in being sought, courted, and well

received in such society; but, like Bishop Berkeley, with whose character his had many points of resemblance, he was willing to forego the pleasures, the comforts, the advantages of civilized life, and to devote himself wholly to the dangerous and sublime duty of teaching the truths of Christianity to the savages of North America. He earnestly petitioned to be sent as a missionary to Canada, but his uncle interfered to prevent it; and he afterwards solicited permission to go to the Levant in the same capacity without success. He was ready and anxious to encounter, not only personal perils, but the extremes of cold, heat, hunger, and privation, for the purpose of communicating the benefits and blessings of religion to the wild and ignorant Indians of the woods. The humble missionary of modern times gives up comparatively little when he sets out to distant countries on similar expeditions. He has probably been accustomed at home to coarse and scanty fare, and has known nothing of the luxury of refined society, but in men situated as Berkeley and Fenelon were, the offer was a noble sacrifice of all that endears and embellishes existence to a principle of duty.

Fenelon was only twenty-seven years old when the Archbishop of Paris appointed him superior of the converted Catholics, and of the Congregation of Sisters of Magdalen of Traisnel, situations requiring, in the highest degree, the qualities most uncommon at his time of life, steadiness and judgment. He acquitted himself in such a manner as to give universal satisfaction,

and soon afterwards, on the resignation of his relative the Bishop of Sarlat, he was appointed to the canonry of Carance, producing about one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Notwithstanding his zeal, his services, his well-known talents, and spotless character, more than fifteen years elapsed before he obtained any higher preferment in the church. His rank and his increasing reputation gradually extended his acquaintances and friendships. He was introduced by the Marquis of Fenelon, a brave and pious soldier, to the Duke of Beauvilliers, and to Bossuet, the learned Bishop of Meaux. These introductions had afterwards a powerful influence on his reputation and his happiness; and it is thus that, in human life, circumstances, which at first appear casual or trifling, change the destination, fix the employments, and form the character of men.

Louis XIV. appointed the Duke of Beauvilliers governor of his grandson the Duke of Burgundy, and Fenelon was immediately appointed sub-governor or preceptor in September 1689, at the age of thirty-eight. A more delicate and difficult task was never undertaken; his pupil was the spoiled child of rank and fortune, and displayed his perverse nature even in infancy; the youth was selfish, obstinate, proud, irascible, violent; his caprice made the wretched dependents who had hitherto approached him tremble in his presence. Fenelon formed a deliberate plan for correcting these defects, and adhered to it with inflexible perseverance; for he knew that his pupil

might succeed to the throne, and that the happiness, or misery of twenty millions of his fellow creatures might depend upon his instructions. The preceptor was firm, gentle, attentive, observing, and diligent. His patient and laborious exertions were crowned at last with the most brilliant success. The violence of the royal youth's temper was subdued by degrees; he did not want natural capacity for acquiring knowledge, and the powers which he possessed were cultivated to the utmost. At the age of fourteen he was well acquainted with the classics, and with the elements of science; and what is more uncommon in his rank, he had learned the history, the doctrines and duties of religion. Humility was a prominent feature in the character of Fenelon; and at every period of his life he was ready to confess and atone for any faults which he had committed. It was his general practice to communicate to his pupil frankly and immediately any slight mistake which he had made in his plan of instruction; he thus acquired confidence by imparting it; he taught the young prince to consider, to reason, to judge, to examine himself, and to combine causes with their consequences. What was still more important, he thus inculcated the virtues of candour and truth in the most forcible manner by his own example. No youth of such exalted rank was ever less flattered in the course of his education than the Duke of Burgundy; no pupil in any station ever loved and honoured a preceptor more than he did.

In 1695 Fenelon was appointed to the archbishopric of Cambray, as a recompence for his merits, his active services, and his success. Contrary to the custom of French Bishops in similar cases, he immediately resigned his other church preferment, and obtained permission to reside for nine months in each year on his diocese, devoting the remainder of his time to his pupil. His conduct in his new and exalted situation afforded a beautiful example of that consistency of character which marked his career in life. He was humble, affable, pious, charitable in words, manners, and actions, and gentle and considerate in the exercise of his high authority. When an accidental fire destroyed his palace at Cambray, with all its furniture, and, what he valued most, his library, he supported the loss with characteristic meekness and resignation. Tradition has preserved the few words which he uttered on this occasion; and they are here recorded for the edification of such as may be disposed to murmur under the pressure of any similar calamity. "It is better," said he, "that my books should be burnt than the cottage of a poor family."

Another little anecdote may serve to illustrate his tolerant, kind, and indulgent disposition. A curate was boasting in his presence that he had abolished the dances of the peasantry, which are generally allowed and enjoyed on Sunday evenings, and on holydays in all Catholic countries:—"My friend," said the good Archbishop, "you and I must not dance; but let us permit these poor people to dance: why should we

prevent them from forgetting for a few hours how wretched they are?" It was his constant custom to visit personally the dwellings of the poor, and to administer consolation, relief, and advice, wherever they were wanted. His benevolent manner doubled, on all occasions, the value of his gifts; and to the numerous clergy of his diocese he was a patron, a benefactor, a friend, a parent,—they were by turns, and at all times welcomed to his parlour, his table, and his library.

French Flanders, and the Low Countries generally, were desolated by the war, which rendered the latter years of Louis XIV. so disastrous to himself and to his subjects. The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, the victorious commanders of the allied armies, paid a just and noble tribute to the high character and the merit of the Archbishop of Cambray, by issuing strict orders to their troops to spare the palace, the town, and all his property, which thus remained uninjured in the midst of general suffering and ruin. He availed himself of this unexpected indulgence to the utmost, by giving relief, shelter, and provisions to the wretched peasantry of the neighbourhood. On one occasion he emptied his extensive granaries of corn to supply the French troops, which were then in the most imminent danger of starvation; and when the commissaries offered him payment he refused it: "I owe all I have," said he, "to my king and country, should I hesitate to give them back a part?" One of the peasants, who had been driven from his little

home by the soldiers, sought and found in the Archbishop's palace a temporary place of abode. Fenelon observed that this poor man was more profoundly melancholy than his neighbours, and that he could neither speak nor eat at table; on inquiring the reason, he found that the peasant had fled from his hut in so much haste that he had not been able to bring away an excellent cow, his sole dependence for the support of his family. The environs of an enemy's camp are always dangerous; the Archbishop had a written protection for his person from the allied generals, but the ruffians and banditti, who form the usual stragglers of a great army, frequently cannot, or will not, read passports when there is any hope of plunder. Personal danger could not, however, deter him from doing a kind action. He set out with only one servant, found the poor peasant's cow, and restored it to its wondering and grateful owner. Fenelon had enemies at court; and a man of noble family was base enough to accept an office which placed him constantly near the Archbishop's person, on condition that he should act as a spy on his master's conduct, and report the most minute particulars of it to his employers —The conscience of this wretched man smote him, after he had long and narrowly observed a life so blameless and benevolent,—he confessed his unworthy mission in penitence and tears,—sought and easily obtained pardon for his fault, and buried himself for the rest of his life in a convent. There was no bitterness in the zeal of Fenelon; his mind was habi-

tually cheerful; his manners were polished, easy, unaffected, and kind; his conversation was always animated, and as his cheerfulness sprang from principle, it never needed any external stimulus. His sleep was short, his diet frugal and temperate, his time was strictly appropriated to the public duties of his exalted station, or to acts of private charity,—yet it was so regulated as to allow him to obey the calls of hospitality, which, as it contributes essentially to the comfort and happiness of others, may fairly be considered as a species of charity. His only amusement was walking in the midst of beautiful rural scenery, and even his walks were always rendered subservient to purposes of beneficence; if he met the peasants of the neighbourhood, he delighted to talk with them on familiar terms. He has been seen seated on the grass, in the midst of them, encouraging them to communicate to him their hopes, their fears, and their enjoyments. He frequently entered their cottages, in the course of his solitary walks, and on such occasions he partook, to their great delight, of the homely fare which they hastened to set before him; his relish and his glee at these humble and rustic feasts were not assumed, or merely apparent, they were the real expressions of overflowing kindness from his warm heart; the poor people long preserved the recollection of these unostentatious visits, and boasted of having entertained their great and good Archbishop. War multiplied his duties, but he found time and means to perform them all;

his palace became a hospital, in which the sick, the wounded, the houseless, the forlorn, and deserted found refuge, medical attendance, food, aid, and consolation. No human character is faultless,—the weakness of Fenelon was a tendency to mysticism, and excess of enthusiastic devotion, which, in a mind constituted like his, could produce no practical evil, but which, when generally communicated, has been found by experience to be dangerous to weak understandings, and unfavourable to the performance of the serious duties of life. The mind of Fenelon was humble, pure, upright, and pious; but in defending the character, the maxims and opinions of the celebrated Madame Guyon, the enthusiast, he showed a want of judgment. He brought upon himself the displeasure of the King, and the censures of the Pope, and thus imbittered a considerable portion of his own existence. Madame Guyon was married at sixteen, and at the age of twenty-eight was left a widow, with three children. She had been distinguished by acts of charity, and by ardent devotion, which soon exhibited symptoms of error and excess, when she became the sole director of her own conduct: she neglected one of her most important duties, by quitting her home and her children, and travelling for the purpose of forming an association of persons of her own religious opinions. Her leading doctrines were the love of God, for his own sake only, independently of all hopes and fears of future reward and punishment; the renunciation of selfish feelings, and of all

emotions; a total indifference to external circumstances, to life and death, and even to eternal happiness or misery. It is sufficiently obvious that such doctrines would be attractive in speculation, and dangerous in practice to weak, pious, ardent, and devout minds. These peculiar opinions became known by the name of *Quietism*, and in their novelty obtained so many converts, that the attention of the government was awakened, and Fenelon was associated with Bossuet, and some other learned men, in a commission of inquiry into their nature and tendency.

The natural bias of his own mind, his diligent perusal of all that had been written on similar subjects, and his interviews with Madame Guyon, whose piety and charity he found, on inquiry, to be exemplary, had the effect of making him almost, if not altogether, a convert to her opinions. He attempted to explain them in 1697, in his book called the *Maxims of the Saints*, which immediately brought upon him a host of critics, detractors, and enemies. At the head of them was the learned, able, and austere Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, who had been his friend in early life, and who now became his most bitter opponent. After a long war of words and treatises, in which Fenelon defended himself most ably, most eloquently, and in the true spirit of Christian charity, twenty-three propositions extracted from his book were formally condemned as heretical, by a brief of censure from Pope Innocent XII., and the author was banished from Paris to his diocese, with orders to return to the me-

tropolis no more. When the news of the condemnation of his work at Rome arrived, he was preparing to ascend the pulpit, and preach a sermon appropriate to the day; but after a few moments of recollection, he changed his intention, and pronounced so pathetic a discourse on the duty of submission to superior authority, that most of his congregation, who were apprised of the circumstances, became affected even to tears. He afterwards read his own sentence with a degree of self-possession, of religious calmness, of humility and resignation, which impressed all who heard him with the deepest sentiments of love, respect, and admiration. His spring of consolation flowed always from within, and it never failed in the hour of need. Perhaps he carried his humility to a culpable excess, when he caused to be carved on a dial, which he presented to the cathedral at Cambray, a figure of *Truth* trampling on some well-known heretical books, amongst which was his own treatise on the *Maxims of the Saints*. He persisted during this controversy in asserting the rectitude of his own motives; he disavowed and denied the consequences which his adversaries drew from his principles; he thought that errors of apathy and indifference were more common and dangerous than errors of excess in devotion. He was assailed with clamour, abuse, and violence; he replied with patience, firmness, and moderation: it would probably be admitted by impartial readers now, that though not always right, he had the advantage in the controversy, both in inge-

nuity and argument; but when sentence was pronounced by his ecclesiastical superiors, he acquiesced at once, and bowed to the decision without a murmur.

The story of Telemachus was written for the instruction and amusement of his pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, whom he wished to tempt to the knowledge of the most sublime maxims of state-policy and morality, by disguising them under the semblance of a pathetic and interesting tale. Instruction was never more delightfully conveyed; and the work, having been clandestinely sold to a bookseller by a servant, who took a second copy for himself when he was employed to transcribe one for his master, soon became popular in every language and country. It is chiefly through this admirable little work that the name of Fenelon is now known in literature. Telemachus being considered, on its first appearance, an indirect satire on the warlike and ambitious monarch Louis XIV., was, on that account, eagerly read, and warmly praised. During the dissolute and unprincipled regency of the Duke of Orleans, its pure morality became unfashionable, and it was then charged with the faults of being tedious and monotonous; it rose into high favour again in the more recent days of the sect called the Economists, because it recommended their favourite topics—agriculture and toleration; it has now taken its settled place in the highest class of works of imagination, being distinguished for purity and harmony of style, for the deep interest of the narrative and episodes, and for the

sublime morality which it inculcates. "If ever," said the Abbot Terrasson, "the happiness of mankind could arise from a poem, it would be caused by Telemachus."

The King considered the pacific maxims of this celebrated work as an attack on the measures and policy of his reign; and this feeling of offended vanity was aggravated by the malice and jealousy of favourites and courtiers. Fenelon was supposed also to have made Madame de Maintenon his inveterate enemy, by giving Louis XIV. the judicious and reasonable counsel not to marry her, when his advice was asked; and the influence of that extraordinary woman over the mind of the monarch in his declining years was almost unbounded. The displeasure of his king was in itself a grievous calamity to the grateful and loyal Fenelon; but he felt its effects most deeply in the privation of all intercourse with his beloved pupil, the Duke of Burgundy: the dearest and highest recompence which a preceptor can receive for his labours, is to witness their success,—to see the seeds of instruction which he has diligently sown ripen luxuriantly into the blossoms and fruit of ornament and usefulness.

Whenever the impetuous passions of the royal youth broke out into acts of violence, Fenelon directed that he should be left as much as possible alone,—that the servants should attend him in mournful silence, as if some great calamity had occurred. Reflection and solitude brought with them their usual

consequences,—self-reproach and repentance; and judicious, temperate remonstrance completed the effect. The wayward and passionate youth corrected his temper by degrees, pursued his studies diligently, became an accomplished man, affable and accessible to all, generous to the poor, beloved by his domestics, the friend of peace, law, and order; considerate and kind to his soldiers when he commanded the army,—consoling them in fatigues and dangers, visiting them when sick and wounded. The French nation, when he became heir apparent by the death of the Dauphin, with the fondest anticipation of future happiness under his reign, looked up to him as their delight and hope, till he sunk, amidst the lamentation of millions, into an early grave. When the good Archbishop heard of the death of his pupil, the only words which he uttered were these: "All my ties on earth are broken; nothing now binds me to this world." In a letter written soon afterwards, he says, "God has been pleased to take away all our hope for the Church and the State:—He had formed this young Prince; he had adorned him with high and estimable qualities; he had prepared him for effecting most extensive good; he showed him to the world, and withdrew him from it immediately. I am struck with horror, and I find myself sinking without any bodily complaint: my heart is torn whilst I weep for the dead Prince, but I tremble also for my poor country."

Mankind can only attain the benefit of prolonged existence, by submitting to the hard condition of sur-

viving those early friends and connexions who confer on life its principal value. The Dukes of Chevreuse and Beauvilliers were amongst the most upright, honourable, and accomplished of the French nobility; they were early and constant friends of Fenelon, and he was deprived of them both soon after the death of the Duke of Burgundy. Thus his remaining attachments were severed in succession, and his health declined. He was overturned in his carriage in January 1715, and the accident brought on a fever, which removed this eminent prelate and excellent man to a better world. He expired, as might be expected, in peace. His last moments were occupied in writing a letter to the King on the spiritual affairs of his diocese. Utility to others had been the principal motive of all his actions, and his latest occupation showed the ruling passion strong in death. He died as a Catholic Bishop should die,—leaving behind him neither property nor debts. His memory was cherished with the fondest affection by the inhabitants of the Low Countries, and especially by the flock committed to his charge,—whom he had so long faithfully and diligently instructed,—whom he had benefited by a charity which knew no limits except his means, and whom he had edified in the best and most efficacious manner, by the consistent example of his christian life.

The caustic and severe Duke of St. Simon, who seldom praised others, and whose commendations, when he did praise, may, therefore, be safely trust-

ed, has thus drawn the portrait of Fenelon. "He was in person tall, thin, and well made; his nose was large, and his eyes were remarkably expressive of vivacity and intelligence. His physiognomy resembled no other, and could never be forgotten by those who had once seen it; it combined opposite characters, gravity and amenity, seriousness and gaiety; it showed the bishop and the nobleman; it expressed good sense, sagacity, decorum, and elevation of mind; it required an effort in those who were with him to cease to look at him. His manners were distinguished for that ease which makes others easy; for that taste and air of good company, which can only be acquired by habitually frequenting the best society. He possessed a natural, harmonious, and flowing eloquence, a ready, clear, and pleasing enunciation, an insinuating, but dignified and discriminating politeness, the valuable and rare power of making himself clearly understood by all upon difficult and abstruse subjects. He never chose to appear wiser than those with whom he was conversing, but descended to the level of all whom he addressed in a manner so free, unassuming, and fascinating, that it was scarcely possible voluntarily to quit his presence. These rare talents and qualities kept his friends warmly and constantly attached to him, notwithstanding his disgrace at court; they endeavoured to console themselves for his absence by frequently assembling for the express purpose of talking of him, of regretting the irrepara-

ble loss of his society, and forming vain wishes for his return."

The talents of Fenelon for composition were so great, that if they had been stimulated to exertion, as those of authors usually are, by the motives of vanity and ambition, his literary fame must have risen to the highest eminence; but his character was devoid of both, and he wrote only in obedience to the calls of duty and utility. His first publications were two little treatises on the *Ministry of Pastors*, and on the *Education of Females*, which both appeared in 1688, when he was thirty-seven years old. His work on the *Maxims of the Saints*, which eventually caused him so much uneasiness, was published in 1697. His *Dialogues on Eloquence* were addressed to the Royal Academy, of which he became a member in 1693. His *Dialogues of the Dead*, his *Telemachus*, and nearly all his other works, except his *Spiritual Treatises*, and one volume of Sermons, were written for the instruction of his pupil the Duke of Burgundy, and without any view of fame or profit from their publication. It is almost impossible to convey to the reader of a translation an adequate idea of the beauty of his style, which resembles the unaffected conversation of a dignified, intelligent, and kind friend, endeavouring without effort or study to teach us that virtue and active charity are reasonable and desirable on their own account. As Fenelon was himself in early life anxious to become one of the missionaries, an extract from his sermon on the Epiphany, in which he

mentions their sublime labours and duties, may be considered an appropriate specimen of his style.

" God gives to human passions, even when they appear to decide every thing, only the force which is necessary to make them the instruments of his designs. Thus man acts, but it is God who directs him; the faith planted in America in the midst of so many storms does not cease to bring forth fruit there. Charity penetrates into distant realms farther than ambition; neither burning sands, nor deserts, nor mountains, nor the distance of places, nor the tempests, nor the rocks of so many seas, nor pestilential air, nor the equator, from which a new heaven is seen, nor hostile fleets, nor barbarous coasts, can stop those whom God has sent. Who are they who fly like the clouds? Bear them forward, ye winds, upon your wings. Let the south and the east, and unknown islands wait for them and watch them in silence coming from afar. How beautiful are the feet of these men descending from the mountains to bear peace, to announce eternal blessings, to preach salvation, and to say thy God shall reign over thee, O Sion! Behold these new conquerors who come without arms, except the cross of their Saviour. They come not to bear away the spoil, and to shed the blood of the vanquished, but to offer their own blood, and to communicate heavenly treasures. Ye people who saw them come! what was your astonishment, and who can describe it? They were men who visited you without being attracted by any motive, either of commerce, or ambi-

tion, or curiosity. Men who, without having ever seen you, without knowing the place of your abode, love you tenderly, quit every thing for your sake, seek you across the wide ocean, through so many fatigues and perils, to bestow upon you a portion of that eternal happiness which they have discovered. Ye nations buried in the shades of death, what a light has shone forth upon you." It appears useless to quote from a book so generally read and admired as Telemachus; but one short extract may be made from the Demonstration of the Existence of God, as a further specimen of the style and manner of the author.

"Let us elevate our eyes to Heaven! What power has constructed so vast and so magnificent a vault over our heads? What an astonishing variety of admirable objects! Does the regular succession of days and nights teach us nothing? The sun has never failed for so many ages to serve mankind who could not exist without him: for thousands of years he has begun the day by appearing at the appointed time and place. The sun, says the Scripture, knows his daily resting place. He visits both hemispheres by turns, and enlightens those to whom his rays are appointed. Day is the time for society and labour. Night, enveloping the earth in its darkness, ends all fatigues, and softens every sorrow. It suspends, it calms all distress, it spreads silence and repose on all around, it recruits the body, and the spirits are renewed, the day soon returns to recal man to his labour and to reanimate all nature."

"The work of creation is not less admirable in its minute than in its largest parts. There is a species of *infinite* even in its littleness, which must raise in the observer the highest degree of astonishment. The smallest living atom has its muscles, its nerves, its veins, its arteries, its blood. The microscope discovers to us, in every object, a thousand other objects which had escaped our observation; and in each of these are probably many others, which the microscope itself cannot display; let our imagination supply its place; let it be itself a species of microscope, representing in each atom a thousand new and invisible worlds; it cannot continually show us new discoveries in these minute bodies; it will grow weary, and must at last leave in the smallest organ of the smallest body an infinite number of wonders undiscovered."

"Fenelon," said a celebrated author, "might be guilty of heresy when he asserted that God ought to be loved for his own sake alone; but if ever man deserved to be loved for his own sake, that man was Fenelon."

MASSILLON.*

Videtur ex se natus.

Massillon was one of those fortunate men, who are raised from extreme obscurity to wealth, fame, and dignity, by personal merit alone. His parents were poor and unknown. He was born at Hiéres, in Provence, in 1663. It must be mentioned, to the praise of monastic institutions, that, in early and unenlightened times, they were the means of bestowing the blessings of education upon many, who must otherwise have for ever remained in profound and deplorable ignorance: to them we are also probably indebted for the preservation of those precious remains of Greek and Roman literature, which now teach us to regret so much that any part has been lost. Thanks to the liberal and charitable spirit which offered instruction, without payment, to all who were willing to learn, the poverty of Massillon was no impediment to the prosecution of his classical studies. He finished them at the age of seventeen, and having determined to devote himself to the church, he entered

* Translated in part from D'Alembert.

into a congregation of Oratorians,—a society in which the vows are not irrevocable, as they are in most others, and in which, as Bossuet observed, "all obey, without any one commanding." To this society the high praise has been given, that they loved and cultivated letters, without any view but utility; that they practised religion, without too strictly regarding its trifling forms, and preached it in the true spirit of charity, without fanaticism. Of men so devoid of ambition, so distinguished in literature, so liberal in doctrine, and so earnest in doing all the good which their restricted means and little interest allowed, Massillon preserved, during the whole of his life, a pleasing and grateful recollection. Natural eloquence is a rare gift; powerful as an instrument of extensive good, or evil. The superiors of all great monastic institutions are fully aware of the credit and advantage which the general interests of religion, and their own order in particular, derive from the existence of this talent in any of their members; they watch for it with incessant vigilance, and their habits give them abundant leisure and opportunities for the task. The Oratorians soon discovered the talents of Massillon,—they destined him for the pulpit, and foretold his future celebrity from his earliest attempts. It was in the pure spirit of obedience alone, that the young preacher consented to fulfil their views: there are men of talents, full of original confidence in themselves, who need no stimulant from without, no encouragement from others, and proceed steadily in the career of

fame from the beginning; but humility and modesty were the distinguishing qualities of his early life. His first compositions were the funeral sermons of the Archbishops of Lyons and Vienne. These were not to be compared to the discourses which he delivered at a later period; but they were essays which showed what he was capable of becoming; and the applause which they received seriously alarmed him. Dreading the moral and religious effects of vanity, he determined to escape from the dangerous temptation for ever, by seeking the deepest retirement. He took the habit of the order, in the Abbey of Septfons, in which the austere and self-denying rules of La Trappe are strictly observed. Accident alone prevented him from being thus lost to society, and literally buried alive. During his noviciate, Cardinal Noailles had addressed a charge to the Prior, who was anxious to make a suitable reply, for the honour of his convent, and who was aware of his own utter unfitness for the task; he applied for aid to Massillon, who promptly executed the commission; and the superiority of the style attracted the notice of the Cardinal, who was a judge of talents, and immediately inquired for the author. Noailles succeeded in convincing him that it was a crime to bury in useless retirement, abilities which were given him for the noble purpose of utility to others, persuaded him to rejoin the congregation of the Oratorians, in one of their seminaries in Paris, and to devote himself wholly to the cultivation of pulpit eloquence. The

Cardinal offered to take charge of his subsistence, and to provide for his future promotion; the task was easy, for the young preacher had no ambition, and his wants were those of the Apostles. On his first appearance he eclipsed all his rivals in the pulpits at Paris. It was not a presumptuous sense of his own superiority which led him to say publicly, that he would not preach as others had preached, but he had formed for himself, by reflection, a theory of what Christian eloquence ought to be, and he realized it. He was convinced that a minister of the divine word should not announce common truths in a trivial manner, nor endeavour to convince his hearers by a train of reasoning too deep and abstruse for general comprehension: all mankind are not fortunate enough to possess enlightened minds, but all have hearts and feelings; and to the heart the preacher should address his arguments, taking care that if he cause tears to flow, they should not be tears of despair. Such was the plan which he had formed, and he fulfilled it in a superior manner. He gently probes the wounds of the human heart, and detects the illusions of passion, which lie concealed within its innermost folds; to expose these illusions is to destroy them, but this he effects in a manner so gentle and affectionate, that we are pleased with him even when he lays before us the picture of our own follies and vices. His language, easy, elegant, and pure, is always distinguished for that noble simplicity, without which there can neither be good taste nor true eloquence; and it com-

pletes the charm of his enchanting style to feel, that so many beauties have flowed spontaneously, costing no labour to him who produced them; there are in his expressions, even negligences which may be called fortunate, as they cause the marks and the suspicion of effort to disappear. His hearers wondered how a man who had lived in retirement could understand and describe the world, its secret movements, its self-love, and its passions, so correctly. "It was by examining myself," said he very candidly, "that I learned to know the failings of others," and of this strict, habitual self-examination he gave a very energetic proof, in his reply to one of his brethren who warmly praised his talents, and congratulated him on the success of his sermons. "The devil has already said all that to me," was his answer, "much more eloquently than you." His mode of addressing the affections and the feelings naturally attracted all classes to his sermons; many who were indifferent and cold in their religion, many who were unbelievers, were induced by his celebrity to listen to his discourses,—they sought amusement, and they generally found instruction,

The fools who went to scoff, remain'd to pray.

His action was perfectly suited to the style of eloquence which he had chosen; on entering the pulpit, he appeared deeply impressed with the importance of the great doctrines which he was about to illus-

trate and enforce,—with eyes cast down,—with a modest and collected look,—without any violent movement,—almost without any gesture, but animating his subject by the affecting and impressive tones of his voice, he conveyed his own deep religious feelings to every part of his congregation, and was heard with that profound attention which praises eloquence more effectually than the loudest applause. The famous tragic performer, Baron, was induced by his high fame, to attend one of his sermons, and said to his companion, when it was over, "My friend, we are but actors, this preacher is a true orator."

His reputation soon reached the palace, and he was summoned to preach before the court; on this great and trying occasion he knew that he had to justify his fame, but his motives sustained him, and he stood erect before his king, equally exempt from vanity and from fear. The opening of his first discourse is considered one of the finest specimens of French pulpit eloquence. Louis XIV. was then at the summit of his power and his glory,—victorious abroad,—popular at home,—admired and feared by all Europe,—honoured and beloved by his own subjects,—intoxicated with praise, homage, and flattery. Massillon took for his text the passage in Scripture which appeared least adapted to such an occasion and such a monarch, "*Blessed are they that mourn.*" "Sire," said he to the King, "if the world were addressing your majesty, it would not say, blessed are they that mourn; it would say, happy is the prince who never fought but

to conquer,—who has filled the universe with his name,—who, in the course of his long and flourishing reign, enjoyed all that mankind wish and admire, happy in the extent of his conquests, the love of his people, the esteem of his enemies, the wisdom of his laws. But, Sire! the gospel speaks not as the world speaks." "I leave other preachers," said the King at the conclusion of the sermon, "and am dissatisfied with them; when I quit Massillon, I am displeased with myself." Another of his discourses on the small number of the elect is said to have awakened his brilliant and thoughtless auditors in a most extraordinary manner. When, by a bold figure of imagination, he bade them suppose the heavens to be opened over their heads, and the Son of Man to descend and proceed forthwith to judge them finally, as they then were; when he bade them examine and ask themselves how many of them would be saved, they stood up astonished, conscience-smitten, and dismayed by the solemn words and manner of the preacher; and the general surprise and agitation added greatly to the effect of his pathetic appeal. The style of Massillon and the character of his eloquence cannot be better illustrated than by translating a part of this celebrated discourse. "Who can be saved? Those who work out their salvation with fear and trembling, who live in the midst of the world, but who do not live like the world. Who can be saved? That Christian female who, confined within the circle of her domestic duties, educates her children in piety and

faith, leaves to Providence the decision of their destiny, divides her affections between Jesus Christ and her husband, is adorned with humility and modesty, sits not in the assemblies of vanity, is not a slave to the foolish fashions of the world, but corrects her own habits by the laws of her Creator, and recommends virtue by her rank and her example. Who can be saved? That faithful servant who, amidst the moral relaxation of the age, imitates the manners of the primitive Christians, whose hands are innocent and his thoughts pure; who has not received his soul in vain, but diligently strives to purify his affections as he passes through the perils of this world; who is just to his neighbour in all his transactions, and upright in all his ways; who is generous even to his enemies, and knows no rivalship, except in merit; who is conscientious and sincere even when interest bids him dissemble; whose house is the sure asylum of the miserable, and who visits the wretched in their afflictions; who bestows alms generously on the poor; who bears afflictions with resignation, and injuries with Christian patience; who is penitent even in prosperity. Who shall be saved? You who hear me, if you will follow these examples,—these are the persons who shall be saved. Now, these persons do not assuredly form the majority of mankind; therefore, whilst you will live like the multitude, it is certain that you ought not to hope for salvation; for if, living thus, you could be saved, almost all mankind would be saved; since, except a few impious wretches, who

are guilty of monstrous crimes, the rest of mankind do exactly what you are doing. Now, faith forbids us to believe that almost all mankind shall be saved; faith, therefore, teaches that you cannot be saved unless the great majority are saved. These are terrific truths; and they are not those vague truths which are said to all men, and which no man takes to himself, or tells himself. There is perhaps no person present who may not say of himself, 'I live like the greater number, like those of my rank, age, and station, I am lost if I die in this state.' Can any reasoning be more likely to terrify a soul that has any regard to its own salvation? and yet it is the multitude that does not tremble; there is only a small number of the righteous who work out their salvation with fear, in retirement, all the rest of mankind are tranquil. It is known generally that the greater number will be eternally lost; but each flatters himself that, after having lived with the multitude, he shall be separated from them at his death; each makes a chimerical exception in his own favour; each hopes for himself. It is on this account that I fix my attention on you, my brethren, who are assembled here. I speak no longer of the rest of mankind: I look upon you as if you were alone upon the earth; and this is the reflection which occupies and alarms me. I suppose that this is your last hour, and the end of the world; that the heavens are about to open over your heads, and Jesus Christ to appear in his glory, in the midst of this temple,—that you are assembled to await

his coming, like trembling criminals, on whom is to be pronounced the sentence of eternal life, or death, —for you flatter yourselves in vain,—you will die such as you are this day;—all these desires of reformation which occupy you will occupy you to your death-bed;—such is the experience of all ages. What you will then find in yourselves, in addition to what you are, may perhaps be a longer account than you would have to give to-day; and by what you are, if your final doom were pronounced at the present moment, you may judge nearly what it will be when you quit this life for ever. Now, I ask you, and I ask it with fear and trembling, not separating on this occasion my own lot from yours, and placing myself in that devout frame of mind which I wish you all to assume:—I ask you then, if Jesus Christ appeared in this assembly to judge us, to make a just separation of the goats from the sheep, do you believe that the greater number of those present would be placed on the right? Do you believe that the elect and the rejected would be equal? Do you believe that even ten righteous men could be found, a number which the Lord formerly sought in five cities in vain? I ask you, but you know not, and I am ignorant also. Thou only, O my God! knowest those who belong to thee; but if we know not who are the Lord's, at least we know that sinners are not his. Who then are the faithful? Titles and dignities must be reckoned at nothing, for, in the presence of the great Judge, you will be stripped of them all. Who are the faithful?

We must reject many sinners who will not be converted, many more who wish to be converted, but defer their conversion; many others who are converted and relapse; lastly, a great number who think that they need no conversion,—all these must be set aside. Take away from this assembly these four descriptions of sinners, who must all be rejected at the day of judgment, and now appear, ye just! Where are ye? Relics of Israel, pass on to the right hand! Wheat of the Lord, separate yourselves from this chaff which is condemned to the flames! Where, O God, are thine elect? and what remains for thy portion?"

Of the sentiments which have rendered this passage so celebrated, the translation will convey to the reader an idea nearly accurate; but no translation can do adequate justice to the purity, the harmony, the facility, and unaffected grace of the style of Massillon. The sentiments would, if earnestly, impressively, and solemnly delivered, probably produce, at any time, a deep and lasting effect on a Christian congregation, in any country, or of any denomination, for heedlessness and indifference are very general failings, and there are few who would not be seriously alarmed on hearing this denunciation, "such as you are, such you will remain, such you will die, and such you will be judged; thus speaks the voice of observation and experience." The religious society to which Massillon belonged had enemies at court, and his own spotless character, distinguished talents, and high reputation awakened envy, jealousy, and calumny in little

minds; the public voice had long named him for a bishopric, but some of his courtly brethren had whispered prejudices into the King's ear, and prevented him from receiving the preferment which he so well deserved. Louis XIV. died, and one of the first acts of the regency of the Duke of Orleans, who honoured the talents, and despised the enemies of Massillon, was to nominate him to the vacant see of Clermont. Before his final departure from court he received the Regent's commands to preach a series of sermons during lent, in the presence of the young King, Louis XV., then only nine years old. On these sermons, which form a small volume, under the title of *Petit Carême*, the reputation of Massillon as an author now principally rests; they are universally reckoned amongst the purest, the most beautiful, and the most faultless models of French prose style; as such they are said to have been constantly on the table of Voltaire, and happy would it have been for that fascinating, dangerous, and wretched infidel, if he had paid as much attention to the sentiments as to the language of this his chosen model. These justly celebrated and beautiful discourses were composed in less than three months. In 1719 the literary reputation of Massillon obtained for him the honour of being elected a member of the French Academy. In the complimentary discourse which is usually spoken on such occasions, the president, Fleury, after bestowing just commendations on the sermons which had recently been preached before the young King, thus proved his intimate know-

ledge of the character and opinions of the new member. "We foresee, with grief, that we are about to lose you for ever, and that the indispensable obligation of residence on your bishopric must deprive us entirely of your presence in these meetings, unless some unfortunate duty should bring you away from your see contrary to your own inclination." This prophecy was fully accomplished. Massillon went to Clermont, and, except on the few occasions when he was compelled to absent himself on the business of his diocese, he quitted it no more. His great talents, his mind, his earnest attention, were wholly devoted to the happy flock confided by Providence to his care. He did not think that the bishopric, which he had deserved and obtained by his success in the pulpit, dispensed him from ever ascending it again; or that, because he had been rewarded, he should therefore cease to be useful. He kindly dedicated to the instruction of the poor the same talents which had so often called forth the applause of the great, and preferred to the noisy and insincere approbation of courtiers, the silent, collected attention of an audience less brilliant, but more devout and docile. Perhaps the most eloquent of all his discourses are his charges to his clergy; he preached to them the virtues of which they found him an eminent example, disinterestedness, simplicity of heart and manners, complete forgetfulness of self, a zeal for religion active, ardent, and enlightened, equally remote from indifference and from fanaticism. Charity, humility, and moderation

were the distinguishing features of his character. He delighted in bringing together at his country house the Jesuits and the Oratorians, who had long lived on bad terms with each other. He taught them by degrees to meet without repugnance, and even with pleasure. He made them play at chess together, and earnestly advised them never to have any disputes or contests of a more serious nature. He constantly endeavoured to convince them that men, destined by their situation in life to preach the gospel to their brethren, ought not themselves to violate its principal precepts, good-will, union, and peace; that no difference of opinion as to the proper mode of loving and serving their Creator could dispense them from the essential duty of loving and serving their neighbour. He was himself deeply impressed with a sense of what he owed to his station. He fulfilled that next duty of a bishop, after rightly explaining the doctrines of salvation according to his own firm belief, the duty of beneficence,—the execution of which obtains the love and respect even of infidels, and brings with it, more than any other, its own reward. He reduced his episcopal claims to very moderate sums; and would have reduced them still more, if he could have done so without injury to his successors. He sent a thousand pounds in two years to the hospital at Clermont; and his whole income might indeed be truly said to be the property of the poor. Of the immense donations which he bestowed, he concealed many with the greatest care, to spare the delicacy, or

diminish the anxiety of the unfortunate sufferers. On one occasion, a numerous convent of nuns had been for several days without bread; they were determined to perish rather than avow their misery, because they had some reason to fear that, if officially known, it might lead to the suppression and dispersion of their order, to which they appeared more attached than to their lives. The bishop accidentally learned at the same time their extreme indigence, and the cause of their extraordinary patience: desirous of affording them relief without appearing aware of their situation, he secretly sent them a very considerable sum, which insured their subsistence until he found other means of securing for them a permanent provision: it was not till long after his death that they discovered the name of their considerate and kind benefactor. He not only lavished his fortune on the indigent, but he practised another kind of charity, perhaps more useful, and certainly more uncommon, the charity of personal inspection, inquiry, exertions, and sacrifices;—his advice, his influence, the powerful aid of his eloquence and his pen, were ever ready at the call of those who needed them. His zealous efforts on such occasions were generally successful. Having witnessed, in the course of his diocesan visits, the heart-rending distress of the peasantry, and his own income being wholly insufficient to supply the means of subsistence to the number whose cases required immediate attention and relief, he described their situation in repeated letters to the

Prime Minister, with so much energy and truth, that his affecting appeals repeatedly obtained for them either direct assistance from the government, or a considerable diminution of the grievous burdens which they then had to support. The spectacle of suffering and oppressed humanity, on so large a scale, must have awakened the deepest feelings of his generous and compassionate heart; his letters on this interesting subject are said to be models of true pathos and eloquence, superior even to the most affecting of his sermons: it is natural and usual for men to express eloquently, persuasively, and effectually, what they deeply feel. These letters to Cardinal Fleury were numerous enough to have formed a small volume, and it is unfortunate for literature and humanity that they were not preserved and published. A part of one only is translated here, as a specimen of style, and an illustration of character:

"My Lord—I humbly beseech your Eminence to excuse my soliciting your paternal heart once more for the poor people of this province. I feel that such appeals may be importunate; but if the wants of the flock do not reach you by the voice of their pastor, by what other channel can they be laid before you? It is well known that though Auvergne has no commerce, and little exterior communication, it is most heavily burdened with taxes in proportion to its means; they are carried to the extent of six millions of francs, a sum which the King could not raise from all the land in the province, if he were the sole owner.

The peasantry are therefore living in the most frightful misery; without beds; without furniture; without any nutriment for half the year but barley or oaten bread, and even this they are compelled to snatch from their own mouths and those of their children, to raise means for the payment of their taxes. I have the grief, every year, of witnessing this sad spectacle in my visitations; there is no part of France in which the people are so poor and wretched as they are here; the negroes in our islands are infinitely more happy, for in return for their labour, they, their wives and families are clothed and fed, whilst our peasants, the most laborious in the kingdom, cannot find bread for themselves and their families, and pay their taxes also. In addition to the general and usual indigence of the province, hail storms and barren seasons have for the last three years completed the misery of the poor people; the last winter, above all, has been so distressing, that the evils of famine, and general mortality, have been averted only by the extraordinary charitable exertions of persons of all stations. The country has been deserted, and the towns could scarcely contain the multitudes of wretches who flocked thither in search of bread; the citizens, the lawyers, the clergy, all have assisted. You yourself have caused the bounty of the King to advance 60,000 francs; it is by this aid alone that half of the fields have been sown, which the scarcity and dearness of grain would otherwise have prevented; but the poor people who have thus left half their land un-

sown, having been obliged to borrow from the King or from their neighbours, and to buy seed corn at an exorbitant price, will soon be compelled, by the present low prices, to sell three times the quantity, for the purpose of paying their debts, so that they must fall into the very lowest abyss of misery, unless your Eminence charitably causes a considerable diminution to be made in the taxes now about to be collected. I request you not to consider what I am writing as an excess of Episcopal zeal. I am already deeply indebted to you, and truth is an additional debt which I will always pay you. I protest that I have softened my expressions from the fear of afflicting your heart too deeply. I know that a Prime Minister cannot listen to and remedy every grievance; but I address this letter to you, in full confidence that the subject of it will command your attention. With a true father we may venture far, when we plead for his children; we may importune him in such a cause, but we may rest assured that we shall not displease him."

It is satisfactory to learn, that such affecting and eloquent representations were not made in vain; his well-known character added weight and importance to the facts which he stated; and his petitions for the suffering poor of his diocese were seldom addressed to the Minister Cardinal Fleury without success.—Such unwearied zeal, such active benevolence, met with an appropriate temporal reward in the warm gratitude and devoted attachment of his numerous

flock. The people of Clermont cried " Long live our father !" on his approach,—fell on their knees as he passed, and begged for his blessing; the recollection of his active charity was preserved amongst them long after he had been removed to a better world; and it is recorded that, when thirty years had elapsed from the time of his death, his memory was honoured with the most eloquent of all funeral sermons, the tears of the poor. His calm resolution, and his great influence over the minds of the people, were displayed on a remarkable occasion. He wished to abolish some annual processions of the clergy and the populace through the streets of Clermont, which, like the ancient religious dramas, called mysteries, were relics of the superstitions of a barbarous age, and which he thought disgraceful to the church, and to the more enlightened times in which he lived. He composed an order for their abolition; but the inhabitants were so much attached to their old customs, that the clergy waited upon him in a body to state, that they did not dare to read his order to their congregations, and that the processions could not be abolished without popular tumult. He calmly mounted the pulpit of the cathedral, and read his own order to the assembled multitude; and such was the effect of his character and manner, that they listened with profound and respectful attention, and obeyed their good bishop without a murmur. He died as Fenelon died, and as every Catholic priest, bound to celibacy by his vows, ought to die, without property and without

debts. It was on the 28th of September, 1742, that eloquence, humanity, and the French church, sustained this irreparable loss. The peace which he loved to cultivate and recommend by precept and example during his life, he solemnly bequeathed to his brethren by his will, of which the following short paragraph is truly characteristic of the author:

"I pray daily to Jesus Christ, that he will calm the troubles which agitate the church of France, and that he will please to restore to it the same peace which I have endeavoured to preserve in this great diocese."

Many years after his death, a traveller who honoured his memory, and revered his character, wished to see the country house at which the good Bishop passed a part of each year. He addressed himself to an old chaplain, who had never before found resolution to visit a place in which so many melancholy recollections must remind him of the loss which he had sustained. He consented, however, to accompany the stranger, and pointed out all that was interesting on their arrival. "Here," said he, with tears in his eyes, "is the alley in which the good Bishop used to walk with us; here is the arbour in which he rested whilst he read or gave us advice and instruction. This is the garden which he cultivated with his own hands." When they visited the house, and entered the room in which Massillon expired;—"Here," said the old chaplain, "is the place where we lost him," and as he uttered these words, he faint-

ed away. This little anecdote is preserved as illustrating the Bishop's domestic habits, and the warm attachment of those who lived with him and knew him best.

Massillon was humble, pious, active, charitable, and consistent; but these high qualities, which rendered him an ornament to the French church and to the Christian religion, would have been buried for ever in the obscurity of a convent, if they had not been brought forward into light and use by his literary talent. His letter to Cardinal Noailles was the first step in his eminent career; and the composition of his sermons raised him to fame and dignity. His style was pure, correct, and elegant; his eloquence was natural, pathetic, interesting, insinuating, rather than grand or sublime. His sermons may be read by all Christians with advantage, for they teach men to love God, and their duty.

MARMONTEL.

The village of Bort, on the river Dordogne, between the provinces of Auvergne and Limosin, is situated in a picturesque and romantic valley, at the foot of a mountain, surrounded by volcanic rocks; in its immediate neighbourhood is a cascade which, from its elevation, the volume of its waters, and the rich accompanying scenery of precipices and woods, well deserves the notice of the traveller, and merits more homage from those who have taste to admire, and talents to describe the beauties of nature, than it has yet received. In this obscure but attractive village Marmontel was born, in the year 1723. The inhabitants of Bort were all nearly equal in station; they were peasants, cultivating their own very small farms, or carrying on some little trade to supply wants which were very moderate. Marmontel was taught to read in a convent of nuns, and transferred from their care to that of the parish priest, the Abbot Vaissière, who taught children gratuitously, from duty and inclination. This excellent man began and finished his useful and blameless career in the same

village; he had two intimate friends, whom he saw daily, and whom he found every day the same in kindness, temper, and character; the duties of his office were regularly and diligently performed; his amusements were reading, walking, or a game at bowls. His friends and he died at a short interval of time from each other; and no instance is recorded of a life more completely exempt from care and anxiety, more uniform, or more happy. The mother of Marmontel was superior to her husband in intelligence, and an excellent woman in every domestic relation; by her persuasion her son was sent to the college of Mauriac, and he left home for the first time, bathed with tears, and loaded with blessings. The college of Mauriac was an institution of the Jesuits, who, in the time of their highest prosperity, nearly monopolized the important duty of public instruction, and thus greatly extended the influence of their order. The expense of a good education was in those days extremely small in France; the teaching was gratuitous; the charge of board and lodging did not exceed five pounds a year for each boy; the food consisted of barley bread, a little lard, a small quantity of beef, and occasionally some fruit; with fuel the youths were very scantily supplied, but they warmed themselves by exercise; and, with very simple and cheap diet, were generally healthy. Marmontel was distinguished at college for diligence and successful application; he was urged to exertion by the eloquent exhortations of his mother, and by the

consciousness that his future subsistence must depend upon the cultivation of his own mental powers. A little silver cross of merit was worn by those boys who showed superiority in their attainments; the females of Marmontel's family took every opportunity of looking for the mark of this distinction; and when the button-hole was stained with silver, the waistcoat was exhibited at Bort in triumph.

The close of Marmontel's studies at Mauriac was not quite so propitious and creditable as the beginning. Within a few months of the time fixed for his departure, a violent and unjust exertion of authority in the Master caused a mutiny in the college, of which Marmontel was the leader; no inconvenience occurred, except the dispersion of the young men to their homes a little earlier than the usual time; but it may be mentioned as a singular trait of character, that fifty of them assembled round the altar in their chapel, and sung *Te Deum* together, on the conclusion of their studies;—it is not thus that mutinies usually terminate in the great schools in England.

The father of Marmontel designed him for trade; his mother resisted this resolution with arguments and tears; but her son requested her to assent, assuring her that when he arrived at Clermont, where a place in a counting-house had been provided for him, he would find means to reconcile the opinions of both his parents with his own. His first proposal to the merchant at Clermont was, that he should devote eight

hours to business, and three to the continuation of his studies; and this plan of divided attention being contemptuously rejected, he determined at once to prepare himself for the church. His means of subsistence were limited to a few crowns, but his spirit was independent and resolute. He established himself in a lodging suited to his circumstances, laid in a hermit's provision of bread, water, and prunes, and wrote to his father to state that his vocation for the church was decided,—that he hoped to dispense with any further pecuniary aid, and requested only his consent and his blessing. His mother's powerful eloquence seconded his views; she was authorized to communicate a full consent, and he immediately visited the master of the college at Clermont, requested to be employed as assistant teacher, and gave, on examination, sufficient proofs of his fitness for the task. He received fair promises, but days and weeks passed on without performance, and his scanty means were nearly exhausted. It was not till he called on the master to take leave, for the purpose of trying his fortune at a rival institution of the Oratorians, that the Jesuits made exertions from the fear of losing him, which they had not made for the sake of his merit, or for charity. He obtained twelve pupils; and when only fifteen years old, he contrived, by making himself perfectly master of what he had to teach, and by a grave and consistent demeanour, to secure their respect and attention, though some of them were older than himself. For two years he

diligently pursued his own studies, and was enabled to transmit little presents to his family from the surplus of his moderate income. He formed with three chosen friends a little book society, which contributed greatly to extend his knowledge of literature, and the limited amount of the fund was so far an advantage, as it confined the reading to select and standard authors. In one of his walks in the grounds of Beauregard, the country house attached to the bishopric of Clermont, he met with the venerable Massillon; the kind reception of this illustrious old man, his benevolent manner, the accent of a voice so celebrated for eloquence, made a pleasing and lasting impression on the memory of Marmontel.

At the close of the second year, his peaceable and happy career at Clermont was interrupted by the sudden death of his father. He hastened to his home on receiving the news, arrived at midnight, and in the midst of a mourning family, promised that he would act the part of a parent to his five younger brothers and sisters; a pledge which he faithfully and honourably redeemed. Anxiety and sorrow brought on a fever, and change of air being recommended during his convalescence, he went to reside for a time, and to study divinity with the curate of the retired hamlet of Saint-Bonet. He afterwards undertook the tuition of the son of a nobleman in the neighbourhood, the Marquis de Limars. His final destiny was not yet decided; he was earnestly pressed by the Jesuits to enter into their order, and went to

Toulouse for that purpose; but a letter from his mother placed the danger and misery of irrevocable vows in so strong a light, that he desisted. At the college at Toulouse he was fortunate enough to obtain pupils for a course of philosophical lectures, and to get a scholarship, which gave him a little income of ten pounds a year and a lodging. At Toulouse, an annual meeting was held, called the Floral Games, at which, prizes, consisting of artificial flowers of gold or silver, were distributed with great ceremony to the authors of the best poems in various styles of composition. Marmontel, in turning over a collection of prize poems, was much more struck with the value of the prizes than with the merit of the works which had obtained them; he thought of the pleasure of sending silver flowers to his mother and sisters, and he became irrecoverably a poet; but he had the first rules of metre to learn, and these he studied without delay. He purchased the odes of Rousseau, read them diligently, and produced a poem *on the invention of gunpowder*, which he thought very sublime, but which the judges of the Floral Games rejected. He sent his poem to Voltaire, who was then in the zenith of his fame, and who returned a kind answer, accompanied by a present of his works: it was thus that a correspondence and friendship began, which lasted thirty-five years, and ended only with the life of Voltaire. Marmontel was afterwards more successful, he obtained prizes annually, and the last occasion of this kind was a triumph for him. The

prizes were distributed with great ceremony; three members of the provincial parliament presided; the corporation attended in their robes; the saloon, in the form of an amphitheatre, was filled with all the beauty and fashion of the city, and decorated with festoons of flowers and laurel. On a prize being awarded, the distinction was announced by a band of music, and the fortunate competitor received it in public, in the presence of the academy, the university, and the inhabitants. Marmontel had sent five poems to the competition, and the only prizes given were awarded to three of them. The applause increased as he got up to receive his crowns of laurel and silver flowers in succession, and the scene, with all its circumstances, was sufficient to turn, for a time, the head of a young poet of twenty. The congratulations from both sexes were universal; but none of them was more welcome than that of a poor old Jesuit, who stretched out his arms to the successful candidate from the crowd,—it was father Malosse, his first tutor at Mauriac.

Marmontel, on a visit to his mother, mentioned his change of views respecting the church, and his irresolution in the choice of a profession. "To be a good Priest," she said, "a man must possess great piety and self-denial; on these points it is for you to examine yourself. If you go to the bar, I demand from you a solemn promise that you will never affirm any thing but what you believe to be true, and that you will never defend any cause but such as you believe

to be just. With respect to the career of literature recommended by Voltaire, it would be prudent to assure for yourself at Paris a situation which may allow you leisure to acquire information and to cultivate your talents; for you must not flatter yourself; all that you have done hitherto is very little. If Voltaire can procure such a situation for you, go, my son, and take the chance of fortune and fame; you have my free consent, but never forget that virtue is the most worthy and the most honourable companion of genius." It is remarkable that the excellent and intelligent woman who said this, was educated in an obscure convent at Bort, and had never quitted her little native village; her health was declining, and Marmontel left her soon afterwards to see her no more. In selecting a pursuit, he would probably have preferred the bar; but his destiny was decided by a note from Voltaire, dated from Paris, and containing these few words, "Come hither without uneasiness; Mr. Orri, to whom I have spoken, has promised to provide for you." Mr. Orri was at the head of the finances of his country, and the friends of Marmontel all assured him that his fortune was made. He left Toulouse, after expending a part of the produce of his lectures and his prize poems, in settling his brother at college, and hastened to Paris, where, on the morning after his arrival, he called, in eager expectation, on Voltaire. "You are welcome," was the first salutation which he received, "but I have bad news for you; Mr. Orri, who promised to provide for you,

lost his place yesterday." "I have long been acquainted with adversity," said Marmontel, "and I find I must struggle with it a little longer." He had fortunately translated, on his journey, Pope's Rape of the Lock for amusement, and it now proved a temporary resource in distress and disappointment; he sold the translation to a bookseller for about fifteen pounds; took apartments suited to his diminished hopes; practised the lessons of economy which he had learned in early life; and determined, by the advice of Voltaire, to write for the stage, as affording the best chance, at that time, of early remuneration and extensive fame. He was ignorant of the first rules of the art to which he looked forward for support and advancement in life; but he diligently studied the *poetics* of Aristotle, the *unities* of Corneille, and all the ancient and modern tragedians of eminence, in books borrowed from Voltaire; and after looking into history, to find the subject of a tragedy, he fixed upon *Dionysius the Tyrant*, the plot of which he formed at once, and began to versify the scenes without delay.

The right of general free admission to the theatre was liberally granted to him as a young author of talent and promise; and by constant attendance there, he was enabled to observe and discriminate those passages in plays of acknowledged merit, which produced the greatest effect upon the audience. Of his manner of living, a judgment may be formed by his own statement, that he subsisted for eight months

upon the sum paid by the bookseller for his translation. On one occasion, he went in the dusk of the evening to fill his pitcher with water at a public fountain, from the actual want of means to pay the trifling demand of a common water-carrier. A periodical paper which he published in conjunction with Beauvin, his companion in his lodgings, in his poverty, and in his pursuits, produced little pecuniary advantage; and the prize which was awarded by the Royal Academy to one of his poems proved a welcome, though but a temporary supply. His hopes were depressed, his circumstances were distressing, his days were anxious, his nights sleepless; he began to regret the tranquil and easy existence which he had enjoyed at Toulouse, and to lament, as many ambitious men have done, that he had quitted moderate, but certain prospects, for the distant chance of wealth and fame. The tide of his fortune was at its lowest ebb at this period of his life; but he was fortunately saved from the extremity of misery and from despair by Madame Harenc, an intelligent, amiable, and friendly woman, who obtained for him the situation of domestic tutor to her grandson, the child of an East India director. The change of his circumstances from distress to comfort was as complete as it was sudden. Madame Harenc became, for the rest of her life, his confidential adviser and warm friend; his treatment was kind and liberal; his pupil was docile and well disposed, and the society which he met with was excellent. He was

for the second time a successful competitor for the prize given by the Royal Academy for poetry, and during the year of his employment with his pupil, which he counted amongst the happiest of his life, he prepared his *Tragedy of Dionysius* for the stage ;— the principal female part was sustained by Clairon, a young actress then rising into notice, and who afterwards became celebrated. A small latticed box over the stage was reserved for the author on the first representation of a new piece, and there, in trembling expectation, sat Marmontel, revolving in his anxious mind, before the curtain rose, the various consequences of success, or failure to himself and to his family. He was relieved from his painful dreams as the piece proceeded, by loud and general applause. It had then recently become the custom at the close of a new and successful play for the spectators in the pit to call aloud for the author, who was required to appear upon the stage, and to receive personally the plaudits of the house. This tribute, which is well suited to the feelings and character of the French, was paid to Marmontel, who had arisen from his bed in the morning, poor, full of solicitude, and obscure, and who at night went home to meet a small party of assembled friends at supper, gay, happy, celebrated, and comparatively rich.

The profits arising from a successful play in France are not confined, as in England, to the benefit of the performance for one or two nights and the copy-right. Before the Revolution, whenever a play was acted in

Paris, or in any provincial town, a certain sum was invariably reserved for the author, and placed to his account at a public office, from which he received it on application without expense or difficulty. The profits of successful tragedies and comedies, therefore, constituted an income for life, which was greater or less according to their number, and to the degree of estimation in which they were generally held by the public. The French nobility, and the rich collectors of taxes in Paris were, in the days of Marmontel, desirous of being considered patrons of literature, and anxious to assemble at their tables the most distinguished authors. Such guests were also universally welcome in the drawing-rooms of females of rank and talents. A book must win its way to popularity rather slowly; but, with people so much devoted to the amusements of the theatre as the French, the author of a successful tragedy would rise to reputation and celebrity at once. Of the money which he so rapidly acquired, Marmontel made a noble use, for he devoted it to the comfort, the education, and the establishment in life of his brothers and sisters, who depended principally upon him for support; but in other respects his sudden prosperity was detrimental to him; it led him into dissipation, unsettled his principles for a time, and the recluse, steady, and moral student became devoted to society and pleasure. The open and shameless immorality of Louis XIV., the regent Duke of Orleans, and Louis XV., contaminated by example, the court, the nobility, and

the higher classes of society in France, obliterated in the minds of the lower orders all respect for their monarch and their superiors, and probably contributed more than any other cause, to produce the Revolution. The author of *Dionysius* was invited to dinners and suppers daily; it became the fashion to exhibit him in parties; he was young, easily won by flattery, and seduced into improper indulgences by the attraction of novelty and example. His vanity was excited by still further applause, on the appearance of the tragedy of *Aristomenes*, the success of which procured for him the substantial advantage of intimate acquaintance with the first literary characters of the day. He read his work with general applause at the house of Madame de Tencin in the presence of Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Mairan, Marivaux, Helvetius, and Astruc, all distinguished authors. He also became acquainted with Diderot and D'Alembert, the authors of the able preliminary discourse to the French Encyclopædia, the too celebrated enemies of Christianity; and with Rousseau, the eloquent and ingenious self-tormentor.

Dissipation produced its usual effects on the mental powers of Marmontel; his studies were intermitted, his mind was enfeebled, the labour of correction became distasteful to him. He hastily finished the tragedy of *Cleopatra*, which the indulgence of the public permitted coldly to be represented eleven times; and his subsequent attempts, the *Héraclides* and the *Funeral of Sesostris*, failed completely. These

reverses of fame and fortune restored to him the use of his reason. He found, on reflection, that the path of frivolous amusement is not the right road to respectability and happiness. He renounced writing for the stage, solicited, and was fortunate enough to obtain a place under government which gave him a small salary, abundant leisure for study, and apartments at Versailles, where he took up his abode with the feelings of a man who enters a port after a storm, and where he passed five years of comparative happiness.

His place occupied him for only two days in each week, and the remainder of his time was at his own disposal. He employed it well; for he laid down a regular plan of study, and adhered to it with perseverance and effect: his plan was to survey the principal branches of ancient and modern literature for the purpose of forming independent and unbiassed opinions of authors and their works. He, therefore, read and examined for himself, without reference to the reputation which books might have acquired, and made notes, comments, and extracts, as he proceeded. He had the full command of the Royal Library; the magnificent gardens of Versailles, and Marly, the forests of Compiégne and Fontainebleau were his places of reading and retirement. The five years which he passed in this manner were the foundation of his subsequent literary reputation; his judgment was matured, his information extended, and he formed in his memory a mass of materials, which he afterwards employed to advantage in his *Elements of Literature*,

his *French Poetics*, and the numerous articles which he composed for the Encyclopædia.

By his new connexions at court he had the gratification of procuring a beneficial situation for Odde, a friend and school-fellow, distinguished through life for the qualities which tend most to make men respectable and happy, piety, prudence, application, candour, and cheerfulness. This justly valued friend was recently married to his eldest sister; and he had the pleasure of receiving their joint thanks at Paris on their way to their new residence. In giving the usual securities for Mr. Odde, he invested about five hundred pounds, which was then the whole amount of his property. He was at the same time supporting two brothers at college at Toulouse, and assisting by little pensions some infirm and aged female relations at Bort, the place of his birth. His brothers and sisters always expressed and felt for him an affection rather filial than fraternal.

The *Mercury* of France was a literary journal, patronised and sanctioned by the government, at a time when no similar publication was allowed, and therefore very lucrative to the conductor; it was determined, on a vacancy occasioned by death, to divide the profits amongst several literary men, instead of confining the whole advantage to an individual. Marmontel was called upon to furnish a list of persons whose merits and wants rendered them fit objects to receive pensions out of the profits of the *Mercury*; amongst others he named Boissy, stating that this unfortunate

man of genius, who was without means of procuring food, and was too proud to beg, had shut himself up in his house with his wife and son, and that they had determined to perish together;—their door was forced open by a friend, in time to save their lives. This short and plain tale of misery had its proper effect. Boissy received, not merely a pension, which was all that had been solicited, but the privilege and property of the *Mercury*, which raised him at once from the lowest state of poverty to comfort and affluence. The permanence of these benefits depended, however, on the publication continuing to prove attractive, and Boissy, after expressing his warmest thanks for the kind interposition of his friend, requested the aid of his pen to render the benefit fully available. Marmontel felt the necessity of prompt exertion; he passed a night of sleepless anxiety, during which he formed the first outline of a moral tale, and in the morning he wrote *Alcibiades*, which had the effect, when inserted in the *Mercury*, of greatly extending the demand for it. The author, whose name did not appear, had the pleasure, at a literary dinner, of hearing it attributed to Voltaire and Montesquieu; and, at the request of the happy Boissy, he afterwards wrote, for the same purpose, *Soliman II.*, and the *Scruple*, with similar success. Such was the origin of that celebrated collection of tales, which should have been called *amusing*, rather than *moral*, and which rendered the name of Marmontel so familiarly known to the lovers of light reading throughout Eu-

rope. No writer of this species of composition has ever been so generally popular, except the author of Waverley. Boissy did not live long to enjoy his unexpected good fortune, and on his death the privilege of the *Mercury* was given to Marmontel, who had well deserved it, by his kindness to his predecessor, and by the talents with which he had contributed to its sale. On receiving this appointment, which threw him at once into literary society, and made composition again his regular occupation, he resigned his place and apartment at Versailles, and took up his abode in the house of Madame Geoffrin, a rich widow, who assembled at her dinner, twice in each week, the first authors and artists of Paris. The most gay and amusing member of this little society was the Geometer D'Alembert;—raised by his own talents and exertions from obscurity to eminence, he passed his mornings in solving the most abstruse problems in mathematics and astronomy, and in the evening he left his lodgings, with the bounding spirits of a liberated schoolboy, to delight his friends with the unrestrained sallies of a mind full of general information,—satisfied with its own progress in scientific discovery, and equally willing to amuse and to be amused. The other regular visitors of Madame Geoffrin were the practical philosopher Mairan, whose temper was always calm and cheerful, and who never appeared to have the least anxiety about any thing in the world, except the history and manners of the Chinese,—the objects of his contemplation

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and study ;—Marivaux, the celebrated writer of sentimental novels ;—Morellet ;—Helvetius ;—Charstelleux ;—the admirable story-teller Galiani ; and the accomplished Ambassadors of Naples and Sweden, Caraccioli and Count de Creutz. The conversation at these dinners was literary, animated, intellectual, and highly attractive,—an admission to them was always eagerly sought for by strangers of rank ; and though the mistress of the house was not a woman of cultivated mind, or literary attainments, her natural good sense enabled her to change the topics of discourse as occasion required, and to give each of her guests an opportunity of talking in his turn. Marmontel remained an inmate of this pleasant mansion for ten years, paying a small remuneration for his apartment, that he might retain his feelings of independence, and admitted as a welcome guest to every literary party. On one occasion an effort which he made to amuse his neighbours, by reciting some satirical verses, reflecting on the character of the Duke of Aumont, a proud and vain Lord of the bed-chamber, was productive of serious consequences to him ; a report was made by some busy intermeddler to the Duke, who complained to the King. Marmontel generously refused to give up the name of the real author, and was committed a prisoner to the Bastile. The power of thus consigning a man to a dungeon, on the mere complaint of a nobleman, without trial or investigation, was liable to enormous abuse, and caused in-

stances of such flagrant injury and oppression, that its being finally abolished may be considered one of the few benefits dearly earned by the Revolution.—Marmontel was well treated in his prison; he was allowed the use of books, pens, ink, and paper, and occupied himself with a prose translation of Lucan, which saved him from all the irksome feelings of restraint and solitude. He was liberated after a confinement of ten days; but the privilege of publishing the *Mercury* which had procured for him an income of more than seven hundred pounds a year, was taken from him as a farther punishment. Temporary distress gave a new spring to his mental exertions,—he finished his translation of Lucan's Pharsalia, and his French Poetics. His Epistle to the Poets obtained the prize of the French Academy, though his principal competitors, Delille and Thomas, were men of acknowledged talents. In 1763 he was admitted a member of the Royal Academy, an honour of which he had long been ambitious, but his literary distinctions did not estrange him from his own near connexions; he continued to support his aged female relatives at Bort; and every year he visited for a fortnight his sister and her husband Odde, whom he had the satisfaction of finding affectionately attached to each other, deservedly respected and happy. He was attacked with a pulmonary complaint, and endeavouring to divert the sense of pain, by some literary undertaking, his attention was directed to the subject of *Belisarius*, by a picture of Vandyke;

the composition of this story occupied his uneasy days and restless nights for three months; and during the time of his illness and convalescence, he experienced the full effect of that well-known power which the imagination exercises over the bodily feelings;—it is certain that corporeal suffering is much less acutely felt when the mind is deeply engaged in an interesting pursuit, than when it is at rest. The religious doctrines promulgated in the tale of Belisarius were too tolerant for the persons then at the head of the church in France; they wished to exterminate heresy by fire and sword, but their efforts to suppress the work and punish the author were unavailing. It became extensively popular in every part of Europe, and was soon followed by the story of the *Incas*. At the request of his friend the Count de Creutz, he wrote the opera *Le Huron*, for the young musical composer Grêtry,—it was completely successful, and he afterwards wrote *Lucile*, *Sylvain*, *l'Ami de la Maison*, and *Zemire et Azor*, which all produced profit, and an increase of fame for the author. On the death of Duclos he was appointed, without solicitation, to the honourable place of historiographer of France. He had always considered the house of his sister at Saumur, as a home and retreat in old age; but she and her children died in succession, of the pulmonary complaint which had proved fatal to many of his family, and her widowed husband resigned his place when he had lost her, and returned to reside at his native village. Marmontel, thus dis-

appointed in his plan, and dreading a time when he might be cheerless, solitary, and dependent, became attached to the amiable, accomplished, and beautiful niece of his friend Morellet. He was fifty-four, and Mademoiselle de Montigny only eighteen; but, notwithstanding this unusual disparity, she consented to be his wife, and there never was a happier marriage. He had been tempted, on his first arrival at Paris, by opportunity and example, into dissipation, but he became a domestic and exemplary husband and father. He composed a grammar and treatises on logic, metaphysics, and morals, for the instruction of three sons who survived him, and laboured with great earnestness to make them respectable and intelligent members of society. His income continued to increase after his marriage, from the extended sale of his works, and particularly his *Moral Tales*. He enjoyed many years of happiness in the midst of his friends, and in the bosom of his family; but he suffered, in common with millions, from the Revolution, which covered his country with crimes, terror, and confusion. Nearly the whole of his property in the funds was lost; he fled from Paris in August 1792, to Evreux, in Normandy, and from thence to the hamlet of Abloville, where he resided in a small cottage;—in 1797 he was elected a member of the legislature, and specially instructed to defend the Catholic religion. He died of apoplexy on the 31st of December 1799, aged 76.

BUFFON.

George Louis Leclerc de Buffon was born at Montbard in Burgundy, on the 7th of September 1707. His father, who was a counsellor in the provincial parliament of Burgundy, intended him for his own profession, and sent him to the University of Dijon. Buffon, at the age of nineteen, there became acquainted with Lord Kingston and his tutor, and accompanied them on a tour through Italy. He had before shown so strong a bias for mathematics as to carry a small edition of Euclid's Elements constantly in his pocket, but his journey gave a new direction to his studies and pursuits. Young men of classical education, who travel in Italy, usually devote their attention to the fine arts, and to historical recollections. Buffon was principally attracted by the wonders and beauties of nature; and he returned with a decided predilection for the study of natural history, which fixed his character and destiny for the remainder of his life. He was afterwards sent to the University of Angers, but an unfortunate quarrel, in consequence of which he wounded his antagonist in a duel, caused him to hasten to Paris for refuge. He travelled for three months in England, and on his return commenced a course of study unexampled in severity and

duration. He read and composed almost without intermission for fifty years, and during eight months in each year, which he passed at his country seat at Montbard, he is reported to have studied fourteen hours a day. Literary reputation was his ruling passion, and it gave a degree of unity and consistency to his efforts, which could not fail of insuring the most distinguished success. His first publications were translations of the *Statics of Hales*, and the *Fluxions of Newton*. He was not more than twenty-five years old when he thus determined to devote the remainder of his life to literature; and he adhered to the plan which he had deliberately formed, with a perseverance which showed great energy of character. His rising reputation as a naturalist obtained for him in 1739 the appointment of Director of the Royal Botanic Garden at Paris, a situation admirably suited to his talents and character; it forms at present one of the most interesting sights in that gay metropolis, and it owes much of its attraction to the fostering care of Buffon. In 1744 he caused to be constructed the present cabinet of natural history, and the amphitheatre for public lectures. The extent of the garden was doubled by his exertions, the most useful and ornamental plants, and trees of foreign countries, were gradually introduced and naturalized in consequence of an extensive correspondence which he had established with the lovers of natural history in every part of the world. The best modes of cultivating vegetables and pruning vines

and fruit trees were practically displayed. The elephant, the camel, and other animals unknown in Europe, were collected and kept in little inclosures in the manner best suited to their native habits; accustomed to the kindness and care of man, they lost by degrees the savage wildness of their character; and even the antelope, the most timid of created beings, suffered itself to be approached and touched by the curious spectator. In 1743 he was admitted a member of the Royal Academy; the discourse which, according to the usual custom, he delivered on that occasion shows how diligently and successfully he had applied his mind to the study of composition. He states the necessary qualifications of an author briefly and clearly, and in a few pages comprehends all that can rationally be expressed on the subject. He wrote, himself, laboriously and slowly, and corrected what he had written with indefatigable care. He rose in summer at five, and considered the morning hours so precious, that even when he had been detained in society till two in the morning, his servant had positive directions to call him at the usual time, and not to leave his room till he had risen. He went immediately to a tower in his extensive garden, which was furnished only with a single chair and a wooden bench, and there he was strictly inaccessible, no person being permitted to intrude upon him on any pretence whatever. He read, wrote, or meditated till nine,—took a slight breakfast of two glasses of wine and a little bread, and resumed his studies in

profound silence and solitude till noon. He rose from table without further regard to his guests, as soon as dinner was over,—retired for an hour to repose in his own room, and afterwards read or wrote again. This laborious career of study he continued through life, with scarcely any deviation, and was rewarded for his unexampled industry by the fame which he so diligently sought. His sentences were at first loosely and negligently composed, but he changed, corrected, and condensed them by degrees, frequently declaiming his own paragraphs aloud till he had satisfied his ear and his understanding. His compositions became in this manner so familiar to him that he could repeat whole pages to his friends, and, though vain of his own talents, to a much greater degree than might have been expected from his powerful mind, he did not disdain to listen to critical remarks, nor to avail himself of such as, on discussion, appeared to be well founded. His descriptions, thus laboriously prepared and corrected, are models of forcible, eloquent, harmonious, and impressive composition, which must always be read, quoted, and admired; but he sometimes wandered from truth in search of effect; and the passages in his *Natural History*, which are the most sublime and beautiful, are not always the most correct. "Two things," he said, "form style, *invention*, and *expression*: invention depends on patience; contemplate your subject long and it will gradually unfold itself, till a sort of electric spark warms the heart and fires the brain,—this is the luxury of genius,—these are the hours

of production and composition, hours so delightful, that I have spent twelve or fourteen of them in succession at my writing-desk, in a state of continued enjoyment. It is for this high gratification, still more than for fame, that I have toiled; fame may come afterwards, and if deserved it generally will come: the pleasure of composition is greater if no books are consulted. I have never consulted authors till I had nothing left to say of my own." This is a vivid and a correct description of those peculiar feelings which animate the solitude of a successful author, and render the employment of composition so absorbing, fascinating, and delightful.

Buffon published his *Theory of the Earth* in 1744; it has long been superseded as fanciful, speculative, and unfounded. His great work, the *Natural History general and particular* began to appear in 1749, and the volumes were afterwards given to the world in succession as they were finished. In the parts strictly scientific he was assisted by the diligent and accurate observer D'Aubenton; whose name, though his contributions added very materially to the real value of the work, is seldom mentioned in conjunction with that of his more illustrious coadjutor. The name of Buffon became so generally known and respected in Europe, that when his country was at war, instances repeatedly occurred of the captains of privateers and men of war forwarding to him boxes and cases of subjects on natural history, which had been addressed to him from abroad, and captured in merchant vessels on their passage to France.

He was married in 1752, and the dignity of Count was conferred upon him by Louis XV., as a reward for his distinguished literary merit; but his increase of rank, and the change in his domestic establishment, caused no diminution in the zeal with which he prosecuted his studies. His *Natural History* was completed in 31 vols. 12mo in 1767. It is deficient in scientific arrangement, which he always affected to despise; but it contains a valuable assemblage of facts, and will always be read on account of the eloquent, picturesque, and beautiful descriptions of the characters and habits of different animals. In this respect the accounts of the elephant, the camel, the horse, and the dog, deserve particular attention and praise. His description of the gradual and successive development of the senses in the first man, after his creation, is much and generally admired; but though a fine specimen of French writing, and suited to the taste of his own countrymen, for whom it was chiefly written, it is too sentimental for the more sober judgment of Englishmen. The following is a striking passage in the account of *Man*: "Why should we fear death if we have lived well enough not to dread what is to follow it? Why fear that particular moment, since it is prepared by an infinite number of other moments of the same description; for death is as natural as life, and both arrive in the same manner, without our feeling or perceiving them? Physicians and clergymen, accustomed to observe the dying, agree in stating that, with the exception of a

few convulsive moments, in which the agitation of the sick, in acute disorders, seems to indicate the sufferings of the patient, the great majority of mankind expire tranquilly, easily, and without pain, and even agonies which appear frightful, alarm the spectator more than they distress the sufferer; for many who have recovered from this extremity, retain no recollection of what they have endured. Death is not then so terrible as we imagine,—we judge of it ill, when at a distance; it is a spectre which frightens us from afar, and disappears when we approach nearer to it. True philosophy consists in seeing things as they are; our own feelings would always agree with this philosophy, if they were not perverted by the illusions of our imagination, and by the unfortunate habit of forming phantoms of pain and pleasure. Nothing is very terrible, or very delightful, but at a distance; if we wish to ascertain the truth, we must have wisdom and courage enough to take a near view of things."

"If any thing can give us a just idea of our own weakness, it is the state in which we are found immediately after our birth. The new-born infant, unable to apply its organs, and to use its senses, requires help of every description; it is an image of misery and pain; it is, at this early stage of being, weaker than any of the animals; its uncertain and tottering life appears likely to terminate every instant; it can neither support itself nor walk; it has scarcely strength enough to exist, and to announce

by cries the pain which it feels, as if Nature wished to show that it is born to suffer, and that it takes its place amongst the human species only to partake of their infirmities and sorrows."

The naturalist who observes facts, states them accurately, and reasons from them clearly, may rest assured that the value of his labours will be duly appreciated by his cotemporaries and by posterity; but the reputation which rests upon theories, however ingenious, is built upon a foundation of sand, and perishes without leaving a trace behind. A large portion of the talents and industry of Buffon was wasted on theories which had their short day of fame and favour, and are now neglected or forgotten. He continued to improve the Royal Botanic Garden, and to publish supplemental volumes of his *Natural History* to the end of his long life. Few instances have occurred of so complete and systematic a devotion of time and talents to one pursuit. His vanity was great, and it was fully gratified; for he had the satisfaction of receiving testimonies of approbation and applause from every part of Europe. His own sovereign honoured and promoted him. Prince Henry of Prussia sent him a fine service of Berlin porcelain, decorated with swans in different attitudes, as a recompence for a private perusal of the article "Swan," in the Natural History, at Montbard, before publication. The Empress of Russia corresponded with him. Montesquieu, Helvetius, and all the most learned men in Paris were his familiar friends, and

many tributes to his genius were paid in verse and prose. His son secretly caused a pillar, in honour of his father, to be erected in the grounds at Montbard with this inscription :

Excelsæ turri, humilis columna,
Parenti suo, filius Buffon.
1785.

No testimonial to his fame affected Buffon so deeply as this. He pressed the hand of his son on discovering it, and burst into tears.

His figure was manly and commanding, his countenance remarkably intelligent, and his manners were pleasing and dignified. He took pleasure in supporting the external appearance of a man of rank, and appeared on Sundays in a full laced suit, before the peasantry of Montbard: to his inferiors and dependents he was uniformly kind. When the Duke of Fitzjames was reading the Natural History, he was surprised by an inquiry from his valet, if the work had been popular. The man appeared delighted to find that it had succeeded, and proved, on inquiry, to have been born at Montbard;—it was creditable to the character of Buffon as a landlord, that even the villagers on his estate were deeply interested in his success, and in his literary fame. His life was prolonged to the advanced age of 81. He had suffered from an acute disorder for some time previously to his death, which deprived him of rest for many

successive nights, but he bore pain with exemplary fortitude, and even the placid expression of his countenance remained undisturbed. He died on the 16th of April 1788: distinguished honours were paid to his remains, which lay in state in one of the churches at Paris: a crowd, estimated to amount to 20,000 persons, assembled to see his corpse removed to its last resting-place Montbard. He was fortunate in not living long enough to witness the crimes and horrors of the Revolution: his death probably prevented the monster Robespierre, and his colleagues, from adding one murder more to the many which stained the bloody annals of their short government. They guillotined his only son. The character of Buffon is not entitled to unqualified praise: the literary men of eminence, in his time, had formed a conspiracy against religion; and though there is no evidence of his having taken an active part in the attempts which were made to subvert Christianity, yet he gave his friends and the world too much reason to believe that his opinions tended to the cheerless and humiliating system of materialism, and that he was not a Christian either in faith or practice. The court and capital of France were in his days the most licentious in Europe; and his manners did not escape the general contamination. His errors may be pitied and avoided, and those who, with higher and better principles, imitate his astonishing industry, and his entire devotion of time and mind to literature, may expect unmixed success and praise.

LINNÆUS.

CHARLES LINNÆUS was born at Rashult, in the province of Smaland in Sweden, on the 13th of May 1707. Nicholas Linnæus, his father, was assistant minister, and afterwards rector, of the parish in which the village of Rashult is situated. This worthy pastor married the daughter of his predecessor in the rectory, and fully enjoyed one of those delightful residences with which Sweden abounds, on the banks of a fine lake, surrounded with hills, valleys, woods, and cultivated ground. He communicated his taste for natural history and for beautiful rural scenery to his eldest son Charles, who afterwards became celebrated as the founder of botanical science. Charles Linnæus was fortunate enough to possess those qualities which are essential to success in the study of natural history,—an active frame, a quick sight, a good memory, and a persevering spirit. His earliest recreations were sought in his father's garden, and he listened, even in infancy, with so much avidity to descriptions of plants and flowers, that he may be said almost to have been born a botanist. His little innocent enjoyments were, however, soon suspended, for at the age of ten he was sent to study grammar at

the school at Wexio, the master of which, as he afterwards said, "preferred stripes and punishments to admonitions and encouragements." This injudicious severity depressed the spirits and talents of Linnæus. He long retained an unpleasant recollection of his school days:—it is common to call this period of human life a happy one, but that existence must have been very wretched, of which the time passed at school has been the happiest part: it is sufficiently apparent, even to superficial observers, that the mind cannot, in early life, be sufficiently matured for high enjoyment;—the most exquisite of our pleasures are intellectual, and cannot be relished until the mental faculties have been cultivated and expanded. In 1724 Linnæus was removed to a higher seminary. He was intended for the church, but the bent of his genius was apparent from the direction of his studies. He neglected Greek, Hebrew, and theology; but he made rapid progress in mathematics, natural history, and botany. His classical tutors, in 1726, advised his father to give up the further prosecution of his studies, as a hopeless labour, and to find for him some mechanical or commercial employment; but he was saved from a life of obscure drudgery by the lecturer on natural philosophy, Dr. Rothmann, who better knew how to appreciate the peculiar talents of his pupil, and offered to take him into his own house, and to direct his studies in medicine. This kind offer was gratefully accepted, and Linnæus, in a year of residence under the lecturer's roof, made

further and rapid progress in the studies of physiology and botany. In 1727 he removed to the University of Lund; passed his examinations with credit, and took up his abode in the house of Dr. Stobæus, whose library and collection in natural history proved sources of extensive information and amusement to his inquiring and active mind. He derived further improvement from occasionally visiting the patients of his host, whose strength and spirits were unequal to the laborious routine of a physician's practice. He passed the summer vacation under his father's roof, and there met with his kind friend Dr. Rothmann, by whose advice he was induced to remove to the University of Upsal, as a better school of botany and medicine. In this new situation he had to encounter all the trials and privations of poverty. His father's income was small, and a scholarship which he obtained was scarcely sufficient, when added to his paternal allowance, to provide for him the necessaries of life. He sometimes knew not where to find a dinner, and relates that he had been under the necessity of mending his shoes with folds of paper; yet he pursued his studies with unabated spirit and diligence; attended lectures, and made critical observations on all that he had opportunities of seeing and hearing. His patient attention to his studies at last obtained for him an efficient patron. He accidentally formed an acquaintance, in the botanical garden, with the Professor of Divinity, Dr. Celsius, who had been employed for thirty years in illustrating

the plants mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, and had travelled into the East with that particular and meritorious view. This learned man observed the talents and zeal of Linnæus,—invited him to his house,—gave him the free use of his excellent library, and was the means of improving his finances, by obtaining for him a few private pupils. A Review of Vaillant's Treatise on the sexes of plants first led his mind to the consideration of this subject; and an essay which he wrote on the sexual system, being communicated to Celsius, obtained for its ingenious author the appointment of lecturer on botany, as an assistant to Rudbeck, into whose house he was received as tutor to the younger branches of the family. He had there the advantage of society, and the use of a fine collection of books and drawings. His mornings were employed in his official duties, and his evenings in composing those botanical works which laid the foundation of his future fame. His life here was for a time useful and happy; but it was soon imbittered by the jealousy of Dr. Rosen, who wished to succeed Rudbeck as professor of botany, and who, dreading Linnæus as a formidable rival, contrived to prejudice him in the mind of the professor by calumnious reports, and thus rendered his longer stay as an inmate in the house impossible. It is pleasing to record, as an instance of the return of good for evil, that when Rosen was infirm and old, the man whom he had thus injured attended him with the kindest care as a physician and a friend.

Linnæus removed for a time to his native village, and at the close of the year 1731 he was fortunate enough to obtain an appointment from the Academy of Sciences at Upsal to travel at their expense through Lapland,—a country which he had long anxiously wished to visit. In the spring of 1732 he set out on horseback, with a most philosophical contempt for all luxurious accommodation, and with an ardent curiosity to survey the botanical stores of a country little explored or known. The lakes, mountains, and valleys of Sweden, Lapland, and Norway, which he visited in the course of a tour of 4000 miles, comprise some of the most picturesque and striking scenery in Europe. His Journal, published recently in two octavo volumes, with wood cuts from his own sketches, has all the freshness of a description written on the spot, and all the attraction which accompanies the certainty that it is a transcript of the author's mind.

In the course of his tour he learned the art of assaying metals, which has always been an important branch of science in Sweden, where they abound. He delivered lectures on that subject at Fahlun, and formed an attachment to the eldest daughter of Dr. Moreus, a physician there; but having no regular pursuit by which he could hope to maintain a family, his marriage was deferred, and he was advised to take his degree in medicine at some foreign university, and to practise as the means of future support. The sum which he was enabled to collect for the expenses of his journey did not exceed fifteen pounds, but his

wants were very moderate, and he carried with him, in his talents and information, the means of recommending himself to the friends of science in every country. He passed through Hamburgh to Amsterdam, and in June 1735 took his degree of Doctor, —sustaining a medical thesis of his own composition, according to the usual custom. In Holland he became acquainted with the learned Gronovius, and with the celebrated physician Boerhaave, was received as a guest in the house of Burmann, and published his *Fundamental Rules of Botany*, a small octavo, which is stated, on the highest authority, to contain the very essence of botanical philosophy, and never to have been superseded or refuted. By Boerhaave he was introduced to Mr. George Clifford, a rich banker, and prevailed upon to arrange and describe, on scientific principles, the extensive and beautiful garden at Hartecamp, which was celebrated for the rare and rich treasures in plants and flowers which it contained. His princely patron here gave him unlimited means to supply whatever he might think wanting in the garden, or in a noble library, of which he had the full command. He therefore pursued his favourite study for the first time with full leisure, and with every possible facility and encouragement; and the time which he passed with Mr. Clifford was, so long as he remained in full health, the happiest part of his life. His situation gave him the means of rescuing from misery, in a strange land, his fellow student and old friend, the ingenious Artedi, whom he

found at Amsterdam without money, credit, means of subsistence, or of obtaining a degree, which was the object of his journey. Artedi was distinguished for his accurate and extensive knowledge of the department of fishes in natural history. By the recommendation of Linnæus, his talents were made useful, and he was placed in the way to distinction and wealth, when his career was suddenly terminated by an accidental and melancholy death.

In 1736, after having written a scientific description of Mr. Clifford's rare plants, Linnæus was sent by his munificent patron to England, where he became acquainted with Shaw, the oriental traveller, Professor Martyn, Philip Miller, and Peter Collinson, a mercer in Gracechurch Street, who ennobled the pursuits of trade by extensive scientific information, and associated on familiar terms with the learned and the great. Linnæus was much pleased with London, though he must have laboured under great disadvantages from his unwillingness, or inability to learn any foreign language. He is reported to have fallen on his knees in rapture at the sight of the golden bloom of the furze growing on Putney heath.

On his return to Holland he continued his botanical publications, which, on account of his accurate knowledge of the subject, and the novelty of his names and arrangement, raised him to high reputation. His science in general is too much in nomenclature, but in his Flora Lapponica he interweaves with the names of plants, some interesting descrip-

tions of the country in which he had travelled with so much pleasure. These descriptions recalled his home and its attractions to his mind too vividly. His health was affected by the climate of Holland, and his return was quickened by reports that he was in danger of being supplanted in the affections of the person to whom he was attached. The kind care of Mr. Clifford, and the skill of his physician, Van Sweiten, restored him to a state of convalescence, and he visited Paris on his way to his native country. He there inspected the botanic garden; was introduced to Reaumur, Tournefort, and Jussieu; was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences; and embarked at Rouen for Sweden. He was kindly received by the woman whom he had chosen for a wife, and they were formally betrothed: the marriage took place some time afterwards; but it did not contribute to the domestic happiness of Linnæus. His wife proved faithless,—a petty tyrant to her family and servants, illiberal in her domestic arrangements, and an unnatural mother to an excellent son. His consolation, under domestic grievances, he sought and found in literary occupation, in increasing honours and opulence, and, above all, in the warm attachment of his numerous pupils and friends. In 1740, he was appointed Professor of Medicine at Upsal, a distinction which had been the principal object of his early ambition; a medal was struck in honour of him, and he was raised to the rank of a Swedish nobleman by his sovereign. He had, by his own exertions and

writings, rendered botany not only a philosophical pursuit, but a popular study amongst all ranks in Europe. The effect of this general partiality, excited by the works of Linnæus, for natural history, was extremely favourable to the general diffusion of science. His most intelligent pupils were selected, on his recommendation, and sent to the most distant countries; to the East Indies, to China, to America, and the Holy Land, at the expense of sovereigns, nobles, and public bodies, for the express purpose of procuring scientific information, of collecting rare plants, and naturalizing them in Europe. The world was in this manner indebted to him for the travels and collections of Kalm, Lœfling, Hasselquist, and Kœhler.

Linnæus was treated with great favour and kindness by the Queen of Sweden, Louisa Ulrica, who communicated her own taste for natural history to the King. Their majesties often conversed with him familiarly and graciously at their country palace, Drotningholm, and paid prompt attention to any recommendation of his in favour of science and scientific men. The indulgence of the Queen was so great, that she allowed him to smoke in her own apartments, supposing that if he were permitted to follow his ancient habits without restraint he would labour with greater satisfaction and comfort. In 1754 he published the fruits of his labours in the Royal Gardens, in a beautiful folio volume, entitled *The Museum of King Adolphus Frederic*, comprising descriptions with plates

of quadrupeds, birds, serpents, and fishes. The preface clearly proves that the author still felt in unabated force that enthusiastic love of natural history, which distinguished him in every part of his life. So decided a preference for one pursuit, combined with a sanguine, ardent, and persevering spirit, led to success and eminence as a natural consequence. His *System of Nature* had at this period of his life gone through nine editions. The emoluments arising from his voluminous works were not so great as might be supposed from their extensive circulation; but his habits and expenses were extremely temperate and moderate. In 1758 he was enabled to purchase two estates for about L.2500, and at one of them he fixed his country residence. His valuable collections and library were there deposited in a stone building erected for the purpose. He was occasionally afflicted with the gout, and believed that he derived great relief and benefit from the free use of wild strawberries, which formed the principal part of his regular food whilst the fits of his disorder continued. In 1763 he was permitted to introduce his son into the botanical chair at Upsal as assistant professor. The young man, who was then twenty-one, followed worthily in the steps of his father, made many additions to the great discoveries in botany, which immortalized the name of Linnæus, was received on his father's account in London and Paris with favour and kindness, and would probably have risen to great eminence if his career had not been prematurely ter-

minated by a fever. As he died without issue, the coat-of-arms which his father had so honourably earned was broken over the grave of the son. The habits of Linnæus were remarkably early and active; in summer he was up at three in the morning, and went to bed in the evening at nine. In winter he rose at five, and retired at ten. If it be supposed that he thus gained for use and labour four hours in each day more than the generality of mankind, computation will show the aggregate amount of this gain to have been 73,000 hours in the fifty years of his efficient and active life. Common arithmetic may thus supply an unanswerable argument in favour of early rising. Linnæus well applied the time which he thus gained; his works were voluminous and excellent in their department; he was an acute, accurate, diligent, and quick-sighted observer, and his system has been adopted throughout the civilized world. He died on the 10th of January 1778, in his seventy-first year. He was followed to his grave by the whole university of Upsal; his pall being supported by sixteen doctors of medicine, who had all been his pupils. His loss was generally lamented.

MALESHERBES.

In surveying the authentic records of human existence, it is rarely found that a family becomes illustrious by the exercise of talents and virtues, in the same career, delivered, as a precious heritage, from father to son for successive generations.—The family of Christian William de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, was illustrated in this uncommon manner. His father was Chancellor of France, his grandfather, the President de Lamoignon, was the friend of Racine and Boileau. His great grandfather was also President of one of the high courts of justice at Paris, and was distinguished as an upright, enlightened, and benevolent magistrate. Malesherbes, to whom the name of Lamoignon, thus rendered dear and venerable in France, last descended, was born on the 6th of December 1721. He was educated by the Jesuits, and his tutor, the Abbot of Radonvilliers, afterwards became his colleague in the Royal Academy. He studied the law, like his ancestors, and his progress was rapid; at the age of twenty he acted as assistant to the King's Attorney General; three years afterwards he was admitted as a Counsellor in

the Parliament of Paris, and at twenty-nine, on his father's promotion to the high post of Chancellor, he succeeded to the important appointment of President of the Court of Aids. Next to attacks on the personal liberty of the subject, the most fertile cause of oppression, in a despotic government, arises from the collection of taxes, which, being imposed, in the first instance, without the consent of the people, or their representatives, are frequently levied in an unjust, harsh, and partial manner. The Court of Aids was a court of appeal, intended to remedy abuses, and to correct wrongs in all matters relating to taxes. The post of President required the union of firmness and discretion in a consummate degree,—he had frequently to detect falsehood and misrepresentation in the statements of those who complained; and the still more difficult duty of resisting all the influence of princes, ministers, and courtiers, when exerted to protect powerful oppression, was often imposed upon him. This trying situation was filled by Malesherbes for the long period of twenty-five years; and he did his duty so ably and fearlessly, as to deserve and receive the respect, the thanks, and blessings of all who had occasion to appear before him. His speeches in court, and his written remonstrances addressed to the King's ministers, in particular cases of oppression, were collected and published:—they are equally admirable for their matter and manner, containing just and profound remarks on the administration of the finances, a subject deeply and practically interesting

to a large portion of mankind;—his facts are stated to the superior authorities with great force of reasoning, clearly, firmly, and respectfully. He possessed the art of condensing much practical wisdom into a sentence,—one of his remarks deserves to be written in letters of gold in the apartments of every despotic Monarch: "The liberality of Kings enriches only courtiers: Their refusals form the riches of the people." If this short maxim had regulated the conduct of Louis XVI. and his two predecessors, the crimes and horrors of the Revolution might have been avoided. In 1771, his remonstrances became more energetic and eloquent, in proportion as the oppression of the Government and the misery of the people increased. As compositions they were universally admired by literary men, and the arguments which they contained had the effect of dividing the opinions even of the interested parties, the Ministers and the Court. Unfortunately the reforms in expenditure and administration which he recommended, required sacrifices too great for the selfish beings whom he addressed The truth, as he had stated it, with all its formidable train of consequences, could neither be concealed nor denied, but it was unpalatable to the King, Louis XV., and to the majority of his advisers. They determined to bear down all opposition, and silence future complaints, by banishing the Parliament, and dissolving the Court of Aids. This violent and odious measure gave deep offence to the people, and destroyed the last vestiges of a civil con-

stitution in France. Malesherbes was ordered to quit Paris, and retire to his residence in the country. He carried with him to his retreat the consciousness of having done his duty, a keen relish for literature, and a taste for rural pursuits, which may be considered abundant materials for happiness in retirement. His house was large enough to furnish an asylum to some of his colleagues in the Court, who had been banished from Paris at the same time. He found, for every hour of his busy days, an appropriate and useful occupation. He improved his garden, he drained, cultivated, and planted his estate, he imported and naturalized exotic trees and vegetables, he studied, practised, and recommended new modes of farming. He composed and published short, clear, and useful treatises on rural economy; he visited the peasantry in their cottages; consoled, advised, and assisted them, and carried his attention to their comfort so far as to erect sheds to shelter the females at their domestic employments, on the banks of a river near his residence. Happy in the love of his family, the esteem of his friends, the attachment of his domestics, and the gratitude of his tenants, whose true interests he studied constantly to promote, his three years of retirement passed rapidly away.

On the accession of Louis the XVI., the Parliament and the banished members of the sovereign courts were recalled, and Malesherbes was ordered to resume the situation of President, which he had filled with so much credit to himself, and benefit to

his country. The speech which he made on his restitution to office was eloquent and affecting. To his colleagues who had been deprived of their places, and banished for the honest and conscientious discharge of their duty, he recommended oblivion and forgiveness of the past;—to the King, who was present, he addressed his thanks in the most animated manner, hailing the restoration of the constitutional courts as a great public benefit. Louis the XVI. wanted firmness and decision, but he was always sincerely desirous of the good of his people; and, in 1775, he showed this disposition, by appointing Malesherbes to a post in the administration. One of the greatest abuses of the royal prerogative in France, was the practice of issuing *lettres de cachet*, for which, happily for us in England, we have no equivalent phrase. By this summary form of oppression, any person who had given offence to those who had influence over the King, might, by a simple mandate, be torn from his friends and family, and buried alive in the dungeons of the Bastile, without trial, without means of defence, explanation, or resistance. The small number of prisoners found in the Bastile when it was destroyed, proved that this dangerous privilege had not been recently exercised to any great extent; but it never ought to have existed at all. Malesherbes endeavoured to abolish it in vain, but he succeeded in rendering it comparatively harmless, by forming a tribunal of respectable noblemen, by whom all cases supposed to require *lettres de*

cachet were to be examined, before decrees were issued.

The endeavour to reform abuses, and the recommendation of economy in the national expenditure, created for him many enemies amongst the courtiers, whose intrigues rendered his situation so unpleasant, that, after remaining in office about nine months, he tendered his resignation to the King.

The letter written to him on this occasion by his sovereign has been preserved; and it well deserves to be translated, as a document which throws light on the characters of the calumniated Monarch and his upright minister, doing credit to the talents and virtues of both.

" To M. de Malesherbes.

Versailles, 17*th April* 1776.

I could not sufficiently express to you in our last interview, my dear Malesherbes, the sorrow which I felt on your announcing your resolution to resign your office. After having maturely reflected on the subject, I am now going to open my heart to you, and I commit my ideas to paper, fearing that otherwise they may escape from my memory. Surrounded as I am, by men who have an interest in misleading my principles, and preventing the public opinion from reaching me, it is of the highest importance to the prosperity of my reign that I should have a few prudent advisers, whom I can call my chosen and personal friends, and who may warn me of my errors

before they begin to affect the destiny of twenty-four millions of my subjects. When Maurepas presented your name to me, as one of those who were most likely to give consistency to my plans of beneficence, I silently studied your public and private life, and I saw that I should be more happy in offering you a high post than you would be in accepting it. My Court of Aids, before you presided in it, was an ill-constituted body, which suffered itself to be bribed by those very financial officers whom it should have superintended. You came, my dear Malesherbes, you expelled from this court the members who dishonoured it; and, according to its original destination, it became the asylum of the indigent and the oppressed. The strong remonstrances which you addressed to me from thence are carefully preserved in my select library, with the works of Cicero and Demosthenes; they breathed the purest zeal for the public good, they enlightened me by exposing disorders which my Court and my Ministers conspired to hide from me; and, though I could not assent to all that you proposed, I felt that you were entitled to my gratitude. You hesitated to accept my offer, because the manners of a court ill suited your simplicity of character; but when Turgot assured you that he could effect no durable good without your aid, that motive decided you, and I esteemed you the more for it. You began your ministry with a vigour which I could not disapprove. You refused to make use of Lettres de Cachet. The Bastile was full of prisoners, who, after being

detained for years, were still ignorant of the crimes laid to their charge. You restored to liberty all those who could only be accused of displeasing the ministry, and also such of the really guilty as appeared to have been sufficiently punished. You undertook the reform of my military household, but my friends were alarmed. I was taught to apprehend such a degree of discontent as might lead to tumult or rebellion. I therefore felt myself obliged to defer to a happier season the execution of those plans which would enable me to have no other household than honourable men like you, and no guards but the affection of my people. It is under such circumstances that you request your dismissal.—No,—I will not grant it,—you are too necessary to my service; and when you have read this letter through, I know your feeling heart too well to believe that you will persist in demanding it. Besides, it is not right that you should offer your resignation at the moment when you are compelled to yield to circumstances and postpone your plans; the court would believe you to be disgraced, and this term should never be applied by me to a subject like you. I expect you to-morrow.—Rely on my esteem and on my friendship.

Louis."

Malesherbes was so much affected by this letter that he consented to remain in office, though the reforms which he had suggested interfered too much with private interests to be carried into effect, but

new difficulties soon occurred. His friend Turgot, with whom he always acted in the ministry, was upright in his principles and enlightened in his views, but he was too precipitate in innovation, too theoretical, too firm, fearless, and unbending, to remain long in unison with his colleagues, or to effect all the good for his country which he might have done with more patience and prudence. On the 2d of May the following letter was addressed to Malesherbes from the King:—

"Turgot, my dear Malesherbes, is no longer suited to the place which he occupies; he is too positive, even in the good which he thinks he is doing. By what I see, despotism is good for nothing, though it may be employed in forcing a great people to be happy. The parliament, the nobility, and above all, Maurepas, who is truly attached to me, demand his dismissal, and I have signed it. I do not see why this rigorous measure, which the public tranquillity required, should cause you to resign. You have the talents of Turgot without his asperity,—you are tolerant without being weak; and you have the wisdom to defer till to-morrow the good which you despair of effecting to-day. Remain in the ministry, my dear Malesherbes. Your frankness is still necessary to me; and you owe it to your friend, if you do not owe it to your king.

LOUIS."

Malesherbes felt that, alone and unsupported in

the councils of his sovereign, his presence would promote discord, and could render no effectual service, he therefore persisted in tendering his resignation, and received in a few days this letter from his king.

"To M. de Malesherbes.

Versailles, 7th May 1776.

Your perseverance distresses me greatly, my dear Malesherbes.—Sully did not quit Henry IV. when his sovereign wanted the aid of his wisdom. Permit me to say that you are rather selfish in your virtue. Since you will have your dismissal I grant it you. Set out on your travels, as you have a wish to see countries different from that which regrets you, and which you might have rendered happy. On your return, come and see me as usual, and talk to me with the same freedom. Neither my countenance nor my heart will then be changed for you; and, as we have no feeling but esteem for each other, we shall need no reconciliation when we meet.

LOUIS."

The perusal of these letters must tend greatly to exalt the character of the unfortunate King in the estimation of all those who read them attentively; they prove him to have possessed the admirable qualities of steady attachment to his friends, warm benevolence for his people, patient attention to undisguised rebuke and remonstrance, zeal for the reform of abuses, and for constitutional liberty; and, in the case of

Turgot, excellent judgment in distinguishing the shades of character. If he had added firmness to his other virtues,—if he had known that severity in the beginning of political disturbances often proves to be mercy in the end,—he might have saved his country from much effusion of blood and many crimes, he might have closed a long reign in peace, and deserved the honourable title of Father of his people. Malesherbes, after his resignation, travelled through Holland and Switzerland, diligently observing the manners, institutions, and agriculture of other countries, in the hope of conferring further benefits on his own. On his return, he resumed his rural occupations with his usual activity; devoting his income, his time, and all the resources of his enlightened mind, which travelling had expanded and improved, to the instruction of the peasantry. His pen was at the same time usefully employed in promoting the cause of civil liberty and toleration. He composed and delivered to the King two memorials on these subjects, which had the effect of procuring for the Protestants further indulgences in the free exercise of their religious worship. He was admitted a member of all the three Royal Academies,—a distinction which has been very rarely attained,—his knowledge of literature and science was both extensive and accurate,—his manner of communicating it was perfectly frank and unassuming. He had prepared for the press comments on the first volumes of Buffon's Natural History, in which he defended the arrangement and classification of Lin-

næus; but his fear of hurting the feelings of the great French naturalist prevented him from publishing his remarks, and they were not printed till after his death.

A rivalship and national enmity had existed for ages between France and Great Britain;—the victories of the Duke of Marlborough, and the successful attacks on the French colonial possessions, planned and directed by Lord Chatham, had left deep and painful recollections in the minds of a vain glorious people. When Britain was engaged in an expensive and doubtful contest with her colonies in North America, the ministers of the King of France thought that the moment for vengeance had arrived,—justice and policy required that they should be neutral; but they could not resist the temptation of striking what they thought must be a mortal blow at their ancient rival; and they plunged into the contest without calculating the consequences. Their interference produced, in the first place, the results which they anticipated, the temporary humiliation of England, and the independence of America; but the finances of France were thrown into irretrievable disorder, the discipline of her army was ruined; and many of the young officers, amongst whom was La Fayette, returned to Europe indelibly impressed with new and dangerous opinions on the subjects of liberty, equality, and the rights of man. In 1786, when the financial difficulties of the Government and the distress of the people had nearly reached their highest point, Malesherbes was again called to the council of his sovereign,

but without occupying any particular department. He foresaw the crisis which was approaching, and in the hope of delaying or averting the evils which impended, he composed two elaborate memorials, *On the Necessity and the Means of diminishing the Expenditure*, and, *On the present Situation of Affairs*; but the Archbishop of Toulouse, then Prime Minister, having contrived to prevent him from obtaining a private audience from the King, he saw that further efforts on his part were useless, and once more retired to private life. He took great pleasure in travelling through France and the adjoining countries without equipage or attendants, and often enjoyed the delight of hearing warm praises bestowed upon his own public and private character by men to whom his person was unknown. One of his adventures on these expeditions has been made the subject of a beautiful and interesting little drama. On another occasion, when he was enjoying a solitary pedestrian excursion amongst the romantic mountains of Switzerland, he overtook the pastor Wittenbach, and with his usual good-humour, entered into conversation with him. "I am a minister," said Wittenbach. "And I am an ex-minister," replied Malesherbes; "so that we shall understand each other perfectly:" they remained companions for the day; and, at its close, the Swiss pastor, delighted and astonished with the gentle manners and extensive information of the stranger, whom he took for an unemployed curate, earnestly pressed

him to remain and take the charge of a congregation in the neighbourhood.

The illegible hand writing of Malesherbes brought upon him in Holland some remarks of a different description;—he had left a few written directions for a plain-spoken Dutchman, who complained that he could not read them.—"Bad as you may think my hand," said Malesherbes, "it has not prevented me from being employed to write for a very great man." "He must have been a fool," was the ready reply, "who made you his secretary." From these scenes of innocent amusement Malesherbes was compelled to turn his attention to the increasing troubles of his wretched country. He was occupied in preparing for the press an "Essay on the Means of accelerating the Progress of Rural Economy in France," in which he recommended the establishment of a Board of Agriculture, when his faculties were all absorbed in the contemplation of the imminent danger of the King. The indecision of the ministry, and the rapid dissemination of new doctrines amongst the people, had exalted the public mind to a state of frenzy. The injudicious concessions of Necker had permitted the general assembly of nobles, clergy, and what was called the third class, to be so organized that the power was thrown into the hands of the lowest order, and they soon showed a determination to destroy all the existing institutions of the monarchy. The King, after an ineffectual attempt to escape into Flanders, and after suffering every indignity and morti-

fication that could be heaped upon him, was attacked in his palace, the Thuilleries, on the 10th of August 1792, by an armed and infuriated mob. His Swiss guards were cut to pieces after a bloody conflict, and Louis, with his Queen and family, was compelled to seek temporary refuge in the midst of his enemies, the national convention. The helpless victims were imprisoned in the temple; and a report soon afterwards reached Malesherbes in the country, that the King was to be formally tried at the Bar of the Convention. The task of defending him was perilous in the extreme, but the venerable and intrepid Malesherbes, without hesitating a moment, wrote to the President of the National Assembly, offering his services for this dangerous and harassing duty. "I have been twice summoned," said he in his letter, "to the councils of him who was my master, at times when the place was an object of ambition to all men. I owe him the same service now, that it is become a duty which is generally believed to be dangerous." Three advocates, Tronchet, Deséze, and another, had been previously nominated to defend the unfortunate Monarch; but the third having declined to act, the generous voluntary offer of Malesherbes was accepted, and he soon afterwards received the following deeply interesting letter;—

"To M. de Malesherbes.

Dated from the Prison of the Temple.

I HAVE not words, my dear Malesherbes, to express to you my gratitude for your sublime self-devotion. You have anticipated my wishes. You have stretched out your aged hand to protect me from the scaffold; and if I were still in possession of my throne, I ought to share it with you, that I might render myself worthy of the half that would remain; but I have nothing left except fetters, which you have made lighter by trying to support them for me. I refer you to heaven and your own heart for your reward.

I do not deceive myself respecting my fate; the ungrateful wretches who have dethroned me will not stop short in the midst of their career: they would have to blush too much if they saw their victim constantly before their eyes; I shall undergo the lot of Charles the First; and my own blood will flow, to punish me for never having shed that of others. But will it not be possible for me to ennoble my last moments? The national assembly has within its bosom the plunderers of my kingdom, my accusers, my judges, and probably my executioners. We cannot enlighten men like them; we cannot render them just; we cannot soften them. Would it not be better to make a strong defence, when a weak one cannot save me? I think it should be addressed,

not to the convention, but to the whole nation, who would pass judgment on my judges, and would restore to me that place in the affections of my people which I never deserved to lose. My part would then be limited to the refusal to recognise the competence of that tribunal which I am compelled to attend by force. I should maintain a dignified silence; and the men who call themselves my judges would be, if they condemn me, no better than my assassins.—You are, however, my dear Malesherbes, as well as Tronchet, who shares your devotion to me, more enlightened than I am. Consider in your wisdom my reasons and your own. I submit wholly to your decision. If you save my life, I will preserve it, that I may remind you of your benefit;—if they take it away we shall meet again, still more happily, in immortality.

LOUIS."

The refusal to plead recommended by the King was not, on consultation, deemed advisable by his advocates, who had hopes of winning over to the side of mercy some neutral or irresolute members; but, in examining the pleadings, Louis carefully expunged every passage which was intended to move the passions of his judges: he demanded justice from them and not mercy. His demeanour at the bar was admirably calm and composed. The eloquence and the reasoning of his council were vain; he was condemned to death by a small majority, and the sentence was announced to him by Malesherbes. This venerable

and fearless advocate was upwards of seventy years old when he left his favourite retreat, and devoted his services to the defence of the deposed, insulted, and injured King. As soon as his painful duty was fulfilled he returned into the country with a heart full of grief and indignation at the crimes which were then covering France with confusion and mourning. He refused to read the public papers, and endeavoured, in the midst of rural occupations, to forget as much as possible the horrors and sufferings which he had been compelled to witness; but he was not long allowed to enjoy even this semblance of tranquillity. His daughter had been married to Lepelletier, who was president of the parliament of Paris, and, on its dissolution, had retired with his family to the country house of his father-in-law. One morning, as Malesherbes was walking in his grounds, he saw four men of mean and rude appearance approaching his residence, and found, on hastening home, that they were messengers from the revolutionary tribunal sent to arrest his daughter and her husband. He took leave of them with very little hope of seeing them again, for in those dreadful days rank and talents were considered crimes, and innocence was no protection. He made great exertions to support his own resolution, and encouraged them in the kindest manner to meet their fate, whatever it might be, with calmness and resignation. He was, however, doomed to see them again, but it was under circumstances of the most trying and distressing nature. He was himself soon

after arrested, on the absurd charge of having conspired with his daughter and grand-daughter against the liberties of the people; his real crime was his energetic defence of the King. When he was about to be removed to prison, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood assembled to take leave of their benefactor with tears and blessings. Four of the most respectable of them obtained permission to accompany him to Paris, to save him from the indignity of being escorted by soldiers like a common criminal. On arriving at the *Conciergerie*, one of the prisoners there, to whom he had formerly been kind, fell at his feet in utter astonishment at seeing him in such a place. "I have thought fit," said Malesherbes, with his accustomed mildness, "to become a conspirator and a criminal in my old age, and you must not be surprised that they have put me in prison for it." He joined his family in their dungeon, and when the act of accusation, or indictment, was presented to him, according to custom, his eye glanced over it with an expression of pity and contempt, "at least they might," he said, have taken the trouble to render their charges a little more probable and consistent." He took no further notice of his own case, and made no preparation whatever for defending himself, being fully aware that the trial would be a mere mockery, and that his judges were determined beforehand to condemn him. The only hope left for this amiable and interesting family was, that they might enjoy the mournful satisfaction of perishing together, but even this was

denied them. Lepelletier was first torn from his wife and daughter, and dragged to the guillotine. Malesherbes exerted himself to console his widowed child, for whom he felt more than for himself. The painful task of dwelling on the crimes and sufferings of the Revolution, is occasionally rendered less irksome by the consideration of the sublime virtues which it called into exercise. Patience, generosity, heroic courage, and self-devotion, were frequently exhibited in the highest degree by females, who, before these dreadful times, had experienced nothing of life except its luxuries and enjoyments. The young and beautiful daughter of the Count de Sombreuil had been fortunate enough to save his life at the hazard of her own, and was herself in prison when she was thus addressed by the daughter of Malesherbes, "You have had the happiness of preserving the life of your father, I shall at least have the consolation of dying with mine." On the 22d of April 1794, the females of the family of Malesherbes were sent before him to execution, and he followed them to the guillotine, with a firmness worthy of the character which he had always supported.

GELLERT.

CHRISTIAN FURCHTGOTT GELLERT was born at Haynichen, near Freyburg, in Saxony, in the month of July 1715. His father was minister there, and diligently fulfilled the important duties of the pastoral office, for the long space of fifty years, managing a very small income with so much economy and judgment, that he gave a good education to thirteen children, and lived to reap his reward, in seeing some of them established, respected, and deservedly happy. For those principles of deep and heartfelt piety, which formed a distinguishing part of the character of Christian Gellert, he was indebted to the early lessons and constant example of his admirable mother. He never forgot this obligation, and he repaid to her, in old age, the affectionate attentions which he had received in his childhood. She was spared to enjoy his literary reputation, and to partake of its advantages, for the comforts of her declining life were increased by a pension allowed her by one of his patrons and warm admirers.

Gellert received the first rudiments of religious and classical instruction in the free school of his na-

tive village, and was removed at an early age to the public electoral institution at Meissen, where a system of education was established, upon an excellent plan, for preparing students for the University, at the expense of the government. Public free schools of this description, conducted upon the best plans, and occasionally inspected, during vacation at the colleges, by the heads of houses there, would be very useful in England. The Saxons are a rational, manly, moral people, and the Electoral Government has been generally mild, wise, and tolerant. The professors of the school at Meissen endeavoured to preserve their pupils from dissipation, by abundance of employment, and to interest their minds by variety of tasks. Gellert was well grounded in classical learning, and his morals remained uncontaminated. He formed some friendships there which lasted for life, and his character began to be developed: in him delicacy of constitution was united, as it frequently has been in others, with great sensibility; his heart was kind, his manner diffident, and he learned very early in life the hard and useful lessons of being content with little, and suffering without complaint. He was one of those poets who feel inspiration in the dawn of life; at the age of thirteen he wrote an ode on the birth-day of his father, whose decaying residence happening to be supported by a number of props, exactly equal to that of his children and grandchildren, these were made in the poem to speak by turns, in character, as the supports of the old man's declin-

ing age. This first poetical attempt was much applauded by its lenient judges; was even committed to memory in the neighbourhood, and preferred, probably on account of a general interest in the subject, to the productions of his maturer years. He had, however, wisdom and self-denial enough to commit all his juvenile productions to the flames. He was intended for the church, but unconquerable timidity prevented him from fulfilling this destination, for which he was in all other respects admirably qualified. The customs of Germany permitted him to make an attempt to preach at the early age of fifteen. In the Saxon reformed church the preaching seems to be extemporary, but it is only an appearance; the sermons are composed beforehand, and laboriously committed to memory, like the task of a schoolboy. —The narrative of Gellert's first trial will be best given in his own characteristic words. "One of the citizens," said he, "had requested me to be godfather to his child, which died a few days after; I undertook its funeral sermon, though my father agreed rather unwillingly to it. The child was to be buried at noon; at eight in the morning I began to compose my discourse, which was not completed till very late; I lost what time remained in composing an epitaph, and had but one hour to fix what I had written in my memory. However, I boldly entered the church, and began my discourse with much solemnity, and proceeded nearly to the third sentence. Suddenly my ideas became confused, and the presumptuous

orator found himself in a state of anxiety, from which it was difficult for him to recover. At length I had recourse to my manuscript, on one large sheet, in the form of a deed. I unrolled it slowly, before the eyes of my audience, who were as much disturbed as myself, and continued my discourse with tolerable boldness. It was supposed that grief had deprived me of memory, which was very indulgent! However this youthful precipitation cost me dear; it has never been banished from my remembrance, it has pursued me every time I mounted the pulpit, and is the origin of that timidity, of which I have never been able wholly to divest myself. Ardent youth! let my example teach thee to conduct thyself with more prudence! I presumed too much on myself, I was punished for it, and I frequently afterwards deplored my foolish temerity. Be wiser than I was!"

At the age of nineteen Gellert went to complete his education at the University of Leipsic, a place which has long been celebrated for the learning of its professors, and the enterprising spirit of its booksellers. In its animated literary circles his mind was expanded, and his taste improved. He passed four busy and happy years there, and would gladly have prolonged his stay, but his unwillingness to burden his father's little income too heavily, prevailed over all personal considerations, and in the year 1739 the recommendation of a friend procured for him a situation as tutor in the family of Mr. de Luttichaw, whose residence was in the beautiful neighbourhood of Dres-

den. His kindness, gentleness, patience, information, and high sense of duty, qualified him admirably for the post of preceptor; and he found leisure to direct the studies of a brother and a nephew at the same time. His hours were fully occupied; a delightful feeling of independence and usefulness exalted him, for the first time, in his own estimation, and he counted the tranquil and temperate year of his residence near Dresden amongst the happiest of his life.

Gellert was formed, in many respects, to excel in pulpit eloquence, his countenance and figure were interesting, his taste was formed on the best models, and a full conviction of the truth and importance of Christianity gave to his arguments a degree of force which nothing but serious earnestness can bestow; but these advantages were counterbalanced by a constitutional timidity, which his first failure had increased, and which neither reasoning nor practice could conquer. Happily he was without ambition, and he determined to be content with the uncertain stipend arising from tuition, and the produce of those literary talents, which he could not but feel conscious of possessing, and which he determined diligently to cultivate and mature. To write for daily bread must be a very irksome labour: invention will not always obey the summons when it is wanted; the taste of the public is sometimes capricious; booksellers are sometimes cautious, mercenary, or unreasonable; the hand may be paralysed by sickness when it should

be writing; the head may throb with fever when it should be thinking intensely; the sport and mockery of acute critics may throw a temporary shade over rising reputation, and the hopes which, of all others, are the most apt to be sanguine, may sink at once to disappointment and despair. It is true, that the single man may brave all these perils, in proud and solitary independence, and be happy still, but let no one who has a family to support rely upon his pen for bread; his very subsistence may become precarious; his fancy may be clouded, and his talents depressed by anxiety; his character may be lowered by the necessity for writing continually, and his heart may be wrung with unutterable anguish, when his wife and children require from him sustenance, comforts, and education, which he has it not in his power to give. On the other hand, composition offers to a man, who is not entirely dependent on the produce of his literary labours, inexhaustible and exalted resources and pleasures: the hours employed in it pass away uncounted, and the author, absorbed by his delightful occupation, forgets all the cares and sorrows of life. He is not precluded from enjoying society, and he carries with him into retirement the enviable power of amusing himself, without depending on others.

In 1741 Gellert returned to the University for the double purpose of superintending the education of his nephew and completing his own. He found temporary support in the instruction of a few pupils, and

studied with unremitting diligence. The state of his health rendered it impossible for him to acquire the extensive erudition of his cotemporary and friend Ernesti; but he made himself master of French and English, read, extracted, and translated from the works of Cicero for the purpose of polishing and improving his Latin style, and added continually to his stock of general information. In the language and literature of his own country he found neither competitors nor models. The dawn of taste had scarcely begun in Germany; deep and extensive learning was common in the universities; science was cultivated partially and successfully, but nature, eloquence, refinement, and pathos were nearly unknown in poetry or prose. He studied the Institutes of Quintillian, and Horace's Art of Poetry; and finding in German literature nothing worthy of imitation, he sought his models with admirable judgment amongst the best productions of France, England, and antiquity, and tried to express natural feelings with unaffected simplicity and truth. His first attempts were published in a periodical work called *Amusements for the Mind and the Heart*, in which he was regularly engaged as a coadjutor, and to which he contributed essays, tales and fables; the mode of publication was convenient, as it served to try the taste of the public and his own powers. His first efforts were crowned with remarkable success; the work to which he gave his aid became popular, and his verses, describing the cares, sorrows, pleasures, and duties of domestic life in un-

assuming style and simple language, were eagerly read, admired, and quoted. The natural consequence of his popularity as an author was an extension of his acquaintance with the professors and other literary inhabitants of Leipsic; amongst them he formed many durable friendships; his ardent piety, his gentle manners, his uncomplaining sufferings from ill heath, his talents, information, and humility forming a rare combination of those qualities which win and secure the regard of all to whom they become known in the daily intercourse of social life. To cultivate the powers of the mind in retirement, and to be sought and valued in the most intellectual society; to write with ease and pleasure, and to receive the most unequivocal proofs that the works produced as amusements for leisure hours have, when published, enlightened and improved many grateful and admiring readers, would be considered happiness by the majority of mankind; but it was not enough for Gellert, —his lessons of duty were derived from the purest and highest authority; he had learned that utility to his fellow creatures was the most acceptable service to his Creator. He consoled the afflicted; he visited the forsaken; he poured the balm of religious consolation upon the wounds of the broken spirit, and in such labours of charity he found a pleasure still more exalted than that derived from the successful cultivation of the intellect. Amongst the inhabitants of Leipsic there was a young man of considerable talents and prepossessing appearance, who had been led

by violent passions and bad examples into extravagance and dissipation, till his principles were subverted, his circumstances ruined, his character lost, and his health destroyed,—a case too common in large cities. His disorder having rendered him a disgusting object, and his temper, unsustained by religious principle, having become petulant by suffering, the companions of his pleasures deserted him in his extreme need, and he lay in hopeless and solitary anguish, cursing mankind and blaspheming God. In this state Gellert found him, administered to his personal wants; gained his confidence by daily acts of unwearied kindness; patiently soothed the irritation of his mind; abstained from religious topics till the proper time arrived; and then administered consolation from its only effectual source. The heart of the sufferer was expanded and softened by degrees, he was compelled to believe in the existence of disinterested charity on earth, and this led the way to his complete conversion, he became calm, meek and resigned; repentance was followed by hope; and at last, when alone, and praying with Gellert, he suddenly seized the hand of his benefactor, thanked and blessed him, sunk down and expired. In 1745, having delivered an inaugural discourse on fables and their authors, Gellert took his degree in the faculty of Belles Lettres, and became a regular member of the University of Leipsic. He published about the same time the first volume of his Tales and Fables, and being the first German writer who addressed his

compositions to the common sense of the middle class of readers, and to the young of all stations, his book obtained a circulation greater than had before been known. His pure morality, and the new sources of instruction and amusement which he laid open, made every parent his friend; some testimonials of gratitude which he received were perhaps not the less welcome from their singularity; repeated anonymous letters were brought to him inclosing remittances of a hundred crowns at a time, which he was requested to consider as rewards for instruction and amusement derived from his productions; a Prussian serjeant travelled twenty miles out of his way to express gratitude for works which had cheered many solitary hours in service; and one morning a farmer brought a cart load of fire-wood to the door of the popular author, which he humbly requested permission to leave, as a token of thanks for the amusement which his wife and children had derived from the Tales and Fables, during the long evenings of winter. "I attach," said Gellert in one of his letters, "more importance to the approbation of a sensible woman, than to the praise of a periodical critic; and I think that one of the lower order, if he is endowed with a sound judgment, deserves that I should endeavour to fix his attention, to contribute to his amusement, and to set before him useful truths in narratives soon read and easily remembered."

Gellert was remarkably fortunate in the friends whom literature procured, and whom his moral cha-

racter and excellent temper always preserved for him; amongst them a family of the name of Schlegel presented to the public the very pleasing spectacle of five brothers united by bonds of the warmest affection to each other, all educated at celebrated universities, and all distinguished amongst their cotemporaries for talents, acquirements, and erudition. The name of Schlegel is still known in England, and celebrated in the annals of German literature, the lectures on the drama having taught the inhabitants of the continent to appreciate the genius of Shakspeare, and established the fame of their author. The state of society in Germany has long been favourable to the extensive circulation of periodical works; such literary information as furnishes topics for daily conversation in society being very eagerly sought by a class of inhabitants who have neither funds to purchase extensive libraries nor time to read them. There is also a strong tendency amongst all who can read in that country to sentimental taste, to an admiration of poetry and works of fiction: hence, the German periodical publications have always been directed or edited by authors of the greatest celebrity,—such as Wieland, Goethe, and Schiller. In the time of Gellert, the Bremen Journal was conducted at Leipsic by seven or eight young men, who were his intimate friends; to them he freely communicated all his works, consulting them with unaffected modesty, and profiting occasionally by their criticisms. They were dispersed by degrees amongst the great towns in Ger-

many as opportunities and prospects for advantageous establishment presented themselves, and he deeply regretted this dispersion of his enlightened companions as a very serious loss. To him, indeed, such cheerful and unceremonious society was become almost necessary, as the best relief from depression of spirits arising from constant bodily suffering. His constitution had always been feeble, and at that period of life when his faculties had attained to full maturity, and when his established literary reputation promised him the double reward of general respect, and increasing usefulness, he became a decided valetudinarian. Strict temperance, frequent exercise, and all the resources of medical skill were tried in vain. He viewed the dreary prospect of a life of continual languor or uneasiness with exemplary composure, sought the same consolation for himself which he had frequently administered with success to others; and in order to spread the benefits of his system beyond the circle of his own acquaintance, he published in 1747 a little work called *Comfort for Valetudinarians*, which was very favourably received, translated into other languages, and circulated widely enough to answer the benevolent views of the author. No consideration tends so much to enliven the solitary labours of an habitual writer as the hope that his pages may beguile the weary hours of sickness or sorrow, and give light, hope, and consolation to the forlorn and the absent: it is in this point of view that a fearful responsibility may be said to rest upon the

owner of great talents, who has established a name which must cause all that he writes to be generally read, and who possesses the magical power of commanding and fixing attention. Cheerfulness, morality, and religion are the duties of all who occupy a place in society, but they are more especially the indispensable duties of a popular author, whose influence is not restricted within the common boundaries of time and place, but may extend hereafter to regions not yet discovered, and to multitudes still unborn.

Hypochondria, when it is merely a bodily affection, may be palliated, but is very seldom entirely cured; the best remedies for it are frequent change of scene, continual but light employment, possessing just attraction enough to occupy the mind without fatiguing it, and above all, the constant kindness and presence of cheerful, sympathizing and intelligent friends; if medicines are to be tried at all, those will probably be found the most effectual which are prepared by nature in the mineral waters. All these means of alleviation were fortunately in the power of Gellert, and he tried them, but not with full success. In 1748 he published a second volume of tales and fables. In his preface he strongly expressed his gratitude for the favour with which his works had been received, and declared that he had no excuse to make on the ground of haste or carelessness, for he thought that "no author who respected the public could allow himself to write with negligence." His

second volume was considered equal to the first in the attractions of simplicity, nature, and pure morality, and superior in judgment and knowledge of mankind. To a young and diffident writer the first success always affords the most exquisite enjoyment; applause and approbation may please him afterwards, but not in the same degree; they will have lost the recommendations of surprise and novelty. His letters having been much admired by his correspondents on account of the easy familiarity of his style, he was prevailed upon by his friend Rabener to allow a selection of them to be published, and he prefixed an essay on epistolary writing, which before his time had in Germany been stiff, ceremonious, and encumbered with many useless and foolish forms: to this production he never attached any merit; but, in conjunction with the satires of Rabener, it probably had considerable effect in correcting those faults which had been confessedly glaring and general.

In 1754 he published his didactic poems, the least successful of all his works; the style was not well suited to the taste of his countrymen, who liked instruction better when deduced as a moral from a fable, or veiled in the interesting events of a sentimental tale, than when offered to them unadorned, in formal rules. Yet the mild, pure, and benevolent spirit of the author is nowhere more conspicuous than in these unpopular works; the poem entitled *The Christian*, in particular, will never be read without pleasure and advantage by young persons; the

sentiments were the warm effusions of his own heart, and the interest which he felt in the composition was so deep, that the work was finished in less than a fortnight, in such hours of leisure as his regular pursuits permitted:—his prayer on concluding it, is sufficiently characteristic to deserve to be recorded. "May I reap," said he, "the first-fruits of this poem myself, when I am depressed with melancholy; may the ideas which it developes serve to reanimate me, and, Oh my God! make it contribute to the welfare of my soul!" The same sentiments dictated his hymns and spiritual songs, of which he published a large collection, after submitting them, with his usual modesty, to the criticism of his friends; their circulation was extensive, and the use of them, by pious and devout persons, throughout Germany, very general; they were acceptable to Christians of all denominations, having even found their way to the Catholics of Bohemia and Italy, from both which countries the author received testimonies of warm approbation. The hymns of Gellert are pious, rational, and pleasing, but the reader will not find in them that poetical spirit which seizes and chains attention, fixing lines and passages in the memory for ever. It has often been inquired why so many men of genius have failed in sacred poetry, when the subject is one of intense interest, calculated beyond any other to call forth latent talents, and to elevate the writer's feelings. Perhaps the cause may be, that all the various forms of beauty and sublimity in expression

and imagery, are to be found in the Scriptures; the author who imitates them becomes a tame and servile copyist, and if he deviates from them he wanders into bombast or weakness. It is therefore no disgrace to Gellert to have failed, when none have succeeded. The services which he had rendered to morality and literature at last attracted the notice of the Elector of Saxony, and no vacancy occurring in the regular chairs of the University, he was appointed Professor extraordinary in philosophy, with a salary. His lectures on eloquence and poetry were very numerously attended; many of the young German nobility were amongst his hearers, and the students in general became warmly attached to him, on account of the consistent benevolence and gentleness of his character, and the great interest which he always took in their true welfare; of this attachment a striking proof was given, when symptoms of insubordination had shown themselves in the University, and a general rebellion against the authority of the professors was threatened. The wildest of the young men, in the midst of this tumult, respected Gellert, and they were brought back to a sense of their duty by his mild rebukes and earnest exhortations. The prejudices of that distinguished soldier, Frederic King of Prussia, against German literature, and his partiality to the French, are well known. He once granted an interview to Gellert, who conducted himself with so much modest propriety, pleaded the cause of his country so forcibly, and claimed his Majesty's

protection for its dawning talents so eloquently, that patronage was promised for the future; and the King afterwards said to his favourite generals, "This is the only rational man that I have yet seen amongst the learned authors of Germany." The visits of Gellert to the waters of Carlsbad, in the hope of improving his health, failed in accomplishing that desirable end, but he derived some compensation from the kindness which he received from visitors of all ranks; his pale, languid, melancholy countenance excited universal sympathy, and he had the satisfaction of finding his labours duly appreciated, and his merit fully allowed by enlightened judges, from the most distant parts of his native country. During the seven years war Saxony was overrun by Prussian troops, and they occupied Leipsic repeatedly; the works which had obtained for him such general celebrity, procured for him the most assiduous and flattering attention from the officers, who visited his apartments in crowds. Their commander, Prince Henry, a hero in the field, and in retirement a man of letters and a philosopher, presented to Gellert his own charger, and took pleasure in conversing with him; but of all the distinctions which literature procured for him, he prized none more highly than the exemption of his own native village from those dreadful calamities of war, which the English, happily for them, know only by report. "Our little town," wrote his sister to him, "has not been much burdened with lodging troops, and General Hussen

has expressly declared to the chief magistrate, that this arose from regard for the character and writings of Professor Gellert." When the officer commanding the garrison at Leipsic requested him to point out any house in the place as his habitation, and promised to exempt it from the charge of billeting soldiers, he declined this valuable privilege, with characteristic and considerate charity, "The burden," said he, "from which it is proposed to deliver me, would fall perhaps upon some poor man, still less able to support it conveniently."

The near approach of contending armies rendered it desirable for him to seek a place of refuge from the horrors of actual warfare, and an asylum was offered to him in the house of one of the many enlightened friends whom literature had procured for him, the Chamberlain, Von Zettwitz at Bonan; from thence also he was compelled to remove after a very short residence, and travelling late at night he caught a severe cold, which terminated in pleurisy, and brought him to the brink of the grave. He was restored, contrary to the expectation of all around him, by the medical skill of Dr. Springfeld of Weissenfels, and the unwearied attention of his kind friends; and he thus expressed in a letter to the Count von Bruhl, his sentiments on this unlooked for recovery: "How solemn and formidable is the first step towards eternity! What a difference there is between the ideas which we form to ourselves of death, when in the enjoyment of good health, and those which absorb our attention on the

borders of the grave! Where is the hero who does not tremble in this terrible moment, unless religion, like an angel from heaven, comes to strengthen him? I expected to die, yet by the goodness of God I still live! How can I employ this second life bestowed upon me in a manner sufficiently useful? But how long will it continue; and if it should be much longer, will it not fly with the same rapidity as my preceding years?" As soon as his health and the state of the war permitted, he resumed his duties at Leipsic, and composed a series of moral discourses in the form of lectures on the duties of social life, the style and matter of which are excellent. In imagination and poetical genius he has been excelled by Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Bürger, Kleist, and perhaps some others, but, in pure, elegant, and perspicuous prose, he is justly entitled to rank with the first writers in Germany. It must also be remembered, as a ground for additional praise, that he found no models in his native language. He may be considered as the founder of a better style in German prose composition, and he purified and improved the taste of his countrymen. A vacancy having occurred in one of the regular professorships of the University, he was appointed to fill it, and the elector having about the same time augmented his pension, his moderate wants were, in the latter part of his career, abundantly supplied; means being also afforded him of gratifying that propensity to relieve the misery of the deserving poor, which had been one of the principal pleasures

of his life. His correspondence became more extensive than he could keep up, without a considerable sacrifice of comfort; but the hope of being useful induced him to continue it; and as it related very frequently to the supply of tutors for families, who were anxious, on account of his high character, to have them chosen by him, he was frequently enabled to confer double obligations, by selecting and recommending young students of talents, and good moral conduct, who, without his aid, might have remained in obscurity and poverty for life. In the beginning of the year 1759 he lost his mother, an event which always forms a memorable era in the history of human life, for maternal affection is a sentiment so intense, so generous, so disinterested, so pure and constant, that nothing on earth can ever compensate for the loss of it. On this subject he thus wrote to the generous friend, Baron Craussen, who has been already alluded to as having contributed to her support in old age:—"On the 23d of this month my mother ceased to live, and her death, like her life, was pious and peaceful. I was not present at this affecting scene, but I know that you and I were the objects of her last blessing. In the name of the departed I thank you for the benefactions which have comforted her old age, and which you have generously bestowed upon her during so many years. May God prolong your life to her age of fourscore, and grant that your death may be like hers, for it was with perfect serenity that she beheld the approach of her last sleep,

and her last words were praise and thanksgiving. It always appeared inconceivable to her that a stranger should continue to make her a liberal allowance for so long a time without her, or her son, having done any thing on their part to deserve it. Will posterity be less at a loss to comprehend this, should it be told hereafter that a nobleman, a man of letters, who inhabited a different country from mine, and whose name was unknown to me till that moment, offered me an annual pension in the most delicate and generous manner, and on my refusal to accept it, made it over to my mother, whom he knew only by my letters? I always felt a warm affection for this beloved mother, and I shall love and honour her benefactor whilst I live. I feel, my excellent friend, that I can never discharge my obligation to you."

From Leipsic, January 25th, 1759.

The last years of the life of Gellert were deeply tinged with the gloom arising from hopeless bodily suffering; medical skill was exerted to relieve him in vain. He supported pain with the meek resignation of a dying Christian, and expired at the age of fifty-four, surrounded by weeping friends whom he edified by his example, on the 13th of December 1769. His brother, who had always been united with him in bonds of warm affection, followed him to the grave on the 8th of the following month.

Gellert was thin, with a high forehead, an aquiline nose, eyes full of expression, a handsome mouth, a

countenance habitually serious, but capable of becoming animated by the visit of a friend, or the success of a charitable undertaking. He devoted himself to literature, early and earnestly, and he reaped an abundant and rich reward for his zeal, in extended usefulness, in numerous instances of generous disinterested friendship, and in the occasional gleams of high enjoyment which enlightened his career of bodily suffering. He lived to see his reputation established, and the effects of it brought respect and kindness to all his connexions. He was gratified by the notice and patronage of two successive sovereigns, to whom he was loyally attached, and he counted amongst his personal friends almost every cotemporary of talents and learning in his native country. His moral character approached as nearly to excellence as the frailty of human nature allows.

ZIMMERMAN.

JOHN GEORGE ZIMMERMAN was a native of Switzerland; he was born at the little town of Brugg, in the Canton of Berne, in 1728. His father, who was descended from a long line of respectable and happy patriots, occupied a place in the provincial council, with a high reputation for integrity and eloquence. His mother was the daughter of Pache of Morges, in the same district, and was deservedly beloved for her gentle manners and domestic virtues. Brought up under the immediate eyes of such parents, surrounded by scenery so beautiful and magnificent, that even a youth could not be indifferent to it during the process of the formation of his intellect, the first years of Zimmerman's life must be deemed singularly happy. He was educated at home, and when a father has sufficient zeal, leisure, and information, to perform the delightful duty of instruction, it is well for him, and still better for his child: he surely must be a more assiduous, a kinder, and a more effectual preceptor than any hired tutor, who plods through his wearying labour, and rejoices when it is ended. In the year 1742, being then fourteen years old,

Zimmerman left his paternal abode, and began a regular course of study in the University of Berne. He felt the true love of a Swiss for his own native village, and never at any subsequent period of his life mentioned its deep valley,—the romantic ruins of ancient castles, the picturesque lakes, and sublime mountains, with which it is surrounded, without the most ardent feelings and expressions of attachment. He studied Greek under Professor Altman, and general literature under Kirchberger, the historian, two names honourably remembered in Switzerland, but not much known beyond its narrow confines. His progress was rapid and regular, but it was interrupted for a time by his first domestic calamity, the death of his father, who had been to him a most affectionate, indulgent, and enlightened guide, almost from infancy. He felt this loss severely, but soon returned to his studies with redoubled diligence, convinced that he was thus best fulfilling the last wishes of his parent, and paying the most rational homage to his memory. A wild and dreaming system of metaphysics has long been cultivated, with useless diligence, in the German universities; a teacher, of this school, had found his way to Berne, and Zimmerman was for a time bewildered in the mazes of the new doctrine; happily for him, there were amongst the friends of his family at Berne two pious and learned ministers, who succeeded in convincing him of the superior simplicity, truth, and importance of Christianity. They brought him back to the faith of his ancestors, and

he acknowledged his obligation to them to the last day of his life. At the age of nineteen his thoughts were turned to the choice of a profession, in which he might hope to render his industrious habits and acquirements useful to himself and to mankind: his mother had resided for some years at Morges, with her own relations, and he went thither to receive the advice of this most faithful and disinterested of counsellors; he was greatly shocked, on his arrival, to find that a very sudden death had deprived him of his dearest and best friend. The effect of this unexpected privation rendered him more indifferent to leaving Switzerland; he passed a few days with his relations; selected medicine for his profession, and, attracted by the celebrity of his countryman Haller, he proceeded to Göttingen. On the 12th of September 1747, he was admitted a member of that university, and devoted himself to the study of every branch of science connected with medicine so diligently and successfully, that he soon became one of the Professor's favourite pupils, was admitted to unreserved communication with him at hours of leisure, and was at last invited to occupy apartments in his house. This intimacy, begun in similarity of studies and pursuits, ripened into warm friendship as each became better known to the other, and, after contributing greatly to the improvement and happiness of both, was kept up, in absence, by regular correspondence.

Haller contributed more that any medical man on the continent of Europe in his days, to improve the science of medicine, by building the foundation of all his theories on facts; he was a patient, acute, unprejudiced and accurate observer, and the young men who attended his lectures were most of them afterwards distinguished for skill and success in practice. Amongst them Zimmerman was one of the most conspicuous, but his time was not devoted to science exclusively; he studied history, politics, and general literature; became familiarly acquainted with some of the modern languages, and particularly with English, which, in consequence of the connexion between the King of England, as Elector of Hanover, and the University of Göttingen, was popular there. The institutions and the poetry of England were objects of his warm admiration. His very frequent quotations and allusions, in the popular work on *Solitude*, show that the best passages of our poets had become so familiarized to his mind, that they occurred to his memory for illustration continually. In the year 1751 he took his degree as doctor in medicine; his inaugural Latin discourse, on the important subject of *Irritability*, was published at Göttingen, in quarto, and was calculated to awaken attention, as containing the new doctrines of Haller, founded on numerous observations of facts. The experience of the author himself was unfortunately calculated to throw some light on this interesting topic: his own nerves were irritable in the highest degree, and his intense

application to study rendered change of scene and travelling necessary to the re-establishment of his health, in the opinion of the kind and skilful friends who surrounded him. His labour at Göttingen had been severe and constant. "I pass," said he, in a letter written to his friend Tissot of Berne, "every hour of my life here, like a man who is determined not to be forgotten by posterity."

To be useful to the present generation, and to be honourably remembered by ages to come, are the noble objects which animate the poor student in his solitary career, and over his midnight lamp; but the pursuit, if carried on too eagerly, may defeat its own ends; life may be shortened, or its best energies prematurely destroyed by improvident exertion. Health is a blessing worth the reasonable care even of a wise man; the pale cheek, the aching head, the trembling hand, the thousand nameless and unutterable ills of hypochondria, are too often the high price paid for reputation, and are enough to render the ear dull even to the music of merited praise. A man thus afflicted with premature old age, once replied to the compliments which he received on his great attainments, "Alas! I would willingly now give all the learning which I have acquired for the health that I have lost." Zimmerman travelled through Holland and France, attended anatomical lectures, sought the acquaintance of the most celebrated scientific men, and having found the amusements of Paris insufficient to restore his spirits and occupy his attention, he determined to try the

air of his native country; a remedy which, in the estimation of a true Swiss, will cure every disorder. He arrived in Berne at the end of 1752, and met with so kind a reception from his old friends there that he was induced to begin the practice of his profession. His reputation had preceded him, and his success was much greater than a young man of the age of twenty-four can reasonably look for in a career supposed to require that kind of experience which age alone can give. His hours of leisure were devoted to literature; he published several detached essays in a periodical work called the *Helvetic Journal*, and kept up his correspondence with Haller, of whose friendship he was justly proud, and whose declining health excited at this period general sympathy. Leave of absence from Göttingen having been obtained for a time, Haller visited Berne, and found the change of scene and the society of his earliest connexions so pleasant and beneficial that he determined to resign his professorship, and remove his family to his native country for life. The task of conducting them from Göttingen to Berne, and of settling all his affairs at the University, he delegated to Zimmerman, who performed this office of friendship with great intelligence and readiness; but with a zeal not altogether disinterested, for under Haller's roof at Göttingen he had already become attached to a very amiable young widow, who was a relation of the family, and resided with them: under such circumstances the journey into Hanover and the prepar-

ations for final removal were promptly made. Zimmerman conducted his charge to Berne in safety, and was soon afterwards married to the object of his first attachment with the fairest prospect of happiness.

The manners of the peasantry and villagers in the remote parts of Switzerland are still in a state of simplicity almost primeval; the skill of the physician is nearly rendered superfluous by general habits of early rising, temperance, and exercise; and in small towns a medical man is frequently appointed to attend all the inhabitants at a small settled yearly stipend; he has therefore no interest in protracting the maladies of his patients, and inventing new names for the uncounted tribes of nervous diseases. The appointment of physician to his little native town of Brugg became vacant, and Zimmerman easily obtained it. He was thus settled in his native place, a beautiful and romantic spot about seventeen miles from Zurich, on the banks of the rapid river Aar, and in the midst of the most sublime mountain scenery in the world. He was surrounded by families of frank, kind-hearted, social people, who were born his friends, and felt justly proud of him as their townsman. His profession, without being very fatiguing, must have possessed many attractions for a philanthropic mind, as opportunities are continually occurring in the practice of it for alleviating human misery, and restoring the husband, or the father, from the brink of the grave, to his duties, his home, and

his grateful family. His hours of leisure were occupied with a correspondence on subjects connected with science and medicine, or with the composition of essays, for which he found a ready channel of publication, in a Zurich periodical work called the *Monitor*. Amongst his regular correspondents were Bonnet of Geneva, Tissot of Berne, De Luc of Windsor, Lettsom of London, and other eminent literary or scientific men. In his domestic establishment he might be considered singularly fortunate; his wife was cheerful, pleasing, amiable, and fondly attached to him; her mother, a woman of excellent sense and temper, resided, according to a custom more prevalent on the continent than in England, under his roof; his marriage was blessed with two promising children, a son and a daughter. His situation was exactly such as his youthful fancy would have drawn for a picture of the most exquisite earthly happiness in all its parts, and yet, by a lamentable perverseness of feeling, he became morose and melancholy. At Göttingen and at Paris, a Swiss cottage, a deep valley, a mountain, a rapid stream, a fireside animated by the constant presence of his own wife and children, had appeared to his imagination a perfect terrestrial paradise. When all these things were in his possession, he began to sigh for the literary circles, the conversation, the fame and distinctions of Paris, London, and Göttingen. The materials of happiness, were all within his reach, but he wanted the spirit of enjoyment, and the prime years of his life passed

away in apathy, discontent, and complaint." "It is better," said David Hume, "to be born with a cheerful disposition, than to inherit an estate of ten thousand a year." This happy temper, this immutable cheerfulness, this determination to look at the bright side of every occurrence, which is in truth a pearl beyond all price, cannot be obtained merely by wishing for it; but it certainly may be formed and cultivated as a habit.

If Zimmerman had wanted examples of cheerful exertion and practical philosophy, he might have found them, not in the pages of history, or the records of distant countries, but in his own neighbourhood and amongst his own familiar friends. Haller was enjoying and adorning the society of Berne; happy in an existence of active usefulness in his own beloved country, and contributing to the pleasure and information of his numerous friends; and at the little village of Richterswyl, another eminent physician, Dr. Hotze, was leading a life so tranquil and rational, as to excite the admiration of all who approached him. The dwelling of this excellent and fortunate man is described, in the treatise on solitude, as quite sequestered, though in the centre of a village; it was surrounded by a garden, through which, and close under the chamber of the owner, ran a clear and rapid little stream; from his windows he commanded a full view of the beautiful lake of Zurich, with all the enchanting variety of scenery for which its banks are justly celebrated; and at the distance of a few miles

towards the south, the high mountain called the Eselberg formed a majestic background, clothed on its sides with ancient forests of firs, and presenting, for the light of the setting sun to rest upon, a village and a church, hanging like a picture on its declivity. The chairs of this eminent philanthropist were made of rushes, his tables of oak, his plates and dishes of the coarse earthenware of his own country; his only luxuries were books and pictures, of which he possessed a valuable small collection. He rose with the dawn; the first hour of the morning and the last at night he secured from intrusion, and devoted to meditation and study; the remainder of the long and busy day was dedicated without interruption to the service of his fellow-creatures; his popularity and reputation for skill in his profession were unbounded; from the deepest vallies and remotest mountains of the Alps, the peasantry flocked to consult him; they received his advice as the dictate of a superior being, and recompensed his kindness, not with money, for of that they had little to bestow, but with the prayers, the blessings, the attachment, and the gratitude of a frank, simple, and warm-hearted people. In his morning rambles along those beautiful walks which, passing the border of the lake, wind round the village, through orchards and woods, quite to the summits of the hills, Dr. Hotze found the smiling countenances of humble friends whom he had obliged in almost every field and cottage: he returned to his quiet home with a satisfied conscience, and sat down to his

book or his rustic fare, his solitude, or the society of an enlightened companion, in contentment and peace. He possessed nothing that was not within the reach of thousands; the secret of his happiness seems to have been, that he thought constantly of others, and never of himself.

Whilst Haller and Hotze were thus, each in his narrow sphere of duty, enjoying with rational cheerfulness the blessings placed by Providence within their reach, their friend Zimmerman was wasting the prime years of his life at Brugg in sullen discontent, or unfounded complaint, with all the solid materials of earthly happiness in his own possession. When in society, he occupied his place in conversation with spirit and applause; but he sought solitude in preference, and when he was alone, the pernicious habit of day-dreaming caused him to abstract his mind from substantial and real present good, and sunk it into melancholy, by fixing his attention on distant, contingent, or fancied evil. Fourteen years had thus passed away in Switzerland, when his friends, whose warm attachment he had secured by his talents, attainments, and exalted moral qualities, interfered to rescue him from his despondency, by placing him in a more public and active situation: they wisely judged that change of scene, accompanied by a new and active pursuit, offered the best chance of restoring the tone of his mind and spirits; and with this view, they procured for him the appointment of Physician to the King of Great Britain at his Electoral

Court of Hanover, a city large enough to afford scope for exertion in the formation of new connexions.

In July 1768, Zimmerman, at the age of 40, a period of life when the mental powers have attained to full maturity, whilst those of the body have not yet begun to decay, took a final leave of his beautiful native valley, in which he had expected happiness, and had found disappointment. His journey to Germany was not auspicious; the carriage in which his family was conveyed, met with an accident near the gates of Hanover, and one of his inmates, his wife's mother, whose character had endeared her greatly to all around her, was disabled by a compound fracture of the leg, from contributing, as she had long done, to the domestic comfort of his establishment; a few days after his arrival, one of the Lords of the Hanoverian regency, on whose friendship and patronage he had relied, died suddenly. His colleague in the office of physician to the household was jealous of his great reputation, and threw all the little obstacles in his way which a narrow mind could suggest, or invent in calumny, or insinuation: a painful local complaint tried his patience and harassed his spirits; but these were trivial grievances compared with a calamity which his medical skill enabled him long to anticipate with increasing certainty,—the loss of his wife, whose health had begun seriously to decline before her departure from Switzerland, and who died after lingering with exemplary patience nearly two years.

The days which immediately follow a final separation from the beloved domestic companion, who has long shared all the anxieties and pleasures of existence, must be inexpressibly blank and dreary. A wife is so truly a part of her husband; she is so intimately combined with all the recollections and anticipations of life; she is so constantly brought back to memory, when absent, by the sight of her children, at every meal, at every hour of the day, that her loss is sufficient to cause a temporary stupor of the faculties and indifference to the calls of reason and duty. Zimmerman was a domestic man, and he felt his loss most acutely; he was long incapable of making any reply to the consolations of his friends, except by expressing a wish to be left alone; and he passed many bitter solitary hours in silently brooding over his irreparable misfortune. His mental anguish aggravated his bodily complaint to such a degree, that a dangerous operation became necessary, and he was removed to Berlin to be placed under the care of an eminent surgeon there. The operation succeeded, his health was gradually and completely restored; the change of scene was salutary to his spirits; his mind was soothed by the literary conversations of the Prussian capital, a species of amusement to which he had always attached so high a value, that all the romantic natural beauty of Swiss scenery was insufficient in his estimation to compensate for the want of it. His *Life of Haller*, which appeared in octavo at Zurich in 1755, and his *Meditations on Solitude*, published in

1756, had procured for him an honourable place amongst the popular authors of Germany; the love of literature was extending widely amongst the enlightened inhabitants of the northern states; and at the time of his visit to Berlin his reputation was a sure and easy passport to the first society in the place; he was gratified with the notice which he received from persons distinguished for talents or rank, and this celebrity followed him on his return to Hanover, where his great medical skill gradually procured for him extensive practice in his profession, whilst his literary fame and real private merit obtained for him many sincere friends. But his hope of earthly happiness was still too frequently interrupted by the pressure of domestic sorrow. He lost his wife's mother, to whom he had always been warmly attached, and who had affectionately superintended the education of his children, and soon afterwards the appalling symptoms of consumption, a disorder which he knew to be incurable, showed themselves too plainly to his experienced eye in his only daughter. This amiable and good girl, the pride and delight of her father's life, had been delicate in constitution almost from infancy. She had been engaged in Switzerland to marry a young man worthy of her in every respect, the object of her first and only attachment, with the full consent of both parents; but either the impossibility of fulfilling this engagment immediately, or some other unknown cause, drove him to the dreadful crime of suicide, six weeks after her separation from him, and

her feeble frame never recovered from the shock occasioned by the news of this event. "From my knowledge of her constitution," says her father in his work on Solitude, "I immediately perceived that her disorder was mortal. How frequently did my wounded heart cause me to bend my knees before the throne of God to pray for her recovery. I concealed my feelings from her observation; but, though sensible of her danger, she never showed any sign of apprehension. Smiles played on her pale countenance whenever I entered or quitted her room, and when worn down by the fatal distemper, a prey to the most corroding grief, a victim to pain almost intolerable, she made no complaint, but patiently answered my questions in the shortest manner, without entering into details. Her decay and impending dissolution became obvious to the eye, but to the last moment of her life, her countenance preserved a serenity correspondent to the purity of her mind, and the affectionate tenderness of her heart. Thus I beheld my dear, my only daughter, expire in my arms at the age of twenty-five, after a lingering suffering of nine long months."

Many prayers were found amongst her papers, in which she earnestly supplicated to be released from pain by death; and the last words which she uttered were, "To-day I shall enjoy the happiness of heaven." The feelings with which the afflicted parent witnessed the suffering and death of such a child may be comprehended, but cannot be described. Zimmerman was, however, a Christian; he sought and found

comfort in his distress from the doctrines of that religion which permits its votaries to hope for the reunion and mutual recognition of kindred souls in that happy state where they shall part no more for ever. He felt and lamented the loss of his daughter's society; for her filial attention to him had been most constant and affectionate; but her career in life had been so blameless, her religious sentiments had been so practically and sincerely devout, her resignation had shone so conspicuously amidst the most severe bodily and mental trials, that no rational doubt could be entertained of the change from life to eternity being a happy one for her.

Another domestic calamity awaited him, one of the most severe that could rend the heart of a father; and, unhappily, it admitted not of the same consolation as that which religion provides in the case of separation by death. His only son had excited the regard of his friends in the course of his education, by the display of uncommon judgment and talents; he had been distinguished at the University so much as to encourage the fondest parental hope, that, after a long and useful career in life, his name would be transmitted with honour to posterity. This hope was followed by the bitterest disappointment; the young man's health and understanding gradually decayed together; and in the year 1777, he became an incurable idiot.

A mind acute and reflecting like that of Zimmerman would naturally direct its energies, under such

circumstances, to the consideration of what is to become of the souls of idiots in a future state. That new bodies will be raised from the ruins in the grave at the day of judgment, and united by a great miracle, at once to the spirits which before inhabited them, is known by divine revelation already: but when the light of intellect is extinguished by Providence, during the continuance of life, will it be restored, or created anew hereafter? The wretched being who is afflicted with this greatest of all calamities except deliberate and remorseless guilt, ceases to be a responsible creature, and cannot earn the rewards of immortality by faith, which is an act of the understanding, and by sanctity, which is an act of the will. Are we then to believe that a soul so stricken and degraded will be hereafter as if it had never existed? that it will be annihilated for ever? Reason tells us that punishment and reward are both in this case out of the question: the rest must remain a mystery. The parent who sees his child fall an early victim to the offended laws of his country for unrepented crimes, must be supremely wretched; and next in degree of misery must be that father who has encouraged the expectation of high intellectual acquirements in his son, and witnesses the gradual and total ruin of the mind on which all his earthly hope had rested. A very uncommon series of domestic calamities had thus deprived Zimmerman of the society of all his family, and had left him alone in the world, at a period of life when the comfort of a cheerful home be-

gins to be indispensably necessary for supporting the burden of advancing years. He had still the practice of his profession, his books and his literary pursuits, to occupy the hours of each day: and if he could have obliterated from his memory all the traces of domestic enjoyments which he had lost, his resources might have been sufficient to insure a tranquil, if not a happy, existence; but his female friends, whose sympathy had been powerfully excited by his distress, and by the tendency to melancholy in his disposition, thought that a judicious second marriage would afford him the best chance of happiness. He was introduced with this view to the amiable and accomplished daughter of Dr. Berger, physician to the court at Luneburg, without any previous communication of the design to either of the parties; and an attachment, as had been foreseen, soon following the acquaintance, he was married to her in October 1782. He was then in his fifty-fourth year, and she was nearly thirty years younger: in cases of disparity so great as this, there may be, in the estimation of the world, some doubt and risk of continued harmony in matrimonial life; but peculiar circumstances may occur which set aside all common rules. Persons very unequal in age may live happily together, if their attachment is founded on the solid basis of similarity of taste, combined with mental cultivation and moral excellence. The young wife of Zimmerman enlivened his fireside; drew him forth into society; taught him to forget his past cares in the enjoyment of se-

lect company at home: and, in return for her affectionate care of him, she was elevated in the scale of society by his literary reputation and connexions; her talents were cultivated; her mind was expanded; her knowledge of the English and Italian languages was improved into critical skill; she was enabled to share his studies, to revise his works, and to partake of his fame. She enjoyed a daily intellectual feast in the unreserved conversation of a man of talents, and extensive knowledge of the world; she had the pleasure of knowing that she embellished the few remaining years of his health and prosperity, and that she was the principal stay and support of the darker season of his declining age. He had abundant cause to think himself fortunate in the choice of a companion, and it is not recorded that she ever repented of her marriage. His reputation for medical skill having been reported to Frederic the III. King of Prussia, he was twice sent for to Potsdam, and published an account of the King's appearance and conversation, in his last illness, which the singular character and great ability of that celebrated statesman and warrior rendered deeply interesting, at the time, in every part of Europe. After the King's death, he attempted to vindicate the character of a monarch, of whose talents and great military achievements he had always been a warm admirer, by publishing *A Defence of Frederic the Great, against the Count de Mirabeau*; and this work he afterwards extended into *Views of the Life, Character, and Reign of Frederic the Great, King of*

Prussia, in three octavo volumes. His task of vindication and panegyric was dangerous to his peace, and difficult in the execution: for, by his just reprobation of the voluptuaries and atheists of Berlin, he brought upon himself a host of witty and acute critics and antagonists, whose sneers he had not magnanimity enough to treat with the contempt which they deserved. With regard to the character of the King himself, it was much more popular amongst distant nations, who were dazzled by the splendour of his victories, than amongst his own subjects, who must be deemed the best judges of his real merits as a ruler. Trained in a camp; despotic, cruel, and remorseless; without moral and religious principles, and therefore a misanthrope; a liberal patron of French literature, but a vilifier and despiser of the learning and talents of Germany; he extended the boundaries of Prussia, but his wars had the effect of impoverishing, depopulating, and demoralizing his hereditary provinces.

The commencement of the French revolution afflicted the timid and loyal spirit of Zimmerman with fears and anticipations, much more grievous than the war of words with which he had been assailed by the critics of Berlin. The victories of the republican armies in Flanders appeared to threaten the very existence of the ancient Electoral Government of Hanover, which was not defended, like England, by an intervening ocean, and an invincible navy. Secret societies were multiplied in Germany; their ob-

ject was supposed to be the destruction of all established institutions in church and state: that the number of the initiated into these societies was really considerable, and that some of their leaders were designing and dangerous men, is now ascertained to be true; but fear and common rumour greatly exaggerated their strength, and there is no clear evidence of their having actually effected serious mischief. Zimmerman exerted his literary talents to stem the torrent of infidelity and republicanism, with an ardent and persevering zeal, which greatly impaired his health; his energetic denunciations made a deep impression on the local constituted authorities, and even on the Emperor Leopold himself: the secret societies, under various denominations, were dissolved, or repressed by the strong arm of power, and the leaders, when they could be discovered, were apprehended and imprisoned. The danger was considered by Zimmerman as pressing and even personal, for, in October 1794, he thus wrote to his early friend Dr. Tissot of Berne:—"Before the year expires, I may yet become a poor distressed emigrant, forced to leave my house with the dear partner of my cares, without knowing where to hide my head, or find a bed on which to die." Such sentiments and fears tended greatly to aggravate the usual symptoms of a decaying constitution; soon after the lines just quoted had exhibited to his old correspondent so affecting a picture of his feelings, his appetite began to fail, his person became emaciated, and he was indebted to

medicine for broken and unnatural repose: his devotion to his duty remained unabated, for he continued to alleviate the sufferings of others, by his attenuance, even when the mere writing of a prescription became a laborious task, and the effort of ascending the stairs of a sick-room caused repeated faintings. His friends at last thought it expedient to remove him from every temptation to exertion, and he was persuaded to reside for three months at Eutin, in the duchy of Holstein, where complete tranquillity of mind and body caused for a time some hopes of amendment. He returned to Hanover in June 1795, considerably recovered, but his bodily weakness and mental despondency soon returned. He was haunted by fears of emigration, poverty, and ruin, from the invasion or revolution of the country which had adopted him, till his sufferings were at last terminated by death, on the 7th of October 1795, in his sixty-seventh year.

The character of Zimmerman was upright and honourable; his medical skill was great; his acquired knowledge extensive, and as a writer he was original, pathetic, and eloquent. The work by which he is best remembered is the essay on *Solitude*, which was first published in one volume octavo, in 1756, and which he expanded, thirty years afterwards, into four volumes quarto. It is remarkable that, though the word used in the German title signifies strictly and literally *loneliness*, he confounds it with *retirement* in every part of his work, and the consequence is, a

want of precision in examples and arguments. Retirement, in beautiful rural scenery, with a few chosen friends, and an intelligent domestic companion, is favourable both to virtue and happiness; solitude may be useful occasionally for meditation and recollection, but nearly all our duties are to be practised, and most of our enjoyments are found, in society.

EVELYN.

In the year 1818, Mr. Bray, the treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries of London, edited, in two volumes, memoirs illustrative of the life and writings of John Evelyn, comprising his diary from 1641 to 1705, and a selection of his letters. The work was rendered unnecessarily bulky, according to the fashion of antiquaries, by the addition of political and private letters of Charles I., Clarendon, and others, which belonged rather to the general history of the times than to a memorial of a private individual; but its interesting description of a true English gentleman, whose eloquent recommendation of planting had made him deservedly popular, brought the two volumes into general favour. John Evelyn was born at Wotton, in Surrey, on the 31st of October 1620. He was the second son of Richard Evelyn, a man of large fortune, celebrated for a temper which passion was never known to ruffle, and for his abstemious habits. John Evelyn was taught Latin at Lewes, and afterwards at the free school of Southover, in the same neighbourhood. His father wished to send him to Eton, but the reports of strict discipline ter-

rified the boy, and the influence of a maternal grandmother, with whom he resided, prevailed over the father's sterner and better judgment. In 1635 he lost his mother, whom he mentions as "of constitution inclined to a religious melancholy, or pious sadness; of a rare memory, and most exemplary life; for economy and prudence esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her country." Excessive sorrow for the unhappy marriage and early death of her daughter was supposed to have hastened her end;—a disappointment so grievous would naturally imbitter the latter days of a person inclined, by character and religious opinions, to despondency:—the proper source of consolation in sorrow was unfortunately, in her, perverted or poisoned.

In 1637 John Evelyn was entered as a fellow-commoner at Baliol College, Oxford:—his acquisitions at school had been such as might have been expected from the misplaced indulgence of friends, who shrunk from the discipline of a public seminary, and his college tutor, afterwards well known as the regicide Bradshaw, showed even early in his career his intriguing spirit, and was too much occupied in supplanting his superior, to attend to his pupil. Evelyn owed the information which he acquired more to himself and his own chosen companions, than to his regular instructors. From Oxford he removed, with his younger brother, to the Middle Temple, and soon afterwards lost his father. He was thus, as he states himself, bereft of both his parents at a period of life

when he stood most in need of their counsel and assistance, and at a time of public commotion, when the passions of men were generally excited, and when, therefore, the principles of the young were exposed to imminent and peculiar peril. "If I did not," he adds, "lose my liberty nor my virtue with the rest, who made shipwreck of both, it was more the infinite mercy of God than the least discretion of mine own, who now thought of nothing but the pursuit of vanity, and the confused imaginations of young men." The modesty and candour of this account are admirable. In 1640 the symptoms of civil discord were too strongly marked to be mistaken. The Parliament compelled the King to declare them perpetual, and they then attacked his person and authority through his confidential Ministers. Finch, the Lord Keeper, and Secretary Windebank, were compelled to quit the kingdom. Strafford, the ablest statesman of his age, and Archbishop Laud, whose learning, zeal for the church, and patronage of letters, would have rendered him most popular in better times, were attainted and executed. At the trial of Strafford, Evelyn was present, where he says, "the Lords and Commons, together with the King, Queen, Prince, and flower of the noblesse, were spectators and auditors of the greatest malice and the greatest innocency that ever met before so illustrious an assembly." He witnessed "the fatal stroke which severed from its shoulders the wisest head in England."—and he determined to leave his country, suspecting that its troubles

and calamities were yet but in their infancy. He crossed the sea to Flushing, with the intention of joining some English volunteers, who were assisting the French and Dutch to take Gennep, on the river Waal, from the Spaniards; but the place had surrendered before he arrived, and he returned to England, after spending about three months in the Netherlands. His candid account of his own proceedings, after his return to his native country, affords nothing for his biographer to dwell upon; "he studied a little, but danced and fooled more." The manners of the higher classes were at that time generally dissipated, and greatly injured the cause of loyalty. On the breaking out of the civil war, he joined the King's army at Brentford, as a volunteer, on horseback; but a retreat being anticipated, which he says would have brought ruin on himself and his brothers, without advantage to his Majesty, he was not permitted to remain. When so many high-spirited cavaliers risked, without hesitation, their lives and fortunes for the service of their King, why Evelyn calculated consequences so prudently is nowhere clearly explained; and it is the only doubtful circumstance in the history of a man, who afterwards gave abundant proofs of his readiness to make personal sacrifices, when his duty required them. His taste for ornamental gardening was displayed at this early period of his life, for he passed his leisure in improving his elder brother's grounds at Wotton. But he soon discovered that the spirit of the times was unfavourable to retirement,

and he obtained the King's permission to make a long tour on the Continent, with a fellow-collegian. After narrowly escaping from shipwreck, on entering Calais roads, and from drowning in crossing a swollen rivulet, on the road to Boulogne, he arrived at Paris, which then, as at present, offered many attractions to temporary visitors. He afterwards proceeded to Marseilles, where he reprobated the cruel and degrading practice of chaining convicts to the oars of the gallies, and forcing them to labour by stripes; and he embarked for Genoa at the little port of Cannes, since become celebrated as the landing place of Bonaparte, on his return from Elba, previously to that memorable reign of a hundred days, which cost England eight millions of money, and the lives of ten thousand of her bravest soldiers. Genoa is a city of marble palaces, in a romantic situation, a delightful climate, and beautiful neighbourhood; but the traveller, after a short residence, usually hastens from what gratifies the sight only, to Rome, where the memory and the imagination are so deeply interested. Evelyn saw the antiquities,—engraved his name in the globe at St. Peter's, hastened on to Florence, Naples, and Venice, and intended to proceed to the Levant, Egypt, and the Holy Land, if the destination of the ship in which he had engaged a passage, had not been suddenly altered by the state emergency of the Venetian Senate. He passed two years in Italy, profitably and pleasantly, studying every thing within his reach and observation, even

anatomy, which was then better taught at Padua than at Edinburgh.—On his return he passed through Switzerland, and was seized at Geneva with the small-pox, a disorder, the treatment of which was in those days so little understood, that it it was almost as formidable and fatal as the plague. He proceeded after his recovery to Paris, where, mixing serious and lighter acquisitions, he studied music and dancing at the same time with the German and Spanish languages, and the elements of chemistry.

His reputation, talents, and rank in society, gave him an easy introduction to the family of Sir Richard Browne, the English Ambassador, and, most fortunately for the happiness of his whole life, he engaged the first affections of Sir Richard's only daughter, then a lovely girl of fourteen. He married her in 1647, the disparity in age being thirteen years. He was well qualified to complete her education, and to form her mind, and he reaped the fruits of this most delightful labour, in the society of an intelligent and affectionate companion, for almost sixty years. In a few months after his marriage he was compelled, by the necessity for settling his private affairs, to leave his young wife in the care of her parents, and to visit England. He saw the unfortunate Charles the I. at Hampton Court. The King was then in fact a prisoner, having been delivered up by the Scotch army, to which he had fled for refuge: the page of history in which this event is recorded, will never be read in Scotland, by loyal and honourable men, without feel-

ings of regret and pain. The unfortunate Monarch continued, for two wretched years of insulted dignity, actual suffering, and hope delayed, to pay the heavy penalty of weakness, obstinacy, and dissimulation; the faults of a character in which there were many domestic virtues. He had surrendered to his enemies the life of Strafford,—the firmest, the ablest, and most attached of his friends, and on the 30th of January, 1649, his own was sacrificed at Whitehall, after the form of a trial. Evelyn remained in England till this last tragic scene was over, and afterwards availed himself of his former college connexion with Bradshaw, to obtain a passport for France. He returned in the following year, with full authority to go through the forms of submission to Cromwell's government, from Charles the II., who imposed upon him the dangerous task of corresponding with his ministers on affairs of state. The public situation of Sir Richard Browne had caused his property, at Deptford, to be amongst the first estates sequestered. Evelyn, with the consent of the King, and a promise that the bargain should be confirmed after the Restoration, purchased it for L.3500, and soon afterwards wrote in his journal, "This day I paid all my debts,—Oh blessed day!" His first care was to send for his wife, who joined him in safety, after narrowly escaping from capture by the Dutch fleet, and he resided at Sayes Court, where, fortunately for his active habits, and taste for improving, he found a dilapidated house, neglected fields,

and no garden. Settled thus to his heart's content, with a beloved wife, and ample scope for constant employment in the pursuits which he preferred to all others, he began, at the age of thirty, to lead the happy, independent, and useful life of an English country gentleman. He gardened, he planted, he improved, he imported exotic trees and plants; he read, wrote, and published on the subjects which best suited his own taste:—travelling had given him a refined relish for literature,—he associated with the good, the wise, and the eminent; a flourishing family grew up around *him*, and his happiness, in that early stage of his career, would have been nearly perfect, if he had not been compelled to witness and lament the misery of his country, the tyranny and hypocrisy of Cromwell, and the degradation of religion and the clergy. Piety appears to have been the predominant feeling of his mind. "On Sunday afternoon," the readers of his diary are informed, that "he frequently staid at home, to catechise and instruct his family, those exercises universally ceasing in the parish churches, so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant of even the common points of Christianity, all devotion being now placed in hearing sermons and discourses of speculative and notional things." "On Christmas day," he adds, "I went to London, where Dr. Wild preached the funeral sermon of preaching, this being the last day, after which Cromwell's proclamation was to take place, that none of the Church of England should dare either

to preach or administer sacraments, or teach schools, on pain of imprisonment or exile; this was the most mournful day that in my life I had seen, or the church of England herself, since the Reformation, to the great rejoicing of Papists and Presbyterians. So pathetic was his discourse, that it drew many tears from the auditory."

On the Christmas-day following, when he was receiving the sacrament at Exeter Chapel in London, the place was suddenly surrounded by Cromwell's soldiers, who presented their arms as if they would have shot the communicants at the altar; and after helpless and defenceless women had been thus terrified, the whole congregation were detained prisoners, and subjected in the afternoon to captious and insolent examination by two of the men, who afterwards sat in judgment on their King, Whaley and Goffe. Some were committed to close custody. Evelyn, after being threatened and insulted, was dismissed, to lament the fate of his companions in silence. It is necessary for the memory to recur occasionally to scenes of this description, that we may pray with proper feelings of earnestness to be protected from persecution, and that we may learn to enjoy with due thankfulness the blessings of toleration and peace.

Amongst the friends and correspondents of Evelyn was the celebrated and eloquent Jeremy Taylor, whom he consoled and assisted in distress and imprisonment, and to whom he wrote thus on the prohibition to celebrate divine worship, according to the form of

the Church of England:—"Dear Sir, we are now preparing to take our last farewell, as they threaten, of God's service in this city, or anywhere else in public. I must confess it is a sad consideration, but it is what God sees best, and to what we must submit."

The resignation to the divine will, which is here so well expressed, was put to a very severe trial in January 1658, when he lost his son Richard, one of those early prodigies of talents and goodness of whom the world is commonly considered unworthy; his acquisitions, as enumerated in the diary of his fond and afflicted father, were indeed rare and wonderful for a boy of five years old, and the humble, unaffected piety with which the heart-stricken parent resigned such a treasure is edifying in the highest degree. In less than three weeks after this heavy loss, a younger son was also taken away; "the afflicting hand of God being," he says, "upon us." From these scenes of domestic distress he was soon called to act a public part for his distracted country. The talents and energy of Cromwell repressed every attempt to shake his authority whilst he lived; but after his death the reins of Government sunk from the feeble hands of his son Richard; and the fear of general anarchy caused a large proportion of persons of property to join with the Royalists in wishing for the restoration of the King.

Evelyn assisted in giving an increased impulse to public opinion, by composing and printing a pamphlet

in favour of the royal cause; and he entered into a negotiation with Colonel Morley the governor of the Tower, whom he had known intimately in his youth, the object of which was, the delivering up the Tower to the King. Morley hesitated till it was too late, and the attempt failed. If it had succeeded, such was the temper of the nation, that it would probably have caused the immediate restoration of Charles II., and the names of Evelyn and Morley might have become as conspicuous in English history in 1559, as that of Monk was in 1660. The conduct of Evelyn on this occasion showed his readiness to expose his life and property to hazard in the service of his King and country. Charles II. was justly accused of ingratitude to many of the devoted adherents of his family. He was selfish and sensual, and therefore unwilling to make the personal sacrifices which a limited income rendered necessary for the purpose of recompensing the numerous claimants who had shed their blood and lost their property in his cause. His manners were, however, popular and courteous, and he dismissed many petitioners, who found ready access to his presence, with smiles which cost nothing, and with promises which were never performed. The reception of Evelyn at court was particularly gracious; he was offered the knighthood of the Bath, which he declined; was appointed one of the council of the Royal Society, of which he was a fellow at its commencement; and at the breaking out of the iniquitous and disgraceful Dutch war in 1664, he was named a

commissioner for the care of prisoners, and of sick or wounded soldiers and sailors.

The organization of military and naval hospitals was at that time ill understood; and the requisite funds were irregularly and scantily supplied from a treasury which rapacious favourites and a dissolute court had nearly exhausted. The duty of the commissioners was, therefore, harassing and painful, and to Evelyn it became highly dangerous, when the plague broke out in London, for his district comprised the county of Kent. He removed his family to Wotton, but having obtained the old Palace of the Savoy for a depot and hospital, he braved the danger of the pestilence which was carrying off 10,000 persons weekly; traversing the melancholy streets, which were "piled with coffins and thin of people," in the fearless and conscientious discharge of his important duty. His letters thus describe the horrors of his situation: "One fortnight has made me feel the utmost of miseries that can befal a person in my situation, and with my affections, to have 25,000 prisoners, and 15,000 sick and wounded men to take care of without one penny of money, and above L.2000 indebted. Having lost our servants, officers, and most necessary assistants, we have nothing more left us to expose but our persons, which are every moment at the mercy of a raging pestilence. Our prisoners beg us as a mercy to knock them on the head, for we have no bread to relieve the dying creatures."

When the plague had abated, the thanks of the

King were duly and warmly bestowed on his zealous servant.

In 1666 the great fire of London occurred, of which Evelyn was a spectator; his journal contains a most minute and picturesque description of this tremendous scene, and may still be read with the deepest interest. He furnished plans for rebuilding the 10,000 houses which he computed to have been destroyed, and by the architectural genius of Sir Christopher Wren, the metropolis soon rose from its ruins more beautiful, more convenient, and more healthy than before; no pestilential disorders having since prevailed in it.

The patriotic feelings of Evelyn were soon afterwards put to a severe trial. He was compelled to remove his most valuable property from Sayes Court to a place of greater security from fear of the Dutch fleet, which rode triumphantly at anchor at the Nore, attacked the ships at Chatham, blockaded the mouth of the Thames, and kept London in a state of intense agitation and alarm. With a little more enterprise on the part of the enemy, the metropolis of England, and all the vessels in the River, might then have been laid in ashes; fortunately the Dutch admiral was not aware of the defenceless state of this great prize. Charles was a wretched pensioner of the French court, and squandered on his own licentious pleasures the sums which should have been expended in equipping a fleet for the defence of his dominions. His war with the Dutch began in injustice and ended in disgrace and dishonour.

On the day of the proclamation of James II. Evelyn's diary thus describes the awful contrast exhibited by the sudden death of Charles: "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day week I was witness to;—the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine;—a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery;—whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least L.2000 in gold before them. *Six days after, all was in the dust.*" Evelyn, who had always been treated with distinction and kindness by Charles II., remained in equal favour with his successor. He was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal, in the absence of Lord Clarendon; and in that capacity, exhibited the conscientious decision of his character, by resolutely refusing to seal a patent for printing missals, which an act of Parliament had prohibited from being printed or sold.

After the Revolution, his conspicuous merit still recommended him to the existing Government. He was appointed Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, and in his official capacity, laid one of the stones of the foundation of that noble building. In his career as an author, the object of his pursuit was utility and information, rather than fame. One of his earliest publications was a history of the art of engraving on

copper, entitled, *Sculptura;* and he was himself admitted by Walpole into the catalogue of English engravers, in consequence of the progress which he had made in practical skill. His *Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees,* was universally popular, and had the great merit of recommending most forcibly to the gentry of England a pursuit which was at once useful, innocent, and fascinating. This work was followed by a treatise on fruit trees, and by another called *Terra,* or the cultivation of the soil, and the propagation of plants. As a Commissioner for rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral, *A Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern,* translated by him from the French, showed that spirit of diligent research into all that has been written, or done by others, which alone can qualify a man to decide amongst contending plans and opinions. The study of antiquities, which engages the attention, without requiring any great exertion of the faculties, is admirably calculated to employ the old age of a man of letters. Evelyn probably felt the truth of this; for he was in his 78th year when he published *Numismata,* a discourse on medals. Happy is the old age which can be thus employed and amused amidst the recollections of youth and manhood passed in active, useful, and honourable exertion! But extreme age can only be attained on the melancholy condition of surviving early connexions, and of too frequently seeing the usual order of nature inverted, and the most promising blossoms of youth, beauty, and bravery prema-

turely blighted. Evelyn lost by the small-pox his daughter Mary at the age of nineteen. "She was," he says, "the joy of my life, the ornament of her sex and of my poor family." She was beautiful, affectionate, cheerful, humble, and pious: it is easy to conceive, how great a treasure such a daughter must have been to the declining years of a fond father, and how deeply he must have lamented his irreparable loss. He was supported under this great calamity by those religious feelings to which alone the unfortunate can apply with success for consolation. Within two months, the same disorder deprived him of another daughter who had been recently married. The ravages and misery caused in those days by the small-pox should teach the reader whose sympathy is excited by the frequent deaths of the beautiful, the wise, and the good, duly to estimate those medical discoveries which have rendered the disease almost harmless in modern times.

Evelyn had a son, whose Greek poem prefixed to the second edition of the Sylva sufficiently proved the diligence with which he had pursued his studies at Oxford: he translated the life of Alexander from Plutarch, and the history of two of the most eminent of the Turkish Grand Viziers from the French:—he was a poet, as he proved by his lines on *Virtue* published in Dryden's Miscellanies; and, in the capacity of a Commissioner of the Revenue in Ireland, he showed that literature did not disqualify him for business. This son, so accomplished, valued, and

respected, so worthy of such a father, died in the prime of manhood, when the mental powers are usually in their full maturity, at the age of 44.

The afflictions of the parent were thus frequent and severe. The perusal of his journal in his old age, will be found both interesting and edifying, as it shows his deep sense of sorrow, and his humble resignation. He felt indeed that on reviewing his life, and comparing his lot with that of others, he had abundant reason to be thankful. His excellent friend, Bishop Taylor, had called his circumstances an union of blessings, and Cowley addressed to him the following lines, of which it may be said, that the Poet never wrote any thing more beautiful or more true:—

> Happy art thou whom God does bless,
> With the full choice of thine own happiness;
> And happier yet because thou'rt blest
> With prudence how to choose the best.
> In books and gardens thou hast placed aright
> Thy noble, innocent delight;
> And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
> Both pleasures more refined and sweet;
> The fairest garden in her looks,
> And in her mind the wisest books.

If an attempt were made to draw an ideal picture of happiness on earth, as perfect as the transitory nature of human life will allow, we should probably represent to ourselves a man honourably descended and

at ease in his circumstances, endowed with a pleasing figure, conciliating manners and robust health;—we should suppose his mind to be deeply and early impressed with a sense of the truth and importance of Christianity, and his heart filled with warm affection for his near connexions and friends. His intellects should be diligently cultivated, and his taste refined by classical studies and extensive travelling. He should love society, and adorn it by cheerfulness and information, whilst he possessed a never-failing resource for solitary hours, in a keen relish for two of the most absorbing, soothing, and fascinating pursuits of existence, gardening and composition. We should suppose him to fix his affections upon a lovely and amiable young female, and to marry her, after having won her whole heart, with the full consent and approbation of the friends of both. We should represent him as long occupied in pouring into the gentle and docile mind of his domestic companion, the intellectual stores which study and observation had enabled him to accumulate; and, when this was accomplished, exulting in the enjoyment of the treasure which his most delightful occupation had created. We should suppose the gentle and affectionate being thus exalted in intellect, studying also to acquire consummate skill in drawing and other accomplishments peculiar to her sex, and yet willing to descend to all the little details which the comfort and management of a household require, as cheerfully as if she knew nothing. We should suppose this dear

companion to be spared to embellish the home of her husband to the close of a long life. We should represent him as surrounded by a numerous and promising family, diligently cultivating in their young minds those talents and dispositions which experience had shown to be the best means of securing respect and happiness,—feeling and deeply lamenting their loss, whenever it pleased Him who gives and takes away our treasures, to remove them from earth, but bowing to his will in piety and resignation. We should suppose our ideal happy man to be most actively employed, during the whole period of his youth and manhood, in serving his God, his King, his country, his neighbours and posterity, by setting an example of purity and morality in his conduct, by filling high public offices with general benefit and applause, by making important discoveries in agriculture and planting, the most useful of the arts, and publishing them for the general good. We should figure him as not only rewarded by the answer of a good conscience, but as also enjoying the friendship and esteem of the highest, the wisest, and the best of his countrymen, of all political parties. Finally, we should represent him in extreme old age, with eyes not yet dim, and faculties still unimpaired, full of gratitude for blessings enjoyed, and waiting patiently for the dissolution of the body, in the hope of a happy immortality, through the merits of his Redeemer. This ideal portrait of a happy man bears a strong resemblance in all its parts to the character

of Evelyn, as depicted in his own diary, and represented, with full confirmation, in cotemporary history; it should be held up as a model, for none will deny that happiness is desirable, and the surest way to attain it is to follow his example. He resided at Sayes Court, near Deptford, for upwards of forty years, and then removed to Wotton, the place of his birth. The inclination to return in old age to the place which is endeared by the recollections of infancy is very general; it is mentioned by Goldsmith, with that finished delicacy of description which leaves his readers no hope of improving, by adding, omitting, or altering a word or a sentiment; and by Chaulieu, in some of the most beautiful lines in the French language. It is thus described in the poetical prose of Chateaubriand: "After having wandered over the globe, man, by an affecting species of instinct, likes to return and die on the spot which gave him birth, and to sit for a moment, on the border of the grave, under the same trees which overshadowed his cradle."

The family estate at Wotton became the property of Evelyn on the death of his elder brother: late as it was in life, he repaired the mansion, and made other improvements with his usual liberal and active spirit. One grandson was the only surviving male of his family; this last hope of the Evelyns was attacked at Oxford with the same disorder which had proved fatal to so many of the race, but the good old man was spared from a last affecting trial, for the youth unexpectedly recovered.

On the 31st of October 1702 Evelyn wrote these characteristic lines in his journal: "Arrived now to the eighty-second year of my age, I render solemn thanks to the Lord, imploring the pardon of my past sins of his grace, that I may obtain a comfortable departure after so long a term as has been hitherto indulged me. I find by many infirmities this year that I much decline; and yet of his infinite mercy retain my intellects and senses in great measure above most of my age. My wife and family in health, for all which I most sincerely beseech God to accept of these my acknowledgments; and that, if it be his holy will to continue me yet longer, it may be to the praise of his infinite grace and salvation of my soul. Amen." He lived three years longer, and died in February 1706, aged eighty-five.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Dr. Rowland Taylor, rector of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, was one of the most interesting and courageous of the numerous martyrs, whom faith and conscious innocence enabled to triumph over pain and death, during the reign of Queen Mary. He was burnt at the stake, on Aldham common, amidst the tears and lamentations of his parishioners, in the third year of that period, the annals of which an Englishman now peruses with feelings of shame, indignation, and horror. The martyr's estate at Frampton was sequestered, and given to the Chancellor, Bishop Gardiner, one of his most active persecutors, and his family was reduced to poverty. From him was lineally descended Nathaniel Taylor, a barber at Cambridge, who, notwithstanding his humble occupation, was sufficiently learned to ground his children in grammar and mathematics, without further assistance. His third son, Jeremy, who afterwards became illustrious for talents, acquirements, and virtues, was baptized on the 15th of August 1613, and on the 18th of August 1626, was entered of Caius College, as a sizar, or poor scholar, after having passed some

years at a free grammar school in Cambridge. The institution of sizars at Cambridge, and of servitors at Oxford, which enabled young men of the lower stations in life to enjoy all the advantages of a college education, was wise and useful; it opened a path to the highest professional distinctions in church and state, for enterprise, talents, and industry, in the humble walks of life, and provided for the Church of England a class of ministers, peculiarly fitted, by early habits, for the humble but important duties of country curates. Every page of the works of Jeremy Taylor shows that his time at college was well employed; his quotations and allusions exhibit continual proofs of the diligence with which his strong intellect had accumulated stores of knowlege, not merely from the classical books usually read at college, but from all quarters. He obtained his degree of bachelor in 1630, was admitted into holy orders, and became master of arts in 1633. His brilliant fancy, ready elocution, and extensive information, wanted only a fit opportunity for display, to procure for him patrons and friends, and such an occasion was fortunately soon afforded by his college companion and chamber-fellow Risden, by whom he was invited to officiate for a time in the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral. The fine countenance, pleasing figure, and extraordinary eloquence of a new preacher, of the age of twenty, excited such general attention as to be reported to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Laud; a munificent patron of worth and learning, who, "falling

upon evil times," and giving his unrelenting adversaries many advantages by his haughty temper and defective judgment, found genius, piety, and the favours of his King, insufficient to save his grey head from the scaffold. Taylor was invited to preach at Lambeth, and warmly praised by the Archbishop; and when his youth was mentioned as a reason for his not remaining in London, "he humbly begged his Grace to pardon that fault, for if he lived he would amend it." It is supposed that for two years after this interview, Taylor studied in retirement at Maidley Hall, near Tamworth, supported probably by the well-known liberality of the Archbishop, who, at the expiration of that time, procured his admission to the degree of master of arts in Oxford, and strongly recommended him to a vacant fellowship in All Souls College. A difference of opinion arose between the Warden and the Fellows, as to the eligibility of a man so recently admitted of the University; no regular election took place, and the fellowship thus lapsed to the Archbishop as visitor, who nominated Taylor to it on the 14th of January 1636.

The fellowship of a college gives to a student the great advantages of select literary society, free access to one of the noblest collections of books in the world, retirement and leisure, a present maintenance, and the certainty of a more ample future provision; to Taylor it would be truly welcome, for by a rising young man of genius the first step by which he emer-

ges from poverty and obscurity to independence and fame is generally the most exquisitely enjoyed.

His residence at Oxford was, however, only occasional; for he was nominated one of the Archbishop's chaplains, which would require him to attend frequently at Lambeth; and in March 1638, he was appointed by the Bishop of London to the rectory of Uppingham in Rutlandshire, where a man, devoted as he was to his duty, must soon have found abundant occupation. He might still have visited Oxford, its libraries and its learned men occasionally, for the rectory was tenable with his fellowship; but he forfeited it in 1639 by marriage, wisely thinking that the important duties of a clergyman are most effectually performed when he is supported at home, and aided abroad by an intelligent and amiable domestic companion. His wife was Phœbe Langsdale, supposed to have been a resident at Uppingham, with her widowed mother. Their union was unfortunately of short duration: she became the mother of three sons, one of whom died in infancy; and this first of his trials was soon followed by another much more grievous, the death of his wife, which occurred in 1642, after he had been married only three years. In addition to private distresses, he had to deplore, in common with all loyal men, the calamities of his country: his early and generous patron, Archbishop Laud, was one of the first victims sacrificed by the ferocious republican and puritan spirit of the Parliament. The civil war

being commenced, Taylor joined the King at Oxford, where his great talents were soon recognised and employed in defence of the royal cause. He published, by his Majesty's command, a very able treatise, called, *Episcopacy asserted*, and the spirit and ability which he thus displayed rendered him a conspicuous mark for the vengeance of the Parliament, when they had triumphed in their struggle with the King's party. His living of Uppingham was sequestered, a successor was appointed, and Taylor found himself, with his two infant children, reduced at once from competence to poverty. He followed the court for a time as chaplain; and, from a letter to Dr. Langsdale, his wife's brother, preserved in the British Museum, he appears to have been residing with her mother and his children, in a state of great pecuniary privation. He soon afterwards married, for his second wife, a natural daughter of King Charles I., and retired to a property which she possessed in Wales; but the war extending into that remote country, he was disturbed in his retreat, taken by the Parliamentary army, and thrown into prison in 1644. On this occasion he exhibited the many resources of a powerful intellect; instead of sinking under his misfortunes, he composed one of his ablest and most celebrated works, the *Liberty of prophesying*, in which he recommends, with great force of argument, religious toleration, a thing at that time so little understood or practised by either of the great parties into which the Church was divided, that a doctrine now universally admitted, at

least in theory, by enlightened Christians, [illegible] regarded as a dangerous and unwelcome novelty. The power of abstracting the mind, and occupying its faculties completely by reading or by composition, is desirable in the midst of health, prosperity, and society; for it gives a relish by contrast to other pursuits, and a consciousness of independent means of amusement, which is a treasure in itself; but the value of this power is more fully ascertained in sickness, [illegible] imprisonment, or poverty; under such trying circumstances, it may be truly said to effect that which the boasted stoical philosophy never could accomplish; it elevates man above external circumstances and makes him happy in an imaginary world of his own creation. The name of Taylor's second wife was Joanna Bridges; she was educated in retirement, in an age when the intellect of females was not cultivated with the same diligence as it is in modern times: a portrait of her is still in existence, which confirms the traditionary report of the beauty of her person; and there is the strongest reason to suppose that her husband was warmly attached to her. His sermon, entitled the *Marriage Ring*, contains, with much that refined taste would correct or reject, passages of the highest eloquence and beauty, such as indicate in the author a deep, habitual, and exquisite enjoyment of domestic happiness. The estate of Mandinam in Caermarthenshire, which he received with her, was diminished in its produce by fines which he was compelled to pay by the officers of the Parliamentary Government

to purchase his liberty; and he became dependent for support on the liberality of his friends, or on the precarious fruits of his own literary exertions. He had attempted, after the sequestration of his living, to form a school, in conjunction with two other teachers; but it was dispersed in consequence of a strong sense of duty to the King impelling him to give personal aid and support to the royal cause. He fortunately found a hospitable and kind friend in the Earl of Carbery, whose residence of Golden Grove was in the same parish with Taylor's newly acquired estate. In that mansion, rendered doubly attractive by the admirable conduct and character of Lady Carbery, he found, in times of persecution, a shelter and a home; and there, when the subversion of the Church establishment had rendered the regular performance of divine service dangerous or impracticable, he officiated as chaplain, composing and preaching before the family and their neighbours some of those eloquent sermons which place him so high in rank amongst English authors. He composed about the same time the most admirable and useful of his practical works, *The Life of Christ, or the Great Exemplar*, from which some parts of the first chapters might be retrenched with advantage; but which contains so much that is truly excellent in doctrine and expression, as to render its circulation in a cheap, separate form, highly desirable: from this work alone it would be easy to compile a manual of domestic devotion by selection and abridgment, superior to any that has ever yet been printed.

The utility and the reputation of controversial works must be limited both in extent and duration, but the value of practical instruction in religious duty is solid and permanent. Taylor felt the strength of his own powers in argument; and the bias of his mind, concurring with the fashion of the age in which he lived, might, if his circumstances had been prosperous, have caused him to waste his great talents in the discussion of disputed points in speculative theology; his volumes would then have remained on the shelves of public libraries undisturbed, except by the curiosity of recluse students. That poverty which made him dependent upon Lord Carbery's bounty, and on the produce of such works as are suited to the wants and capacity of a multitude of readers, was fortunate for the world, as it caused the composition and publication of his *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, and the best and most useful of his sermons: these were principally written for the use and at the request of the admirable Lady Carbery, whose character, as drawn in his funeral sermon, appears to have been a rare combination of female attractions and virtues. His practical and devotional works were immediately popular, and have continued ever since their publication to be in extensive and constant demand. The *Catechism for Children*, originally composed for the use and at the request of Lady Carbery, was afterwards enlarged by the author, and formed a manual of piety, which he called, after the name of the mansion of his patron, *The Golden Grove*. His preface offended the presbyterian clergy; and they

had influence enough with Cromwell to procure his committal to prison in Chepstow Castle, where he remained for six months, occupying and cheering his solitary hours as usual by the unfailing resources of devotion and composition. His acquaintance with Evelyn commenced in 1654, and soon grew into unreserved intimacy; from this accomplished patriot and country gentleman he received consolation and pecuniary assistance in his time of poverty and distress; his gentle manners, his talents, and his piety, procured for him every indulgence during his imprisonment, which was consistent with safe custody, but the last remnant of the property in Wales, which he acquired by marriage, was dissipated by fines and other expenses, and he was reduced to such complete poverty as to be indebted to his friends for the means of undertaking a journey to London. In April 1656 he paid his first visit to Evelyn, at Sayes Court, near Deptford, finding there hospitality, intelligent society, and a family attractive, amiable, united and happy in the highest degree: the following characteristic letter written a few days afterwards, shows in what light Taylor viewed these great advantages.

"*To* JOHN EVELYN, ESQ.

April 16, 1656.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

I hope your servant brought my apology with him, and that I already am pardoned in your thoughts.

that I did not return an answer yesterday to your friendly letter. I did believe myself so very much bound to you for your so kind, so friendly reception of me in your *Tusculanum*, that I had some little wonder upon me when I saw you making excuses that it was no better. I came to see you and your lady, and am highly pleased that I did so, and found all your circumstances to be a heap and union of blessings. But I have not either so great a fancy and opinion of the prettiness of your abode, or so low an opinion of your prudence and piety, as to think you can be any ways transported with them. I know the pleasure of them is gone off from its height before one month's possession, and that strangers and seldom-seers feel the beauty of them more than you who dwell with them. I am pleased, indeed, at the order and cleanness of all your outward things; and look upon you not only as a person, by way of thankfulness to God for his mercies and goodness to you, specially obliged to a greater measure of piety, but also as one, who being freed, in a great degree, from secular cares, can, without excuse and alloy, wholly intend what you so passionately desire, the service of God. But now, I am considering yours, and enumerating my own pleasures, I cannot but add that, though I could not choose but be delighted by seeing all about you, yet my delight was really in seeing you severe and unconcerned in these things, and now in finding your affections wholly strangers to them, and to communicate with them no portion of your pas-

sion, but such as is necessary to him that uses them or receives their ministries. I long truly to converse with you; for I do not doubt but in those liberties we shall both go bettered from each other. If you will give me leave I will impose such a penance upon you for your publication of *Lucretius* as shall neither displease God nor you; and since you are busy in that which may minister directly to learning, and indirectly to error, or the confidence of men who, of themselves, are apt enough to hide their vices in irreligion, I know you will be willing to employ the same pen in the glorification of God and the ministries of eucharist and prayer. Believe that I am your obliged friend and servant."

Soon after his return to Wales, he received from Baron Thurland of the Exchequer, a pious and learned lawyer, a kind offer of an appointment and residence in the neighbourhood of London, which was sufficiently advantageous to cause some hesitation before it was refused. The sentiments expressed on this subject, in the following letter to Evelyn, do him the highest credit.

"*July* 19, 1656.

DEAR SIR,

I perceive the greatness of your affection, by your diligence to inquire after, and make use of, any opportunity whereby you may oblige me. I continue in my desire to settle about London, and am only

hindered by the narrowness of my domestic circumstances, but hope in God's goodness that he will create to me such advantages as may make it possible, because I am persuaded that by my abode in the neighbourhood of London, I may receive advantages of society, and books to enable me better to serve God and the interest of souls. I have no other design but this, and I hope God will second it with his blessing. I desire you to present my thanks and service to Mr. Thurland; his society were argument enough to make me desire a dwelling thereabouts, but his other kindnesses will also make it possible. I would not be troublesome; I would fain be serviceable and useful, and will endeavour it if I come. I am in some disorder, by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad, but now he rejoices in his little orb, while we think and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is.

DEAR SIR,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JER. TAYLOR."

The humility and pious resignation, expressed with such affecting and beautiful simplicity at the close of this letter, were soon again called into action, for it appears by another letter to Evelyn, written a few months afterwards, that further domestic calamities awaited him.

"*February* 22, 1657.

DEAR SIR,

I know that you will either excuse, or at least pardon me, that I have so long seemingly neglected to make a return to your so kind and friendly letter, when I shall tell you, that I have passed through a great cloud. It hath pleased God to send the small-pox and fevers among my children, and I have, since I received your last, buried two sweet hopeful boys, and have now but one son left, whom I intend to bring up to London before Easter, and then I hope to wait upon you, and by your conversation, if not to alleviate my sorrow, at least to keep me from too intense thinking on my trouble. You see there is too much matter to make excuse; my sorrow will at least render me an object of every good man's pity and commiseration. But, for myself, I bless God I have observed and felt so much mercy in this angry dispensation of God, that I am almost transported, I am sure, highly pleased with thinking how infinitely sweet his mercies are, when his judgments are so gracious. There are many particulars in your letter which I would fain have answered; but still my little sadnesses intervene, and will suffer me to write nothing else, but that I beg your prayers, and that you will still own me to be,

DEAR SIR,

Your very affectionate friend,

J. TAYLOR."

In this letter the obvious struggle between warm natural affection and that elevated piety which exalts the human mind above all earthly feelings, is very characteristically displayed. The sons thus taken away were by his second wife, the one whom he mentions as surviving he afterwards buried at Lisburn, in Ireland. The two sons who survived of his first marriage, lived to manhood, but both died before their father, under circumstances which must have deeply grieved his paternal heart, for one was killed in a duel, in which his antagonist also fell, and the other, having become the secretary and companion of the profligate Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was hurried by dissipation to an early and dishonourable grave. Poverty, imprisonment, and the misconduct, or premature death of all his sons, were thus amongst the grievous trials of Taylor's faith and piety. Soon after the loss of his children in Wales, he removed to London for a time, and became pastor of one of those small meetings of persons attached to the ancient church establishment, whom zeal for religion drew together in private houses, in spite of the prohibition and severe persecutions of the existing government; his small income was augmented by an annual allowance, generously granted to him by Evelyn, to whom he thus warmly expresses his gratitude, in a letter, dated May 15, 1657:—"I only can love you and honour you, and pray for you; I am a debtor for your prayers, for the comfort of your letters, for the charity of your hand, and the affections of your heart."

In 1658 his bookseller having affixed the figure of Christ in prayer to an edition of his *Collection of Offices*, this slight offence, under the plea of its tending to idolatry, was severely visited on the poor and persecuted author, by imprisonment in the Tower, according to the penalties provided by a recent act of parliament: kind treatment whilst in confinement, and a speedy restoration to liberty, were however procured for him by the unwearied friendly exertions and influence of Evelyn.—The great talents, the fearless spirit, the orthodox faith, the ready pen, the matchless eloquence, the wonderful industry of Taylor, rendered him an object of constant dread to the narrow-minded zealots who exercised great influence over the government of Cromwell; on the other hand, Evelyn was in a state of continual anxiety for the safety of a friend who had been so often exposed to the persecution of the ruling party; when therefore an offer of a lectureship in the north of Ireland, procured by the influence of Lord Conway, presented a chance of humble subsistence, with a secure retreat, the opportunity was eagerly embraced, with the concurrence of all parties, and a passport and protection under the hand and seal of Cromwell were easily obtained. In the summer of 1658, Taylor left London, and went to Ireland with his family. He lectured weekly at Lisburn, but resided at a house near Lord Conway's magnificent residence at Portmore, which was then a noble specimen of the architectural skill of Inigo

Jones, and is now a melancholy ruin. The park extended to the shore of Lough Neagh, a fine lake, fifteen miles long and seven miles broad, on which two small solitary islands are still traditionally celebrated as being the favourite retreats to which Jeremy Taylor resorted for the purposes of contemplation and lonely study. He preached occasionally also in the dilapidated church of Kilulta, in the same neighbourhood, and passed two years of security, peace, and happiness, in the duties of his ministry, the society of his family, the renewal of his studies, and the absorbing and pleasant exercise of composition. His spirits improved with this favourable change in his circumstances; his correspondence with Evelyn exhibits natural cheerfulness breaking through the gloom of past painful recollections, proving that happiness in this world is in some degree dependent on contrast and comparison, and that a calm and safe harbour may afford positive enjoyment to a man who has escaped from a recent storm.

An annual pecuniary allowance continued to be remitted to him by Evelyn, even when this generous friend was himself sustaining some inconvenience from the irregularity of all payments caused by the state of the times. "I had rather," said Taylor in one of his letters of acknowledgment, "you should not have been burdened, than that I should have received kindness on hard conditions to you."

The unmerited depression of fortune which rendered one of the ablest and best men in the kingdom depend-

ent on the bounty of a friend for the common comforts of life, now approached to a close. In the spring of 1660, he went to London to superintend the printing and publication of that favourite work, the *Ductor Dubitantium*, or Guide of those who doubt, which had long occupied his powerful mind. He found the nation too deeply interested in the state of public affairs to pay attention to religious controversy; and he acted on this occasion with the same decision and consistency which had marked his whole conduct. He signed the declaration of the Loyalists on the 24th of April; in which they expressed their confidence in General Monk, and the moderation of their own ulterior views. On the 29th of May, the Monarchy was restored; the nation was deeply agitated with the hopes of reward, or with fears of punishment, and amongst the expectants none had a fairer title to a distinguished recompence than Taylor. He had married a natural sister of the restored King; he had been faithfully and personally attached to Charles I., and had suffered both in liberty and property for the royal cause; his life had been blameless; his services to the episcopal church had been zealous and consistent; and his published works had established his reputation for unrivalled eloquence and extensive erudition. Such claims could not be overlooked; the highest station on the episcopal bench could not have been deemed too great a reward for such merits as his: but the profligate King probably dreaded having so able, so strict, and so fearless a

counsellor stationed near his own residence : he therefore assented to the pressing solicitation of the Marquis of Ormond, who was anxious to fill the vacant Irish bishopries with men of acknowledged talents and tried character ; and, on the 6th of August 1660, Taylor was made Bishop of Down and Connor. The influence of the Lord Lieutenant soon afterwards procured for him the appointment of Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, where, as in all similar institutions, abuse and decay had made rapid progress during the government of the Parliament and Cromwell. In times of revolution, it is found easy to pull down and destroy; but establishment, repair, and restoration are works of labour and difficulty. Taylor found the revenues of the University alienated, and the fellowships occupied by improper persons, who had not been legally elected: to these and similar defects he applied vigorous and effectual remedies. He revised and reformed the statutes, regulated the election of Fellows, and the conditions and forms of degrees, introduced order, and laid the foundation of future prosperity so judiciously, that his name is justly held in veneration as one of the principal benefactors of the University. In his bishopric, he found disorder and dilapidation from the same causes prevailing to a still greater extent ; and reform was there much more difficult, because he had to contend with the religious prejudices of ignorant, bigoted, and narrow-minded puritans, who were ready to sacrifice the interest of religion and their own lives for the preservation of forms now deemed

of no importance. The Catholic population was in a state of rebellion; the regular Ministers of the established Church had been banished, and their places supplied by uneducated men, who had no recommendation but regular moral conduct, and furious zeal for a republican government, and for the covenant. The new Bishops were not consecrated till January 1661, and this long delay increased the disorder in Ireland, leading the people to suspect the sincerity of the King's professed zeal for the Church of England.

Early in 1661, the Bishop was appointed a Privy Counsellor for Ireland; and in the spring of the same year, the neighbouring see of Dromore was given to him for temporary administration, "on account," as the writ under the privy seal stated with strict discriminating truth, "of his virtue, wisdom, and industry." Admirable as these qualities are, there was one still more rare, and difficult to practise, which he was called upon to display in its most eminent degree, Christian charity. The clergy of his diocese, who were many of them Cameronians, sent from Scotland, inveighed with characteristic bitterness from the pulpit against Episcopal government, encouraged their congregations to support the covenant even to battle and death, and entered into a mutual pledge, "to speak with no Bishop, and to endure neither his government nor his person." To this hostile and uncompromising spirit, Taylor opposed the proper Christian arms, patience, argument, gentleness and perseverance; he visited the clergy; he exhorted

them privately and publicly; he preached in their churches alternately every Sunday; and it is pleasing to record, that having first won over the gentry and people, his influence by degrees subdued the hostility of the clergy also.

Much of the deplorable bitterness of party spirit, which, after the lapse of a century and a half, still renders Ireland the scene of continual tumult and outrage, may be clearly traced to the confiscation of the property of Catholic families, and the transfer of it to strangers. On this subject, the Bishop thus admirably and humanely recommended mercy and moderation in one of his sermons; "Let not the pretence of a different religion make you think it lawful to oppress any man in his just rights, for opinions are not the measures of justice, but laws only, and doing as we would be done to; and though justice does alike to all men, Jew and Christian, Lutheran and Calvinist, yet to do right to them that are of another opinion, is the way to win them: but if you for conscience sake do them wrong, they will hate both you and your religion. Do as God does, who in judgment remembers mercy."

The restoration of peace and order in his diocese occupied his hours so usefully and completely, that he had little leisure left for composition. In his last letter to Evelyn, he thus expresses his hope of resuming his pen: "I am pleased to read your excellent mind in so excellent an idea, for as a father in his son's face, so is a man's soul imprinted in all the pieces that he

labours; I am so full of public concerns, and the troubles of business in my diocese, that I cannot yet have leisure to think of much of my old delightful employment; but I hope I have brought my affairs almost to a consistence, and then I may return again."

This hope was unfortunately vain; for on the 3d of August, 1667, he was seized with a fever at Lisburn, which terminated his varied and useful career in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He left a widow and three daughters, for whom the liberal repairs of his Cathedral, his disinterestedness, and charity to the poor, prevented him from making a provision adequate to their station. His patience in adversity, his moderation in prosperity, his sublime and fervent piety, his brilliant imagination, wonderful eloquence, and extensive learning, will live in memory as long as our language endures.

LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE was born at Wrington, in Somersetshire, on the 29th of August 1632. His father, who was a man of respectable character, and good property, took upon himself the delightful task of educating his son in the first rudiments of classical learning, and sent him afterwards to Westminster school, where he had the unusual advantage of remaining till he was nineteen years old. In 1651, he removed to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he was distinguished amongst his cotemporaries for his talents and attainments. He was one of those superior men who, even in early life, rise above the prejudices of their age and nation: the defects of the mode of tuition then followed at Oxford were soon perceptible to his penetrating and inquiring mind. He quitted the beaten tract in which he saw others toiling in vain; he thought and studied on a plan of his own, and reaped the fruits of his perseverance and genius, by acquiring a fund of useful knowledge, and an extraordinary power of applying it to the purposes of common life, which raised him afterwards to reputation and eminence. He chose medicine as his profession,

and began to practise when he had finished his studies; but, before he had time to make much progress, a tempting opportunity occurred of gratifying his curiosity, by visiting foreign countries, and he availed himself of it, by accompanying Sir William Swan, the British Minister at Berlin, as his secretary, in 1664. After an absence from England of about a year, he returned to Oxford, and applied himself diligently to the study of natural history. In 1666 he was introduced as a medical practitioner to Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, who, in the year following, prevailed on Locke to become an inmate at his house in Berkshire, as family physician, and soon learned to appreciate the treasure which he had acquired, in an enlightened counsellor and faithful friend. The distinguishing characteristic of the mind of Locke was the valuable quality usually called good sense; it was the power of seeing clearly, and reasoning rightly on ordinary occasions; the faculty of judging, comparing, and finally deciding which was the proper mode of proceeding, under all the circumstances of every case. He was therefore consulted by his friends on all occasions of doubt and difficulty; and those who followed the advice which he deliberately gave, seldom found cause to repent of what they had done. In 1668 he accompanied the Earl of Northumberland on a tour in France, and, returning to England with the Countess, after her husband's death, he again took up his abode with Lord Ashley, who introduced him to the most eminent men

in literature and science. His Lordship having, in conjunction with others, obtained from the Crown a grant of the province of Carolina, in North America, the high and important duty of forming a constitution for the government of the newly acquired territory devolved on Locke, who was fully aware of the importance of a task on which the happiness of generations might depend, and he performed it to the satisfaction of all parties, on the most enlightened principles of justice, security, liberty, order, and toleration. He had previously qualified himself for this labour by devoting his studies, at the request of Lord Ashley, to history and political economy. He continued to keep up his connexion with Oxford, by occasional visits, and superintended the education of his noble friend's eldest son, with all the success which might have been expected from his eminent qualifications for such an employment. In 1670 he formed the plan of his great work *An essay on Human Understanding*, but on account of his other occupations his progress was slow.

Lord Ashley was created Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord High Chancellor, in 1672, and made Locke secretary of presentations. He was afterwards appointed secretary of the Board of Trade, but lost both offices on the removal of his patron, and once more turned his views to medical practice as a support. In 1675 he travelled in the south of France, for relief from a pulmonary complaint, and settled for some years at Paris, where his reputation procured for him the acquaint-

ance of the most distinguished literary men. In 1679 the Earl of Shaftesbury, being made President of the Council, sent for his old friend and adviser, a summons which was immediately obeyed; but court favour was soon followed by disgrace, at that unfortunate and agitated period, for, in 1682, his Lordship, refusing to concur in the designs for establishing popery and despotism, was compelled to retire to the continent to avoid a prosecution for high treason; and Locke, adhering steadily to the fallen fortunes of his patron, followed him to Holland. Shaftesbury acted a very prominent part in politics, at a time when the state of public affairs excited the most intense interest; his character has therefore been represented in various lights, according to the feelings of the party writers of the day; and as his history is closely interwoven with that of Locke, it appears desirable to preserve and quote a delineation produced by the powerful mind of Charles James Fox.—"Shaftesbury seems to have been strictly a man of honour, if that praise can be given to one destitute of *public* virtue, and who did not consider Catholics as fellow-creatures, a feeling very common in those times. Locke was probably caught by his splendid qualities, his courage, his openness, his party zeal, his eloquence, his fair dealing with his friends, and his superiority to vulgar corruption. Locke's partiality might make him, on the other hand, blind to the indifference with which Shaftesbury espoused monarchical, arbitrary, or republican principles, as

best suited his ambition, but could it make him blind to the relentless cruelty with which he persecuted the Papists, in the affair of the Popish plot, merely, as it should seem, because it suited the purposes of the party with which he was then engaged? The second Dutch war was a bad business, in which he engaged heartily."—*Letter to Heywood.*

Such was Shaftesbury, to whom Locke's constant and disinterested attachment in adversity created for him many and powerful enemies at home, so that after the Earl's death he did not deem it safe to return to England, and he had been ejected from his place as student at Christ Church, by the special command of the King. This ejectment was a cruel, irregular, and unjust proceeding, and the correspondence respecting it appears worthy of insertion, as curious in itself, and as throwing a strong and steady light on the nature of those proceedings which disgusted the nation, goaded it on to rebellion against a tyrant, and terminated in that memorable revolution, which settled a constitutional government upon a basis so firm, and principles so wise, that it is likely to be the most durable of human institutions.

No. I.

"*To the* Bishop *of* Oxford.

Whitehall, Nov. 6, 1684.

My Lord,

The king being given to understand that one Mr. Locke, who belonged to the late Earl of Shaftesbury,

and has upon several occasions behaved himself very factiously and undutifully to the government, is a student of Christ Church, his majesty commands me to signify to your Lordship that he would have him removed from being a student, and that, in order thereto, your Lordship will let me know the method of doing it. I am, my Lord, &c.

SUNDERLAND."

No. II.

Reply to LORD SUNDERLAND.

"*Nov.* 8, 1684.

RIGHT HONOURABLE—I have received the honour of your Lordship's letter, wherein you are pleased to enquire concerning Mr. Locke's being a student of this house, of which I have this account to render, that he being, as your Lordship is truly informed, a person who was much trusted by the late Earl of Shaftesbury, and who is suspected to be ill affected to the government, I have for divers years had an eye upon him, but so close has his guard been on himself, that after several strict enquiries, I may confidently affirm there is not any one in the College, however familiar with him, who has heard him speak a word either against, or as much as concerning, the government. And although very frequently both in public and in private, discourses have been purposely introduced to the disparagement of his master, the Earl of Shaftesbury, his party and designs, he could

never be provoked to take any notice, or discover, in word or look, the least concern, so that I believe there is not in the world such a master of taciturnity and passion. He has here a physician's place, which frees him from the exercises of the College, and the obligation which others have to reside in it, and he is now abroad upon want of health; but notwithstanding that, I have summoned him to return home, which is done with this prospect, that if he comes not back he will be liable to expulsion for contumacy, and if he does, he will be answerable to your Lordship for what he shall be found to have done amiss, it being probable that though he may have been thus cautious here, where he knew himself to be suspected, he has laid himself more open in London, where a general liberty of speaking was used, and where the execrable designs against his Majesty and his government were managed and pursued. If he does not return by the first of June next, which is the limited time, I shall be enabled, of course, to proceed against him to expulsion; but if this method seem not effectual, or speedy enough, and his Majesty, our founder and visitor, shall please to command his immediate remove, upon the receipt thereof, directed to the Dean and Chapter, it shall accordingly be executed by your

Lordship's obedient servant,

J. Oxon."

No. III.

" *To the* BISHOP *of* OXON, *Dean of Christ Church, and to our trusty and well-beloved the Chapter there. We greet you well.*

Whereas we have received information of the factious and disloyal behaviour of Locke, one of the students of that our College; we have thought fit hereby to signify our will and pleasure to you that you forthwith remove him from his student's place, and deprive him of all the rights and advantages thereunto belonging, for which this shall be your warrant.

11*th Nov.* 1684.

By his Majesty's command, SUNDERLAND."

No. IV.

" *Nov.* 16, 1684.

To LORD SUNDERLAND.—His Majesty's command for the expulsion of Locke is fully executed.

J. OXON."

After this violent measure, in effecting which the courtly Bishop appears to little advantage, Locke formed, during his retirement at Amsterdam in 1686, a literary society, composed of the most learned men in the city, who met weekly for the purpose of unreserved intercourse, communication and discussion.

The world derived benefit from his temporary exile, for the leisure which it produced enabled him to finish his *Essay concerning the Human Understanding*, an abridgement of which, formed by himself, was translated into French by his friend Le Clerc, and inserted in the foreign journals; the plan of his work thus became generally known on the continent. His celebrated *Letter concerning Toleration*, which has since been very widely circulated, and generally admired, was written about the same time. In 1688 the Revolution enabled him to return to England, and he was recompensed for his ejection from Christ Church, by the appointment of commissioner of appeals, which produced an income of about L.200 a year. In 1690 his *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, which had long been expected by the literary world, was published, and it immediately exalted its author in general estimation to the first rank amongst thinking beings: it may be, as the acute and original observer John Horne Tooke has stated, rather a treatise on language, or on grammar, than on the understanding; but, even in this limited point of view, its merit and utility are very great, for an exact definition of the meaning of words is clearly and essentially necessary to the right comprehension of things. The next publication of Locke was a defence of the principles of the Revolution comprised in *Two Treatises on Government*. The depreciated state of the coin of the realm having attracted public attention as a great and increasing evil, he wrote several tracts on the subject replete with

just and original views, and showing how readily and effectually he could apply his extraordinary powers of reasoning to any subject. His reputation greatly extended his connexions and friendships with eminent men. He had a regular weekly conference with the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal; and when his declining health required country air, he found a warm welcome under the hospitable roof of the Earl of Peterborough at Fulham. An increasing asthmatic disorder rendered London at last a residence wholly unfit for him, and he accepted an invitation to Oates in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis Masham, where every thing was done to promote his comfort which refined society and the kindest attention could effect; where he found himself at full liberty to pursue his literary labours with all the advantages which books and leisure could furnish, and where, respected and beloved by all around him, he passed the remainder of his life.

He was appointed a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations in 1695, which rendered occasional journies to London necessary, but did not interrupt his literary occupations: in the same year he published *the Reasonableness of Christianity as delivered in the Scriptures*, a work which involved him in a controversy with Bishop Stillingfleet. His arguments were on all subjects so close, logical and clear, as to render him a formidable literary opponent on every topic.

His *Thoughts on Education* first appeared in 1693, and were greatly improved by degrees, as the import-

ance of the subject, and the manner in which he treated it, caused successive editions to be demanded. In 1700 his increasing infirmities induced him to resign into the King's own hands his office of Commissioner of Trade. His sovereign was fully sensible of his great merit, and urged him in vain to retain the appointment for life; but Locke was too conscientious to receive the emolument of a post when he was no longer able to fulfil its duties.

The remainder of his declining years he employed without intermission in the study of the Scriptures, an occupation in which he found so much support, consolation, and pleasure, as led him to wish that he had devoted to it a larger portion of his early years. He had been asked which was the shortest and surest way for a person to acquire a true knowledge of the Christian religion, and this was his memorable reply, "Let him study the holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament; it has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter."

The concluding scenes of his life passed in cheerful and elegant society at Oates. His body was suffering, but his mind was tranquil. His worth was fully appreciated by the family in which he resided, particularly by Lady Masham, a daughter of the learned Cudworth. She bestowed upon her illustrious guest those delicate, considerate, and numberless attentions which the unwearied kindness of the female heart alone knows how to pay, and by which the

sense of pain is beguiled and alleviated. Men, under such circumstances, however well inclined in disposition, want all the essential qualifications for attendance on the sick and suffering; and the same gentle hands which support infancy with such indefatigable care and wonderful self-denial, are also found most fit

> To smooth the pillow of declining age,
> And life's last ills with kindness to assuage.

Locke distinctly foresaw his approaching dissolution; but he had lived in such a manner as to be enabled to bear its approach with fortitude, and to speak of it with calmness. In a letter which he left for his friend Collins, he says, "this present existence affords no solid satisfaction but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hope of another life." On the day before his death he said "he had lived long enough, and was thankful that he had enjoyed a happy life; but that after all he looked upon this life to be nothing but vanity." After a restless night, he desired to be carried into his study, where he sunk to sleep in his chair; on awaking, he requested his kind and watchful friend, Lady Masham, to read some of the Psalms aloud, and after listening to her a short time, he expired with enviable composure on the 28th October 1704, in the seventy-third year of his age.

His bust was placed, by Queen Caroline, in the pavilion at Richmond, with those of the greatest English philosophers. His name will live as long as the

language in which he wrote. Locke was remarkable for practical wisdom: he applied an excellent understanding very successfully to the ordinary business of life; and it must be remembered that, to make great talents generally useful, is merit of the most distinguished kind. His manners were gentle, affable, and polished; in disposition he was cheerful, good-humoured, and kind. He knew the characters and habits of men thoroughly, and his valuable advice was always at the service of his numerous friends. His comprehension was so clear that he was enabled to throw a strong and steady light on every subject which he discussed in conversation or in his writings, and hence his name is frequently associated with the noble distinctive faculty of man, *Reason*; his memory and character being usually connected with this important subject, both in England and on the continent. His writings are calculated to exercise the faculties, and call forth the thinking powers of his readers; they tend also to exalt and ennoble his fellow-creatures, for he was on every occasion the firm and consistent friend of rational liberty, toleration, and truth. He lived long enough to enjoy the full benefit of a reputation which he had fairly earned, in the general esteem and admiration of all those eminent men, whose good opinion he deemed most desirable. An excellent discriminative character of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, has been compressed into small compass by Dr. Enfield, thus; "Discarding all systematic theories, the au-

thor has, from actual experience and observation, delineated the features, and described the operations of the human mind, with a degree of precision and minuteness not to be found in Plato, Aristotle, or Descartes. After clearing the way, by setting aside the whole doctrines of innate notions and principles, both speculative and practical, he traces all ideas to two sources, sensation and reflection; treats at large of the nature of ideas simple and complex; of the operations of the human understanding in forming, distinguishing, compounding, and associating them; of the manner in which words are applied as the representations of ideas; of the difficulties and obstructions in the search after truth, which arise from the imperfection of these signs, and of the nature, reality, kinds, degrees, casual hindrances, and necessary limits of human knowledge."

A few short quotations may serve to show the plain and clear manner in which Locke brought the powers of his mind to bear upon the use and daily business of life. In the following maxims he has condensed much practical wisdom. "There is scarce any thing more for the improvement of knowledge, for the ease of life, and the dispatch of business, than for a man to be able to dispose of his own thoughts."

"The understanding should be brought to the difficult parts of knowledge by insensible degrees, and in such a gradual proceeding, nothing is too hard for it."

"It is not to be imagined how far constancy will carry a man."

"Practice improves our minds and bodies, and we must expect nothing from our understandings, any further than they are perfected by habits."

Thus wrote this practical philosopher, whose works and example are calculated to make men wise and better.

NEWTON.

Sibi gratulentur mortales,
Tale tantumque extitisse,
Humani generis decus.
Epitaph.

THE particulars of Newton's early life and character have been investigated by Stukeley, with his usual minute diligence; and no fault would be found with antiquarian researches, if they were always directed to objects equally interesting. The biography of a man who did honour to his country and to human nature, by his talents, his industry, his acquirements, and his character, may be particular without being tedious. Isaac Newton was born on the 25th of December 1642, at Woolsthorpe, in the parish of Colsterworth, in Lincolnshire. His father was lord of the manor, and cultivated his own moderate paternal property; he belonged therefore to a class of men, in which independence, integrity, and happiness are probably more frequently found than in any other; and, to the number of this class, England may be said to owe its superiority over other nations, in attachment to order and constitutional law, in the com-

position of its excellent juries, and in that plain sound judgment which sees through the temporary mist of popular delusion, and makes the national feeling generally right at last. His ancestors came from Newtown or Newton, in Lancashire, and thence derived their name. The mother of Isaac Newton was Hannah Ayscough, of an ancient and respectable family in Lincolnshire. She lost her husband some months before the birth of her child, and the infant was so puny and diminutive, that serious apprehensions were long entertained for its life; the mighty genius which was destined to enlighten the world, appeared to struggle for mere existence.

Newton, after receiving the rudiments of education, in the usual manner, under the superintendence of his mother, was sent, at the age of twelve, to the grammar school at Grantham. The bias of his early genius was shown by a skill in mechanical contrivances, which excited great admiration; whilst other boys were at play, his leisure was employed in forming working models of mills and machinery; he constructed a water clock from an old box, which had an index moved by a piece of wood sinking as the drops fell from the bottom, and a regular dial plate to indicate the hours. His scientific paper kites, sent up in the dark, with Chinese paper lanterns attached to them, passed for meteors, and astonished the rustic gazers, at a time when such sights were rare and new:—the yard of the house in which he lived, he turned into a useful sun-dial, by marking, from

numerous observations, the hours upon the walls and roof. In his studies at school, his own report states him to have been negligent, till he was stimulated to exertion by the tyranny of a boy above him, on whom he determined to revenge himself, by passing him in the class; and he never rested till he became the first scholar.

His early attainments were not confined to mechanics; he showed a taste for the fine arts when he was a mere boy, and made very considerable proficiency in drawing, without having received any instruction; he copied prints, and even sketched portraits from life, with tolerable fidelity and success. The walls of his room were decorated with these productions of his leisure hours, and perhaps, at some public sale, the competition of great collectors may be excited by the offer of a drawing, warranted genuine, by the hand of Sir Isaac Newton;—such a rarity would undoubtedly command a very high price. Some verses, not superior in merit to such as schoolboys usually write, are also preserved as indications of Newton's poetical talents; they form an inscription under a portrait of Charles I., and end with these lines:—

> The crown of glory that I yonder see,
> Is full of bliss and of eternity.

He possessed, from his own report, considerable facility in versifying, but soon abandoned "the idle

trade," for a more serious "calling." He lived, when at Grantham, with Mr. Clark, an apothecary, who was brother to an under-master of the school. Miss Story, the young and blooming niece of Mrs. Clark, was the only female who is supposed to have made any impression on the heart of Newton. Instead of playing with other boys, he was in the habit of making, for her convenience and amusement, little tables and carriages, which moved mechanically like Merlin's chairs: his attachment to her is said to have continued even after he was sent to college; but as he could not marry without forfeiting his chance of a fellowship, and as he had no means of supporting a wife and family, he subdued his predilection in silence, and found consolation in the severest labour of study. He retained his feelings of kindness for her whilst she lived, visited her occasionally after she became Mrs. Vincent, and when she sunk into poverty he liberally supplied her wants. If he had not been by nature a calculator,—if, like thousands of his fellow-creatures he had listened to the dictates of passion, rather than the councils of prudence,—if he had married and turned farmer, as he probably must have done, for a subsistence, he might have lived and died a happy, obscure, substantial yeoman; the world would have wanted the *Treatise on Optics*, and its records would have been deprived of one of their greatest ornaments. The mother of Newton, after the death of his father, was married again to the Rev. Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham,

and resided there whilst he lived. She returned to Woolsthorpe, after the death of her second husband, and soon afterwards recalled her son from Grantham, to assist her in the management of his small paternal estate. His utter unfitness for the humble and laborious details of a farmer's life was manifested by degrees,—he was frequently reading under a tree when he should have been inspecting cattle, or superintending labourers; and when he was sent to dispose of farming produce at Grantham market, he was occupied in solving mathematical problems, in a garret or a hay-loft, whilst the business was transacted by an old servant who had accompanied him to the town. These strong indications of the bias of his disposition were not neglected by his anxious mother:—she sent him again for a few months to school, and on the 5th of June, 1660, he was admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, the library of which is now decorated by a fine statue of him, in his favourite attitude of patient thought.

The combination of industry and talents with an amiable disposition and unassuming manners naturally attracted the notice of his tutors, and the friendship of his admiring companions;—amongst these was Isaac Barrow, afterwards justly celebrated as a preacher and a mathematician; a man whose intellectual powers have very rarely been equalled, and in whom Newton found a mind, a disposition, and a taste perfectly congenial with his own. Saunderson's Logic, Kepler's Optics, and the Arithmetic of Infi-

nites by Wallis, were the books first studied by Newton at Cambridge. He read the Geometry of Descartes diligently,—looked into the subject of judicial astrology, which then occupied even such understandings as ought to have been superior to its delusions, but soon abandoned it on discovering the uncertainty of its foundations, and the folly of the pursuit. He read little of Euclid, and is said to have regretted in a subsequent part of his life, that he had not studied the old mathematicians more deeply; but it is probable that if he had been led by admiration of the ancients, to follow their track, he would have lost in originality more than he could have gained by what is called elegance of demonstration. He was methodical in every thing,—he kept a regular account of all his expenses at Cambridge; and under the date of 1664, it is recorded that he purchased a *prism*:—the fact of his buying a small piece of common glass may appear insignificant and trifling in itself, but it acquires the deepest interest when it is considered as the foundation of his brilliant discoveries in the science of optics; a subject which he may be said to have exhausted; for after the lapse of more than a century and a half, during which science in general has made such gigantic progress, little more is known on this particular branch than what Newton taught us.

He had been dissatisfied with the theory of Descartes on colours; and proceeding upon the admirable plan which he appears to have formed very early in life, of first establishing facts by exact experiments,

and reasoning from them cautiously without regard to any assumed theory, he arrived at those conclusions which enabled him to show the real nature of colours and light; and this important result was immediately published to the world in the transactions of the Royal Society. His conclusions were disputed for a time, but they have long since been admitted as true, at home and abroad.

In 1665 the students of the University of Cambridge were suddenly dispersed by the breaking out of a pestilential disorder in the place. Newton retired for safety to his own paternal estate; and though he lost for a time the advantages of public libraries and literary conversation, he rendered the years of his retreat a memorable era in his own existence, and in the history of science, by another of his great discoveries, that of the theory of gravitation. His mind was never idle; experiments, conclusions, and reflections occupied it continually. He saw an apple fall from a tree, and immediately began to consider the general laws which must regulate all falling bodies;—at that time a degree had never been accurately measured upon the surface of the earth,—his first attempts to account for the wonders of the whole solar system by the principle of gravitation alone, were therefore imperfect, from the want of sufficient data,—but resuming the subject afterwards, he found that the same cause which made an apple fall to the ground, retained the moon and the planets in their respective orbits, and regulated, with a simplicity and

power truly wonderful, the motions of all the heavenly bodies.

On his return to Cambridge in 1667, he was elected Fellow of Trinity College, and two years afterwards he was appointed Professor of mathematics in the place of his friend Dr. Barrow, who resigned. His great discoveries in the science of optics formed for some time the principal subject of his lectures, and his new theory of light and colours was explained with a clearness arising from perfect knowledge, to the satisfaction of a crowded and admiring audience. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1671, and is reported to have been compelled to apply for a dispensation from the usual payment of one shilling weekly, which is contributed by each member towards the expenses. He had at this period of his life no income except what he derived from his college and his professorship, the produce of his estate being absorbed in supporting his mother and her family. His personal wishes were so moderate that he never could regret the want of money, except inasmuch as it limited his purchases of books and scientific instruments, and restricted his power of relieving the distress of others. In 1683, having made his theory of gravitation more complete, by reasoning from accurate experiments and better data, he communicated the substance of it to the Royal Society in the form of propositions, demonstrating the regular motion of the primary planets round the sun. On this foundation he composed his great work, entitled

The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy, which was too learned to excite at once the applause which it deserved, but which, as it became gradually better understood, raised its author to the summit of reputation;—it was first duly appreciated on the continent, where the abstruse parts of mathematics were at that time more studied and better understood than in England. The Marquis de l'Hopital, one of the first mathematicians in France, inquired if Newton ate, drank, and slept like other men; "I suppose him in my own fancy," said he, "to be a celestial and intellectual being entirely divested of matter."

An attack having been made on the privileges of the University by King James the second, who commanded them to admit an ignorant Benedictine Monk to the degree of master of arts, and to dispense with his taking the oaths which their statutes required, that learned body resolutely refused to comply. When summoned to answer for this refusal before the formidable Royal Court of High Commission, they committed their defence to Newton, as one of their delegates, and he discharged this duty with so much firmness and ability, that the king found it necessary to recede from his unjust claim, and the mandamus was withdrawn. In 1688, the memorable year of the Revolution, Newton was chosen to represent the University in Parliament, and the honour thus conferred upon him was repeated in 1701. His great merit at last attracted the notice of those who had it in their power to bestow substantial rewards.

Charles Montague, chancellor of the exchequer, and afterwards Earl of Halifax, was ambitious of being considered a patron of literary and scientific men; he used his influence to procure a lucrative appointment for one whose great discoveries had already done honour to the age and to his country, and he announced the success of his efforts in the following letter.

"SIR,

I am very glad that I can give you a good proof of my friendship and the esteem the King has of your merits. Mr. Overton, the Warden of the Mint, is made one of the Commissioners of the Customs, and the King has promised me to make Mr. Newton Warden of the Mint. The office is most proper for you, is worth five or six hundred pounds a year, and has not business to require more attendance than you can spare. I desire that you will come up as soon as you can, and will take care of your warrant in the mean time. Let me see you as soon as you come to town, that I may take you to kiss the King's hand. I believe you may have a lodging near me.

I am, &c.

CHARLES MONTAGUE."

Newton's habits of patient and accurate investigation fitted him singularly for this important office, and his talents were soon called into active exercise by a general recoinage. He formed a very useful table of assays of foreign coins, which has been print-

ed, with a treatise on the subject by Arbuthnot.—About three years after his appointment to the Wardenship, he was placed at the head of the Mint with the title of Master and Worker, a post of the estimated yearly value of twelve hundred pounds, which he held, with general approbation, till his death. Honours and emolument now flowed fast upon him; in 1703 he was elected President of the Royal Society, a distinction which was annually repeated for the remainder of his life, and in 1705 he received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne at Cambridge. His treatise on optics, which comprised the result of thirty years of occasional study was published in 1704. His labours on that subject were as original as they were complete: he was the first who divided a ray of light into its constituent parts, and exactly ascertained their proper colours and degrees of refrangibility. His memory is understood to have dwelt with peculiar complacency on his optical discoveries; and he is said to have presented L.500 to his friend Dr. Samuel Clarke, as a recompence for translating into Latin this his favourite production. His treatise on the quadrature of curves, which contained the first mention in print of his method of fluxions, was published with his Optics; and his long delay in communicating to the world what he had known for more than thirty years caused the priority of invention to be disputed by Leibnitz, and occasioned a long and bitter controversy between the English and the German mathematicians. The

friends of Newton were active and zealous in vindicating his claim, and when the angry feelings which arose in the course of the dispute had subsided, justice was universally done to him as the inventor both at home and abroad. Leibnitz tried to revenge himself by sending over a problem which he thought would show his superiority by baffling the skill of the English mathematicians: it was received by Newton in the evening, after his usual day's labour at the Mint, and he solved it before he retired to rest. After the accession of King George the first, he was introduced to Caroline, Princess of Wales, and was one of the eminent men whom she took delight in assembling in her private apartments, where subjects of the highest importance were discussed in her presence. She had sagacity enough to discover the superiority of Newton's genius over that of the greatest of his cotemporaries, and said publicly that she felt happy in reflecting that it was her fortune to live in the world at a period when she had it in her power to converse with such a man. At her request he drew up an abstract of the result of his studies in chronology, a subject which, when at Cambridge, he had considered, by way of relief and amusement after severe mathematical labour: a copy was communicated to a French abbot, who promised that it should not be published without permission of the author, but, notwithstanding this pledge, it soon appeared in print at Paris translated into French; this system of chronology was generally adopted as the best. The habits

of Newton were not so studious and retired in London as they had been at Cambridge; he was regular in his attendance at the Mint, and his benevolence of disposition led him to perform all the minor duties of social life with great exactness; he paid and received frequent visits, he assumed no superiority in his conversation, he was candid, cheerful, and affable; his society was therefore much sought, and he submitted to intrusions on his valuable time without a murmur; but by early rising, and by a methodical distribution of his hours, he found leisure to study and compose, and every moment which he could command he passed with a pen in his hand and a book before him. His domestic establishment in London was liberal, but not ostentatious; it was managed for more than twenty years by his niece, who afterwards married Mr. Conduit, his successor at the Mint. He was generous and charitable, one of his maxims being that those who gave nothing before death, never, in fact, gave at all; yet, having neither taste nor leisure for personal expense, the salary of his office and the sale of his works had produced in his long life an accumulation of more than thirty thousand pounds, without any attachment to money on his part; for it has been stated that no man in his circumstances ever contributed more liberally than he did to the encouragement of learning, the relief of distress, and the comfort of his poor relations. He firmly refused pensions and lucrative situations which were repeatedly offered to him. There was so much sensibility

in his heart, that melancholy stories have frequently been observed to affect him even to tears, but no accident was ever known to disturb his enviable temper; on one occasion a favourite dog overturned a lighted candle amongst some manuscripts in his library, and the precious labours of years were rendered useless in a few minutes. "Poor animal! thou little knowest how much mischief thou hast done!" was the only comment made by this Christian philosopher. His wonderful faculties were very little impaired even in extreme old age, and his cheerful disposition, combined with temperance and a constitution naturally sound, preserved him from the usual infirmities of life. His aspect, even to his last illness, was pleasing, venerable, and prepossessing. He was of middle size, with a figure inclining to plumpness, his eyes were animated, piercing, and intelligent, the general expression of his countenance was full of life and kindness; it was the emanation of a mind whose recollections and anticipations were all delightful: his sight was preserved to the last, and his hair in the decline of his days was white as snow. The severe trial of bodily suffering was reserved for the last stage of his existence, and he supported it with characteristic resignation. He was afflicted, when nearly eighty years old, with a painful and incurable complaint, from which the great skill of his friend Dr. Mead could not relieve him; under the most severe paroxysms of his disorder a murmur never escaped from his lips; he suffered in silence, whilst his anxious visitors saw

the drops of perspiration flow down his cheek, and at every interval of ease he conversed with his usual cheerfulness. On Saturday the 18th of March, 1726, he talked for some time with Dr. Mead in a manner which indicated the possession of all his faculties, but in the night he became insensible, and remained so till Monday the 20th, when he expired at the advanced age of eighty-four years and three months.

Sir Isaac Newton was beloved, respected, and admired at home; and in every civilized country his name was held in honour. The last tribute to his remains was paid with appropriate solemnity;—his body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey at the expense of the nation:—the pall was supported by the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Roxburgh and Montrose, the Earls of Sussex, Pembroke, and Macclesfield,—the funeral service was read by the Bishop of Rochester, and the full choir attended. A noble monument was raised to his memory, with an inscription, the last line of which truly states that he was an ornament of human kind; but his works form the most imperishable record of his fame, which will live as long as language endures. The members of scientific institutions in foreign countries vied with each other in doing justice to his character, and his transcendent merit soared so high above national prejudice, envy, and detraction, that it has been acknowledged by posterity without a dissenting voice. His works were published in 1779 by Dr. Horsley, in five quarto

volumes,—the editions and the commentaries upon them have since been very numerous.

Queen Caroline, who was distinguished for her attachment to literature and science, caused a pavilion to be erected at Richmond, and decorated it with the busts of Clarke, Locke, Bacon, and Newton, whom she considered the greatest of English philosophers. Clarke, whose character she well understood and valued, was an able and a learned man, but in originality of genius he was inferior to the rest. Bacon and Locke may rather be said to have detected the errors of former systems, than to have invented new ones; they taught the art of reasoning justly, but their own discoveries were few. The greatest of these celebrated men was Newton.

The character of Newton cannot be delineated and dismissed in a page like that of ordinary men; its unity is so beautiful that the biographer must dwell upon it with delight, and the inquiry by what means he attained an undisputed superiority over his fellow-creatures, must be both interesting and useful. It has been asserted that all men are born equal in talents, and that the difference which exists amongst them is the effect of education; but this is disproved by the observation of every parent and every schoolmaster, a decided inequality in capacity for receiving instruction being exhibited distinctly by children even in infancy. Newton was endowed with talents of the highest order, but those who are less eminently gifted may study his life with advantage, and derive instruction from every part

of his career. He modestly said of himself, that if he had done any thing worthy of notice, if he had rendered the world any service, it was owing rather to industry and patient thought, than to natural quickness of intellect. "I keep the subject constantly before me," said he, "and wait till the first dawnings open slowly, by little and little, into a full and clear light." Two valuable qualities of his mind are conspicuous in this short account of himself, which all may imitate who will earnestly attempt it;—humility and patience of investigation;—the acquisition of them will not enable a man to compose such works as the *Principia*, and the *Treatise on Optics*, but it will undoubtedly contribute greatly to his success in every rational pursuit.

Newton was temperate, diligent, generous, and charitable; and those who imitate him in the exercise of these virtues, the practice of which is possible to all, will reap rewards like his, in health, cheerfulness, and the respect of the world.

His epitaph has the merit of comprehending much correct and discriminating praise in little compass; it truly states that, with a power of intellect almost divine, he demonstrated the motions of planets, the orbits of comets, and the cause of the tides of the ocean; that he investigated, with complete success, the properties of light and colours, which no man before had even suspected; that he was the diligent, sagacious, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and scripture; that his philosophy tended to exalt

the glory of the Creator, and that he exhibited in his manners the purity and simplicity of the doctrines of the gospel. This statement is indisputably true in all its parts; it will be found, when attentively read, to comprise all the qualities which can entitle a man to universal admiration; and his extraordinary merit seems to have been unalloyed with any of those faults and frailties which are usually deemed inseparable from human nature. Well, therefore, may those who study his history be allowed to feel proud of him as a fellow-mortal and a countryman; and he, who in his studies and attainments, earnestly pursues perfection, may learn from Newton's example how nearly it is possible to reach it.

His candour in estimating the merits of others led him to bestow praise liberally where it was deserved; and he lived in the constant interchange of kind offices and communications with all the eminent literary and scientific men of the age. Of Cotes the mathematician, whose premature death he lamented as an irreparable loss to science, he said, "if Cotes had lived, the world would have known something," but whilst he cheerfully contributed to extend the fame of others, he was careless of his own to a remarkable degree;—if he had published his method of fluxions, when he first discovered it, no opportunity could have existed for contesting his claim to priority of invention, but he communicated the immense stores of his knowledge freely, for the benefit of others, both in conversation and by letters, and

enough of his method transpired to enable Leibnitz to publish it, with slight alterations, as his own. In the warm disputes which followed, Newton interfered so little that it seemed as if he felt no interest in the result. He left his vindication to the care of his friends, in the consciousness that posterity would finally do justice. In the operations of his mind, there is as little of weakness or failure to be discerned as in his moral character; his mode of proceeding in his investigations was simple and uniform; he took nothing for granted that was capable of being demonstrated by experiment; his first care was to establish facts, and his reasonings from them are beautiful models of that inductive philosophy which was strongly recommended by Bacon as the surest road to truth;—by pursuing this path cautiously and steadily, the secrets of nature were laid open to him by degrees, and he proceeded from one sublime discovery to another. It appears, therefore, that from his great example we may learn to love truth ardently, and to pursue it with diligence in investigation, caution in reasoning, and perseverance in pursuit. It would, indeed, be hopeless to expect success like his from the constant application of the same qualities to similar studies:—great discoveries in optics, astronomy, and mathematics, cannot be made frequently; but he who imitates the habits of Newton so far as his abilities extend, will derive benefit from the attempt in all the common pursuits of life; and the nearer he approaches to his model, the more

will his character be exalted, and his happiness promoted.

Newton was a firm believer in Christianity, not as men in general believe, by coldly assenting to the truth of doctrines, merely because they have been early inculcated by parents and preceptors. He was deeply learned in history and chronology, and he applied the unrivalled powers of his mighty intellect to the complete examination of a subject, compared with which, all others sink into insignificance: the result was a clear conviction of the truth of revealed religion, which is demonstrated in all his works, and which was still more effectually shown in his life and conduct: those who consider his character will duly appreciate the value of his testimony.

BEATTIE.

James Beattie was born on the 25th of October, 1735, at Lawrencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, a humble village, which the fostering care of a Scotch Judge, Lord Gardenstoun, has since raised to the rank of a town or borough. The ancestors of Beattie had been little farmers for generations on the same spot, and his father endeavoured to provide for a family of six children by adding the profit of a small shop to that of his farm: he was an upright and a well-informed man, and died generally respected in his humble station by all around him. Education was so cheap in Scotland, that his widow, by the assistance of her eldest son, was enabled to keep the younger children at school. James thus received the rudiments of classical instruction at Lawrencekirk, where, about forty years before, Ruddiman, whose excellent grammatical publications are still justly celebrated, had officiated as teacher. At the age of fourteen he was removed to the Marischal College at Aberdeen, and there he was fortunate enough to find a friend in his tutor, the learned Greek professor, Dr. Thomas Blackwell. By him he was encouraged and distin-

guished, and his slender finances were aided by one of the bursaries, or scholarships, which supply the poor student with a small stipend for a limited number of years, and which may be considered excellent institutions when they are given, as at Aberdeen, after public and impartial examination, to those who want them most and deserve them best. Beattie pursued his Greek studies diligently for four years, and he left behind him proofs of the industry and judgment with which he had read the best authors in verse and prose; his interleaved copies of Homer and Xenophon being completely filled with original manuscript notes. This mode of study cannot be too strongly recommended; the reader, whatever he undertakes to learn, should always have a pen in his hand, and he will find by experience, that the habit of making his own remarks, on all occasions, will prove a most beneficial exercise of his reasoning faculties. It has been justly observed, that reading without observation is little better than dreaming. Besides the Greek lectures, Beattie attended the class of Dr. Gerard in philosophy, and that of Dr. Pollock in divinity. He appears to have been originally intended for the church; but in a probationary lecture which he delivered in the divinity hall he exhibited, as Thomson had done on a similar occasion, a poetical fancy which was considered too refined for a popular audience. On the 1st of August, 1758, he was appointed parochial schoolmaster of Fordoun, a village at the foot of the Grampian mountains, where

he also officiated as parish clerk, and where he had no society whatever above the rank of the neighbouring peasantry, except that of Mr. Forbes the minister, and his family, whom he found hospitable and kind. Fortunately he was a warm admirer of rural scenery, which, around his new abode, was wild, beautiful, and romantic; his mind was well stored with images derived from his extensive classical studies; his imagination was naturally poetical, and, as he traced the mountain torrents of the Grampians along the silent recesses and woody dells which form their banks in those sequestered regions, he found an unfailing and independent resource for his solitary hours in composition. He has admitted, in one of his letters, that the exquisite picture of a poet's feelings and enjoyments, which he has delineated in the *Minstrel*, was taken almost entirely from his own sensations at this happy period of his existence; and that he perfectly recollected acting and thinking just as he represents Edwin to have acted and thought.

Many of the admirable descriptions in the *Minstrel* were copied from the romantic natural scenery near Fordoun, and therefore possess a freshness and truth which will always recommend them to such as love those valuable qualities. He was in the habit of frequently walking out into the fields at day-break to watch the sun rise: the many admirers of the *Minstrel* may still trace his favourite landscapes: like all poets he delighted in the early song of the soaring lark on a summer's morning; and the lone woody

vallies and misty hills of Fordoun supplied him with lines, stanzas, and recollections during the whole of his poetical career. In this romantic and attractive solitude he remained for five years, at the end of which period a vacancy occurring in the post of usher of the grammar school at Aberdeen, he became a candidate, on the recommendation of Mr. Forbes, and was elected on the 20th of June, 1758. This humble appointment gave Beattie the advantages of access to public libraries and literary society: his excellent principles, his poetical talents, his extensive acquired knowledge, and his unassuming, cheerful manners, procured for him many warm friends amongst the professors of the two colleges, and the respectable inhabitants of the town; some of whom possessed literary taste and information. To one of these friends, whom his own merit had attached to him, Mr. Arbuthnot, a near relative of the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, he was indebted for a great improvement in his situation and prospects. A professor's chair in Marischal College became vacant in 1760, and an application was made through Lord Errol to the Duke of Argyll, who then dispensed the favours of the Crown in Scotland, which fortunately proved successful. On the 8th of October, Beattie was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic. The post to which the kind influence of his friends, and his own talents, had procured his appointment, at the early age of twenty-five, was highly respectable in the estimation of the world, and sufficiently lucra-

tive to supply his moderate wants. If his career be traced up to this period of his existence, he will be found to have been a singularly fortunate man. His seclusion at Fordoun was accompanied by no sacrifice, and it was suited in many respects to his disposition: his professorship exalted him in the scale of society, gave him the command of books, and abundant leisure for composition, and greatly extended his means of being useful in forming the principles and directing the pursuits of a numerous body of students: his duties for five months of attendance were laborious; but, for the remainder of the year, he was entirely master of his own time; and the part allotted for recreation was the most pleasant season.

He performed the duties of his station conscientiously; for he was not content with merely composing and reading lectures, from which alone, it is probable that little benefit has ever been derived; but he also examined his pupils periodically, encouraged them to converse and ask questions, recapitulated the substance of what he wished to communicate, and at last published a very valuable compendium of moral science, under the title of *Elements*, from which his young friends might derive continued and important instruction after they had been separated from their preceptor. His new situation greatly enlarged the list of his acquaintances and friends; he became a member of a literary and philosophical society at Aberdeen, in which he had for associates, Dr. Campbell, the learned translator of the Four Gospels, Dr. Reid, the acute inquirer

into the intellectual powers of man, Dr. Gerard the author of an excellent Essay on Taste, Dr. Gregory, well known for his admirable *Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, and many other learned men.

In 1760, he published in London, a small collection of original poems and translations, which he dedicated to the Earl of Errol, in gratitude for the exertions made by that nobleman to procure for him a professor's chair. Of some of the fugitive pieces contained in this unassuming little volume, the author did not think favourably enough to admit of their being reprinted at a subsequent period, when his reputation as a poet was established; but the book was well received, and contained many indications of talents capable of effecting greater things. The ode entitled *Retirement* is beautiful, and bears many traces of the same original genius which afterwards produced the *Minstrel*. His verses on the death of Churchill, published anonymously in 1764, showed considerable power in satirical composition, and the impression was speedily sold. The Poet, whose memory he held up to public reprobation, certainly deserved the censure of every good man, for having applied great poetical genius to the dissemination of falsehood, personal scandal, and sedition; yet it seemed ungenerous to attack an author who was gone to answer for faults which he could neither repent nor extenuate; and, in the second edition, the name of Churchill was properly omitted. In the year 1765, the Poet Gray having paid a visit to Scotland,

Beattie, who was an enthusiastic admirer of his published works, and anxiously desired a personal acquaintance with the learned author, wrote to invite him to Aberdeen. The invitation was declined, but the writer was kindly and hospitably requested by Lord Strathmore to meet Gray at Glammis Castle. The interview which followed was mutually satisfactory, and produced a permanent friendship between two men who were in every respect worthy of each other's regard.

Gray has been called reserved and fastidious, but, in a letter to Sir William Forbes, Beattie thus speaks of his character and manners:—"Setting aside his merit as a Poet, which, however, in my opinion, is greater than any of his cotemporaries can boast, in this or in any other nation, I found him possessed of the most exact taste, the soundest judgment, and the most extensive learning. He is happy in a singular facility of expression. His conversation abounds in original observations, delivered with no appearance of sententious formality, and seeming to arise spontaneously without study or premeditation. I passed two very agreeable days with him at Glammis, and found him as easy in his manners, and as communicative and frank as I could have wished."

The following extract of a letter from Beattie to Mr. Boyd is worth preserving, as it exhibits in a playful manner some of the personal and mental peculiarities of the writer: "Have I not headachs like Pope? Vertigo like Swift? Grey hairs like Homer? Do I

not wear large shoes like Virgil? and sometimes complain of sore eyes like Horace? Like Joseph, the Patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams,—like Nimrod, the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles (in the air.) I procrastinate like Julius Cæsar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quixote, I rode a horse lean, old, and lazy like Rosinante; sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses, and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil. I am of small stature like Alexander the Great, and I am somewhat inclinable to fatness, like Dr. Arbuthnot and Aristotle. I might compare myself, in relation to many other infirmities, to many other great men; but if fortune is not influenced in my favour by the particulars already enumerated, I shall despair of ever recommending myself to her good graces."

On Beattie's appointment to the situation of usher in the grammar school at Aberdeen, he had been kindly received as a frequent visitor in the family of Dr. Dun, the head master. He had been before almost a stranger to society, and had never experienced that peculiar fascination which the presence of pleasing, lively, and accomplished female companions always exercises on young men of warm feelings and intelligent minds. He was passionately fond of music:—Miss Dun was attractive in person, amusing in conversation, sung and accompanied herself on the harpsichord:—a mutual attachment grew up by degrees between her and Beattie, and, in 1767, as soon as he had rational hopes of providing for a wife and

family, they were married. For a few short years his visions of earthly happiness were fully realized, but his wife unfortunately inherited from her mother a tendency to insanity, which at first exhibited itself in caprices of temper frequent enough to imbitter every domestic day. He supported this calamity with exemplary patience till, the distemper gaining ground with the advance of age, he found himself at last compelled to place her in an asylum for insane persons, near Edinburgh; where she lived, without recovering the use of her reason, to extreme old age. The best part of his life was passed in unavailing efforts to reclaim and restore her wandering mind, before he proceeded to the extremity of final separation. In 1768 he first formed the design of his greatest prose work, *An Essay on the Immutability of Truth*. He was justly indignant at the boldness and apparent success with which the Atheists and Sceptics promulgated their dangerous doctrines, and he found nothing in their arguments which the use of plain common sense could not satisfactorily explain and refute. Philosophers, as he justly said, have ascribed all religion to human policy;—they may ascribe all morality to the same origin, and then the foundation of human society, as well as of human happiness, will be effectually undermined. At the head of the school of unbelievers in Edinburgh was the celebrated David Hume, whose fame as an historian, combined with his attractive and cheerful social qualities, gave him extensive influence in the north-

ern metropolis. Dr. Reid and others who had attempted to reply to his arguments, had treated him with too much forbearance and lenity, and had thus diminished the confidence of their readers in the goodness of their cause. Beattie deemed it his duty to pursue a different track;—he determined honestly and fearlessly to expose the consequences of infidel doctrines, and to call sophistry by its proper name, from whatever source it might be derived. He thought the sceptical philosophy contradictory to itself, and destructive of religion and virtue, as he stated in his letter to Dr. Blacklock; and that those who professed it were the corrupters of science, the pests of society, and the enemies of mankind. With truth for his object, and the good of his fellow-creatures for his end, he proceeded to compose and correct his essay with all the caution and diligence which the importance of the task demanded:—by the kind interference of his friends, Sir William Forbes and Mr. Arbuthnot, some pecuniary difficulties which obstructed the publication were removed, and, in May 1770, his long expected treatise appeared in print, under the title of *An Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism.*

The cause of religion and morality wanted at that time a fearless and able defender; Beattie determined to make no compromise with men whose avowed principles he despised and detested; he felt that their opinions were as fallacious as they were dangerous, and he exposed them in all their real weakness and

deformity. His work effected the good which his best friends had anticipated; it was widely circulated on its first appearance, and the sale of Hume's sceptical works was, soon after, greatly diminished.

No book ever raised an author more speedily to that enviable celebrity which rests upon the approbation of wise and good men, than the Essay on Truth. Its publication may be considered one of the most memorable events in the life of Beattie;—he had before been respected and beloved by the limited circle within which he was known, but his fame afterwards rapidly extended to every part of the kingdom, and, on his visiting London, he found no difficulty in obtaining access to all that was elevated in rank, polished in society, or eminent in learning. He was invited to enter into orders in the Church of England, by Dr. Hay Drummond Archbishop of York, with a promise of patronage and preferment; and, subsequently, at different periods, valuable livings in Dorsetshire and Hampshire were spontaneously offered to him by Mr. John Pitt, and by Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester. These offers he declined for private reasons, arising chiefly from the state of his family, though he considered the form of worship in the Church of England more nearly perfect than any other, and duly appreciated those most beautiful compositions, the prayers of the Liturgy. He was honoured with an interview, and familiar literary conversation, for an hour, with the late King, George the third, at Kew Palace, and soon afterwards receiv-

ed a warrant for a pension from Government, of two hundred pounds a year for life, as a requital for his literary merit. The first edition of the *Essay on Truth* was soon exhausted, and a second was published early in 1771: he changed some passages, on revising the work, in which he had originally shown rather too much controversial warmth, and added a postscript, in which he replied to the attacks made upon him by the friends of Hume. In the same year the first canto of the *Minstrel* appeared, without the author's name; this original and beautiful poem was generally applauded, and still maintains its favour with the public, though the design was never completed. The character of the bard is drawn from life, and the scenery from nature:—perhaps the acknowledged inferiority of the second canto may be accounted for, by his having exhausted the vivid recollections of his youth in composing the first; and it is probable that, for the same reason, he found insuperable difficulties in finishing a third canto to his own satisfaction, though the outlines of the story had long been traced in his own mind. It was his intention to represent the country of the Minstrel as invaded by ferocious enemies, and Edwin, arrived at mature age, as exciting his friends to arms by his songs, and leading them to battle and to victory. The talent required to make this last canto effective was possessed by Gray, who would have done it justice; but Beattie's peculiar poetical genius was pathetic and descriptive, and as a failure might

reasonably be expected, he judged wisely in making no attempt.

The frequency of recollection and quotation is a fair criterion of popular favour, and even of poetical merit; for the deliberate judgment of the majority of mankind is not often far from the truth:—tried by this test, the *Minstrel* must be allowed to rank with the best productions of its class, for it is read, repeated, quoted, and remembered with pleasure.—Juvenile poems sometimes possess that freshness of nature, which is so attractive in description, to a greater degree of perfection than later works;—Beattie, for instance, thus concludes the fable of the Hares:

Now from the western mountain's brow,
Compass'd with clouds of various glow,
The sun a broader orb displays,
And shoots aslope his ruddy rays;
The lawn assumes a fresher green,
And dew-drops spangle all the scene,
The balmy zephyr breathes along,
The shepherd sings his tender song,
With all their lays the groves resound,
And falling waters murmur round,
Discord and care were put to flight,
And all was peace and calm delight.

This is evidently not invention but recollection.—"The scenery of a mountainous country," says the author, in a letter to Lady Forbes, "the ocean, the sky, thoughtfulness and retirement, and sometimes

melancholy objects and ideas, had charms in my eyes, even when I was a school-boy."

In 1773 the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Beattie, at Oxford, with the concurrence and approbation of the whole University. A very fine portrait of him was soon afterwards painted, and presented to him by Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose friendship was one of the many advantages which his literary works had procured for him. The picture contained also a beautiful figure of an angel, represented as weighing truth in a balance, and driving away the allegorical forms of Scepticism, Prejudice, and Folly. It was deemed one of the best productions, both in design and colouring, of that great master.

On the occurrence of a vacancy in the professorship of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh, Dr. Beattie was warmly urged to accept it, but though the emolument was considerable, and the situation highly respectable, he declined it for the same reasons which had before prevented him from entering into the Church of England. He was unhappy at home, and was unwilling to expose the unfortunate state of his wife's intellects to strangers.

He sought recreation in occasional change of scene, and found in London many warm friends and admirers, ready to show him every possible mark of kindness and regard. He was greatly indebted, for introduction to persons eminent in rank and literature, to Mrs. Montague, (the ingenious commentator

on Shakspeare, and the friend of Elizabeth Carter and Hannah More,) who, having been left in early life a widow, without family, and in possession of a large income, took pleasure in assembling under her hospitable roof, persons of the most distinguished talents, for the rational purpose of enjoying literary conversation. She felt the warmest interest in the welfare of Dr. Beattie, corresponded with him regularly, frequently made him the minister of her bounty to distressed objects, and was constant in her friendship to him and to his family, as long as he lived. The greater part of his summer months he usually passed at Peterhead, a place which united the advantages of a chalybeate spring and sea-bathing, and where his health was recruited by retirement and pure air, after the fatigue of professional duty, and the labour of composition. He became attached to the place by habit, and was personally acquainted with nearly all the inhabitants.—The chief source of the pleasure which he enjoyed there was the education of his two sons, whose talents he watched and cultivated with the fondest care; for, disappointed in his hopes of conjugal happiness, his affections were fixed with concentrated force upon his children. He was particularly delighted with the classical acquirements, the piety, and excellent disposition of his elder son, whose distinction in the career of literature he fully anticipated, and whose dawning prospects he contemplated with pride and pleasure: a hope like this is one of the purest and highest gratifications of exist-

ence, and when it fades away like a dream, the blank which it leaves behind must be dreadful. It was not permitted to Dr. Beattie to see his parental wishes fulfilled. He was doomed to find, as he prophetically said in his poem on Retirement,

> That present pleasure soon is o'er,
> And all the past is pain.

It was in the year 1784 that the state of Mrs. Beattie's mind rendered her removal to a regular asylum for insane patients absolutely necessary; the feelings of her husband were greatly agitated on this melancholy occasion, and his medical friends recommended change of scene for the restoration of his sinking health and spirits. He visited London, and found there all the consolation which the kindness and sympathy of his numerous friends could bestow; but the scene was too gay and animated for his feelings, and he gladly accepted an invitation from Dr. Porteus, whom he had known as Rector of Lambeth, and who was then Bishop of Chester, to the tranquil parsonage at Hunton, near Maidstone. His account of the place, in his letter to Sir William Forbes, and his description of its excellent inhabitants, are sufficiently interesting to deserve selection, as a specimen of his epistolary style, which is almost equal to that of Gray, or Cowper:—

"I am now arrived at a place where external nature wears a face of the most profound tranquillity; and wish I had time and capacity to give you a de-

scription of this parsonage;—it is delightfully situated about half way down a hill, fronting the south; my windows command a prospect extending southward about twelve miles, and from east to west not less I suppose than forty. In this whole space I do not see a single speck of ground that is not in the highest degree cultivated. The lawns in the neighbourhood, the hop-grounds, the rich verdure of the trees, and their endless variety, form scenery so picturesque and so luxuriant, that it is not easy to fancy any thing finer. Add to this, the cottages, churches, and villages, rising here and there among the trees, and scattered over the whole country. The only thing wanting is the murmur of running water, but we have some ponds, and clear pools, which glitter through the woods, and have a very pleasing effect. There is no road in sight, the hedges that overhang the highways being very high, so that we see neither carriages nor travellers, and indeed hardly any thing in motion, which conveys such an idea of quiet as I never was conscious of before. The Bishop has improved his parsonage and the grounds about it as much as they can be improved, and made it one of the pleasantest spots in England; the whole is bounded by a winding gravel walk about half a mile in circumference. You are no stranger to the character of this amiable man; Mrs. Porteus is not less amiable; their house is the mansion of peace, piety, and cheerfulness; my health is greatly improved; the tranquillity and plenty of this charming coun-

try are a continual feast to my imagination. I must be insensible indeed, if the kindness and the instructive conversation of my excellent friend the Bishop and his lady did not powerfully operate in soothing my mind, and improving my heart. The neighbours are a small but select society, eminently distinguished for their piety, literature and hospitality. Our hour of breakfast is ten. Immediately before it, the Bishop calls his family together, prays with them, and gives them his blessing: the same thing is constantly done after supper, when we part for the night. In the intervals of breakfast, and in the evening when there is no company, his Lordship sometimes reads to us. After breakfast we separate and amuse ourselves as we think proper till four, the hour of dinner. At six, when the weather is fair, we either walk, or make a visit to some of the clergy, or gentry in the neigbourhood, and return about eight. We then have music, in which I am almost the only performer: my audience is very willing to be pleased. On Sundays we repair at eleven to the small but neat church,—the congregation are exemplary in their decorum,—the prayers are well read by the Curate, and the Bishop preaches. He is, in my opinion, the best preacher in respect both of composition and delivery I have ever heard. After evening service, during the summer months, he generally delivers from his pew a catechetical lecture addressed to the children, who, for this purpose, are drawn up in a line before him along the area of the church. In these lectures, he

explains to them, in the simplest and clearest manner, yet with his usual elegance, the fundamental and essential principles of religion and morality; and concludes with an address to the more advanced in years. I have not yet fixed a day for my departure from this paradise."

This description of the life passed at Hunton appears to combine nearly all the elements of which human happiness is composed. We find in the picture amiable dispositions, conjugal affection, beautiful scenery, refined society, time rationally employed in acts of piety to God, and utility to mankind, and hearts prepared to enjoy these great advantages with cheerfulness and gratitude.

The effect produced on the mind of Dr. Beattie by the contemplation of such a scene of earthly felicity was soothing and refreshing; but it was unfortunately temporary, for additional trials and domestic sorrows awaited him at home. To a new edition of the *Essay on Truth*, which was published in quarto in London, with a list of 500 subscribers, he added three other essays on *Poetry and Music*, on *Laughter and Ludicrous Composition*, and on *the Utility of Classical Learning*; and, in 1786, he published an admirable little work under the title of *Evidences of the Christian Religion briefly and plainly stated*, in which he has concentrated the arguments for the divine origin of Christianity in a popular, clear, and attractive form. In 1787, the declining state of his health rendering relaxation and aid in the perform-

ance of his duties necessary, he made a formal application to the professors of Marischal College for the appointment of his son, James Hay Beattie, then in his twentieth year, to the post of assistant lecturer: in this he succeeded, and he watched the progress of this promising young man to general esteem and eminence with increasing delight; but the son died of consumption, after a year of lingering illness and suffering, on the 19th of November 1790, and in his grave the earthly hopes and enjoyments of the father were buried for ever. He supported the loss with resignation:—"I adore," he said, "the Author of all good, who gave him grace to lead such a life, and die such a death, as makes it impossible for a Christian to doubt of his having entered upon the inheritance of a blessed immortality." He collected and published his son's works, with an affecting account of his early talents and excellent character.

He was destined to undergo further trials:—in 1793 he was deprived of his sister by sudden death, and on the 14th of March 1796, he lost his only surviving son, Montague, at the age of eighteen. Bereft of his children, and separated from his wife by an incurable mental malady, he sunk into a state of stupor, and sometimes has said to his niece after searching from room to room, "You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a s .., and where he is." From this melancholy state he never entirely recovered, but he lingered till the 18th of August 1803, when he died, aged 68. His works in verse and prose will long delight and instruct mankind.

COWPER.

William Cowper, whose talents, manners, and melancholy, rendered him an object of the deepest interest to all the lovers of English poetry, was born at Berkhampstead on the 26th of November 1731. He retained the benefit of his mother's care and tuition only for six years. She died at the age of 34, leaving the remembrance of her affection so deeply impressed on the mind of her child, that it continued unefaced to the end of his life. His father, the second son of Judge Cowper, was rector of Great Berkhampstead, and one of the King's chaplains.

William Cowper was placed for education under the care of Dr. Pitman, at Market Street, and removed from thence, on account of a complaint in his eyes, to the house of a female oculist, where he wasted two precious years:—it is remarkable that the translator of Homer and of Milton's Latin poetry should, in his youth, have been threatened with blindness:—if this affliction had visited him, the world could never have enjoyed his exquisite descriptions of natural scenery, as the talent for observation was developed in him at an unusually late period of life; but even

if that source of imagery had been closed, his original genius must have burst forth under some form of original composition, and his country might have had to boast of another great epic poet. He was sent to Westminster school at the age of fourteen, and there an attack of the small-pox delivered him from the inflammation of his eyes and all its consequences. The tyranny of the senior boys at Westminster rendered his existence miserable; his mind was too gentle and timid for the rude trials which he experienced there:—the years passed at school are often erroneously counted amongst the happiest of human life; but to him and to many others they certainly proved the most wretched.

The early death of his mother was an irreparable loss to Cowper. Devotion seems to be a natural inherent feeling in a woman's heart; and her first object, when she becomes a parent, is to impress indelible lessons of religion on the mind of her child:—she wishes to point out to a being feeble and dependent as herself, a source of unfailing support and comfort; and the attempt is generally successful. Cowper was removed from his paternal roof too soon to derive permanent benefit from such instructions; and, in his own memoirs he states, that he had thought little on religion for the first thirty-two years of his life;—yet he remembered deriving consolation from a passage in the Psalms when he was suffering under the oppression of juvenile tyranny. He left Westminster with a moderate share of learning, such as enabled

him to read, understand, and translate Homer, but not without some aid from critics and commentators; and to compose Latin verses, but not with the genuine classical spirit which reminds readers of Virgil and Horace. His temper was a singular compound of simplicity, liveliness, and timidity; and he showed, even in the early part of his career, that power of winning and securing the attachment of his friends, for which he was so much distinguished at the close of his troubled existence.

He entered the office of Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, with the intention of studying the law as a profession, in the year 1749, and remained with him for three years; but preferring the society of some of his schoolfellows, and of some lively and attractive female relations who resided near Bloomsbury Square, to the uninteresting labour of the office, he made no satisfactory progress. He afterwards took chambers in the Inner Temple, as a regular student for the bar, and over the twelve years which he passed there, the friendly biographer would wish to draw a veil, if a statement of the truth were not a paramount and imperious duty. They were years of dissipation, during which his life was useless to others, and a burden to himself. In the early part of his residence there, he was first seized with that depression of spirits which became an occasional constitutional malady, and which, either in anticipation or recollection, imbittered his life; —"lying down in horror and rising up in despair," as he emphatically says of himself, he resort-

ed to literature, and to the pursuits which are usually called amusements, without relief. "In this state of mind," he adds, "I continued nearly a twelvemonth, when, having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, I at length betook myself to God in prayer. Weak as my faith was, the Almighty, who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, was graciously pleased to hear me." This salutary impression of aid from Heaven proved transitory, and he soon relapsed into his former habits. In 1756 his father died, and as scarcely a trace is to be found in the voluminous correspondence published by Hayley, of gratitude for parental instruction after the first years of childhood, it is to be presumed that this most important duty had not been very diligently or efficiently performed by Dr. Cowper, for the payment of a debt of gratitude so contracted, would have been a pride and a pleasure to the affectionate heart of such a son. Cowper's inheritance was not considerable, and during his stay in the Temple the greater part of it was spent. He had arrived at the age of thirty-three without the least hope of providing a support for himself by his own professional exertions, when the kind interference of his friends procured for him the lucrative appointment of clerk of the Journals of the House of Peers, for which, the power of referring for precedents, and of reading aloud occasionally, were the only qualifications required. But even this light labour was too much for his morbid timidity. He studied the Journals in vain,—"I was not," he says,"

" in a condition to receive instruction, much less to elicit it out of manuscript without direction." He tried medicine, change of scene and sea-air without effect; the arrival of the time when he must appear in public before the House of Lords exasperated his feelings almost to madness, which he felt to be approaching, and wished for in despair. In this dreadful state of mind, the idea of self-murder suggested itself to him. His irresolute and feeble attempts to terminate his own wretched existence were frequently repeated; but the Providence against which he had murmured interposed to save him from destruction, and he was permitted to live and repent. His friends finding him utterly incapable of fulfilling the duties of his appointment resigned it for him. Remorse and dread of eternal misery by degrees took full possession of his mind;—a strange and horrible darkness, he said, fell upon him,—the consolations of religion were administered in vain; and it was at last determined to remove him to the house of Dr. Cotton, who was justly celebrated for skill and humanity in cases of mental derangement. At St. Albans, under the care of this amiable and excellent physician, Cowper passed many months of the most acute misery; but his distemper gradually abated, and he found Dr. Cotton as competent to administer, by religious conversation, comfort to a mind diseased, as to heal the disorders of the body;—the delusion of his being doomed to everlasting punishment disappeared, " the

cloud of horror," he said, "which had so long hung over him passed away, every moment came fraught with hope, and the full beams of the sun of righteousness shone upon him. To rejoice day and night was his employment; too happy to sleep much, he thought it was lost time that was spent in slumber." This animated and affecting description of his own feelings can be fully comprehended only by those who have recovered from a similar affliction.

In an exquisite stanza of the posthumous *Ode to Vicissitude*, Gray describes the feelings of a person rising from the bed of suffering, and enjoying the return of health; but bodily sickness in its worst form is a trifle in comparison with melancholy madness, when the mind is conscious of its own calamity;—it cannot, therefore, excite surprise that Cowper, after his recovery, should express his gratitude in such terms as these:—"My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport; I could only look to Heaven in silence, overwhelmed with love and wonder. How glad should I have now been to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving."

In June 1765, Cowper removed from St. Albans to Huntingdon, which was chosen for his residence, though he had no acquaintance in the place, that he might be near his brother, a Fellow of Bene't College, in Cambridge, one of the most amiable and learned men in the University. To him Cowper was most affectionately attached from gratitude for the most watch-

ful kindness, and from admiration of very uncommon endowments,—a memorial of these sentiments is preserved in the well-known lines,

> Peace to the memory of a man of worth!
> A man of letters, and of manners too!
> Of manners such as virtue always wears,
> When gay good humour dresses her in smiles.

In Huntingdon, though he was entirely a stranger, a recollection of his sufferings appeared sufficient for his enjoyment, and he thus describes his own feelings, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, one of his earliest and dearest correspondents. "I thank God for your friendship, and for every friend I have, for all the pleasing circumstances here, for my health of body, and perfect serenity of mind. To recollect the past, and compare it with the present, is all I have need of to fill me with gratitude, and to be grateful is to be happy." He however possessed in his countenance and manners such strong general recommendations, that he soon converted acquaintances, whom his personal appearance had attracted, into warm and cordial friends. He was addressed, in one of his solitary walks, by a young, frank, and open-hearted Cambridge student,—was introduced by him to his family, consisting of a clergyman, his wife, and daughter, and was received by them with the kindest hospitality; till at last increasing intimacy and regard caused a proposal to be made and accepted, that he should take up his permanent abode under their roof.

In this manner he became an inmate in the house of the Rev. Morley Unwin, at a time when cheerful society was of essential consequence to prevent a relapse of his spirits, and when his utter ignorance of the common affairs of life had occasioned such a mismanagement of his little income, that he had spent in three months the sum allotted for a whole year. He thus describes a domestic day, passed in this abode of peace:—

"We breakfast between eight and nine; till eleven we read the Scripture, or sermons; at eleven we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day, and from twelve to three, we separate and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I read, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea time. If it rains we converse within doors, or sing hymns, and, by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord, make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best performers. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest, and we have generally travelled four miles before we see home again. When the days are short, we make this excursion in the former part of the day, between church time and dinner: at night we read and converse as before, till supper; finish the evening with hymns or a sermon, and last of all the family are called to prayers. Such a life as this

is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness; accordingly we are all happy. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something like a filial one for her; and her son and I are brothers."

This graphic account is inserted at length, because it describes a period of his life which he probably enjoyed more than any other, and, by minutely stating what was necessary to his happiness, it throws a strong light on the peculiarities of his character. Many who make amusement and dissipation their business, would smile with contemptuous pity at such a statement. Others, with higher and better feelings, would consider the life described deficient in literary society, in usefulness to others, in original composition, and in that distinct and defined progress in intellectual improvement, without which the past appears, on review, too like a dream. Perhaps the mind of Cowper, recently restored to its elasticity and power, might be incapable of continued exertion; and all who think on this most important subject, must allow that it is well for those who can be constantly cheerful and content, in a series of devout and blameless occupations, in perfect independence of any extraneous stimulus from company, variety, or novelty. The uniform and cheerful residence at Huntingdon lasted for two years, when it was suddenly terminated by the melancholy death of Mr. Unwin, who was killed by a fall from his horse.—"The effect of it upon my circumstances," says Cowper, "will only be a change in the place of my

abode, for I shall still continue with Mrs. Unwin, whose behaviour to me has always been that of a mother to her son." In conformity with this resolution, he removed with the widow to Olney, in Buckinghamshire, a place which could have no attraction for them, except its extreme seclusion, and the residence of Mr. Newton, a clergyman celebrated for his piety. Cowper was then about thirty-six years old, and Mrs. Unwin was forty-two or forty-three: when the characters of both are duly considered, it is evident that their attachment to each other was friendship, in its most refined and purest form; a perusal of the correspondence, published by Hayley, must force this conviction on the mind of every reader; but the disparity in age was so small, and the reasons for silencing all the comments of the ignorant and malicious were so strong, that it is impossible now to understand why, after waiting a proper time after the death of Mr. Unwin, they were not married:—the happiness of both would probably have been increased by their union. The mind of Cowper was confiding and ductile, and he was apt to take the colour of his opinions from the persons with whom he associated; with the rational and cheerful Unwins, at Huntingdon, he was rational and cheerful as themselves, and his spirits, during his stay there, were uniformly good. After the dispersion of that family, his constitutional malady returned, the clouds of melancholy gathered again upon his mind, his spirits sunk, his reason wandered by degrees, and he became the pi-

tiable victim of incurable despondency. At Olney his religious feelings grew by degrees, more exalted and absorbing. He composed hymns, and frequently performed the usual duties of a Christian minister, by visiting and praying with the sick and the poor. How far peculiar religious opinions fostered or occasioned the dreadful gloom which oppressed him has been matter of doubt and discussion. The subject was touched with characteristic gentleness by Hayley, whose object in all his writings appears to have been to avoid every occasion of offence, for he speaks superlatively well of many, and ill of none. "Perhaps," says he, "the life that Cowper led at Olney, had a tendency to increase the morbid propensity of his frame, though it was a life of admirable sanctity." The meaning of this passage is not clear, but it conveys an insinuation that the life led at Olney was ill suited to the sensitive and peculiar state of Cowper's mind. "He loved the poor," as is related by Newton, "he often visited them in their cottages, conversed with them in the most condescending manner, sympathized with them, counselled them, and comforted them in their distress." On the merit of conduct like this there will happily be no difference of opinion.

In 1770 the affectionate and learned brother, to whom Cowper was so deeply indebted, and whom he loved so much, died at Cambridge:—a depression of spirits naturally followed this great privation; but the feeling was mitigated by personal observation

of the serenity which religion can shed on the last scene of life. "My brother," says Cowper, "prayed for death with earnestness, felt the approaches of it with joy, and died in peace." Such an end,—cheered with hope, and unimbittered by the reproaches of conscience, renders humble resignation to the will of God a less painful and difficult duty to survivors. In 1773 the fine faculties of Cowper were, for the second time, lost to himself and to the world,—his malady lasted, with a few lucid intervals, for six tedious years, during the whole of which time he was watched with truly feminine affection and care by Mrs. Unwin, whose determination appears to have been to devote her whole life, if required, to this most trying and harassing duty. She was rewarded, after his recovery, by the warm gratitude and constant attachment of a man whose subsequent celebrity was partly reflected upon her; but it is certain that if the light of his intellect had never returned, and his name had continued in obscurity, she would still have guarded him with the same devoted care to the end of existence.

There was something in the character of Cowper which made him, at every season of life, from youth to old age, a favourite companion of women, whenever his mind possessed enough of elasticity to allow him to converse with them:—his manner to them was attentive and respectful, his disposition, when in health, playful and lively, and his heart overflowed with the warmest benevolence,—he would wind thread for

them,—accompany them in their walks,—gather flowers for them,—write songs and verses for them; the merit of which procured some distinction for those to whom they were addressed, winning their slow and sure way to general popularity. Of his most intimate female friends, Mrs. Unwin was distinguished for strong religious principles, good sense, and an affectionate heart;—Lady Austin had a lively temper, pleasing manners, great accomplishments, and talents for conversation; and Lady Hesketh united the solidity of the one with the attractions of the other. From Lady Throckmorton and Mrs. Courtenay, both of whom were occasional correspondents, and accomplished and amiable women, he received constant proofs of kindness and regard, their attentions beginning with first acquaintance, and continuing for life. The attachments of women have always been more fervent, constant, and disinterested than those of men.

In June 1778, his suspended correspondence was partially renewed, and his cheerfulness appears to have been fully restored at the end of 1779. It was two years after this date, and at a mature age, that he first began to make poetry his regular occupation. His mind would probably have been more happy if he had tried this absorbing and fascinating pursuit earlier in life. Those who have the distribution of their own time upon their hands, should provide employment beforehand for every hour;—this is one of the great secrets of human happiness, and they who neglect it will assuredly be visited by

one of the most dreadful of human maladies, listlessness. Two great resources Cowper always possessed, a love of landscape scenery, and an extensive correspondence. "My eyes," said he, "drink the rivers as they flow:" and his letters, in the composition of which he stands in the very first line of excellence, were too valuable not to be constantly sought by his friends;—but these resources were insufficient,—he tried carpenters' work and turning, the busy trifling of idle men, in vain. If he had been regularly engaged in composition, at an earlier period, his maladies would probably have been much shortened and mitigated.

In writing letters he took great pleasure, because he wrote with ease, and gratified his own social propensities in the manner that best suited his shy and diffident character. "There is," says he, "a pleasure annexed to the communication of one's ideas which nothing earthly can supply the place of, and it is the delight we feel in this mutual intercourse that not only proves us to be creatures intended for social life, but more than any thing else, perhaps, fits us for it." In the collection of Hayley, of which more than half might judiciously have been omitted, the letters of consolation stand pre-eminent in merit; there is no parade or affectation of sorrow in them; they evidently proceed from a warm heart, sincerely and wholly occupied with the sufferings of those who are addressed: the motives for patience and resignation are sought from the only sure and constant source

of comfort, and applied with gentleness, and yet with effect: the devotion expressed is everywhere humble and consistent, and the expression is worthy of the matter. If the author had written nothing but these letters and the Task, his reputation would have been still higher than it is, for in their own peculiar style of composition they are masterpieces, to which nothing equal has been published in our language.

In the spring of 1781, Cowper, at the age of fifty, first appeared before the critical world as an author: a small volume was prepared for the press containing the poems entitled *Table Talk, the Progress of Error, Truth, Expostulation,* and some minor pieces, chiefly the production of the preceding winter: they were ushered into the world by a preface from Mr. Newton, and it is now impossible to conjecture why he was called upon to do that which Cowper was infinitely better qualified to do for himself: the professed object of the author was the proper and legitimate aim of all fictitious history, to entice those who will not study grave books to read good advice in the shape of amusement. The volume was not at first very popular: in the author's opinion it was equal to *The Task,* but authors, from the days of *Paradise Regained,* to the present time, have been mistaken in the value of their own productions. There are many beautiful passages in Cowper's early poems; but there are also many trivial observations, prosaic passages, and neglected lines. His acquaintance with Lady Austen, commenced with his admiring her figure

and manner in the street of Olney, and requesting Mrs. Unwin to invite her to tea: her lively and fascinating conversation confirmed this favourable impression, and to her he owed not only some of the happiest hours of his existence, but the greater portion of his poetical fame; for it was by her influence, and at her request, that he wrote *The Task;* which, from a few lines, half sportive and half moral, on the subject of a sofa, grew by degrees, under her fostering praise and encouragement, into one of the noblest and most original poems in the language. The same influence might have long been most beneficially exerted in supporting the spirits and drawing forth the genius of Cowper, but unfortunately Mrs. Unwin could not bear the prospect of being superseded in his affection by the more brilliant talents of another, and her complaints caused him to write a letter to Lady Austen, which separated them for ever. His debt of gratitude to Mrs. Unwin left him in this case no alternative.

The Task was composed in the winter of 1783, and published about a year afterwards, and no similar work has ever been more universally and deservedly popular from the beginning. The author became immediately celebrated: many old schoolfellows and connexions, who in his long retirement had neglected and forgotten him, sought him again, and he reaped in abundance one of the most valuable productions of literary fame, an extensive personal acquaintance with persons of both sexes, celebrated for

talents and character. The principal recommendations of *The Task* are acute and original observations of nature, and a consistent tone of morality, benevolence, and devotion, which pervades the whole of it. He was a warm and discriminating lover of rural scenery. "Every thing I see in the fields," he said, "is, to me, an object, I can look at the same rivulet, or at a handsome tree, every day of my life with a new pleasure." The religious sentiments expressed in *The Task* have recommended it to the perusal of many who do not usually seek instruction in poetry; its striking passages suggest themselves continually to the memory; and this is perhaps one of the best tests of merit in an author. The work is not finished throughout with that curious and equally sustained felicity which distinguishes Goldsmith: there are lines, passages, and even pages, which a judicious reader would willingly curtail or omit; but there is abundance of the redeeming spirit of original talent, and in English poetry it would be very difficult to find 120 lines together, equal to the conclusion of *The Task*, in sentiment and expression. The praise of originality cannot be denied to Cowper; "My descriptions," says he, "are all from nature, not one of them second hand. My delineations of the heart are from my own experience; not one of them borrowed from books, or in the least degree conjectural; in my numbers, which I varied as much as I could, I have imitated nobody. I recommend rural ease and leisure as friendly to the cause of piety and vir-

tue." In October 1785, the increasing celebrity of *The Task* caused a renewal of his intercourse with his cousin Lady Hesketh, who afterwards frequently visited him, and with whom he corresponded as long as he continued able to write. To this cheerful, kind-hearted, and accomplished relative, he owed a large portion of the happiness of his life. In health she contributed to his comfort by her conversation, by her letters, and by numberless attentions to his wants; in sickness she renounced society and gaiety to watch him with a degree of affection and care, which seriously injured her own health; for his was not mere bodily suffering, but that dreadful unceasing despondency of mind, which harasses the feelings of friends almost beyond endurance. "Dejection of spirits," he says, in one of his letters, "which may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed: manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many; but composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly. I write, therefore, generally three hours in a morning, and in an evening I transcribe." It was with a view to prevent the stagnation of intellect, for want of a regular pursuit, that he undertook the translation of Homer into blank verse: the first suggestion was made by Lady Austen, who possessed beyond any other person, the power of stimulating the mind of her friend to new exertion, and giving

him confidence in his own capacity for finishing any work in composition which she had persuaded him to begin. This translation, with its preparatory studies, and frequent revisal, absorbed the attention of Cowper most beneficially for his health and happiness; he received the kindest marks of attention from his friends during its progress, and eminent literary men with whom he had previously been little acquainted offered their gratuitous advice and aid. His old schoolfellow, the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, condescended to criticise his work, and even tendered a rival translation of a particular passage, in which there was, as might have been expected, more energy than grace: the tedious office of transcribing was often most patiently performed by Lady Hesketh and Mrs. Courtenay, the most accomplished of his female friends. Five hundred subscribers sanctioned the translation of Homer with their names. Pope, in the zenith of his great fame, could command only 100 more. The profit to Cowper probably exceeded a thousand pounds, a sum which his slender income, his want of management, and his charitable spirit, rendered of great importance to him: he had been enabled to do good to the poor at Olney to an extent far beyond his own limited means, by the generosity of Mr. Thornton of London, and some unknown correspondents who knew his character, and made him their occasional almoner. A pension of three hundred pounds a year was at last procured for him, by the influence of Earl Spencer; and though it came too

late to give him any pleasure, it was faithfully applied to such personal comforts as his state admitted by the kind friends with whom he had always been surrounded. In November 1786, Cowper removed from Olney, which never had possessed any attraction except extreme seclusion, to the pretty adjoining village of Weston, in the neighbourhood of which the walks were generally dry and delightful, and where the pleasure grounds of the Throckmortons, to which he had free admission, were close to his door: from every branch of this ancient and respected family he received, at all times, the most courteous and kind attention.

In August 1787, he thus mentions the advantages which this acquaintance procured for him: "My health and spirits seem to be mending daily: I use exercise and take the air in the park and wilderness. Our friends at the hall make themselves more and more amiable on our account, and I am now almost as much at home in their house as in our own. Mr. Throckmorton, having long since put me in possession of all his grounds, has now given me possession of his library, an acquisition of great value to me, who never have been able to live without books, since I first knew my letters, and who have no books of my own."

The translation of Homer, and the subsequent revisal, occupied five years, which, as the health of his mind and body was then good, his reputation established, and the circle of his friends greatly enlarged, were probably the most uniformly happy years of his

life. The work was never popular, though it reached a second edition,—it is faithful, and therefore frequently sublime, but it wants that true poetical spirit which will always cause Pope's Homer to be read and admired. His next literary undertaking was an edition of Milton, which was proposed to rival Boydell's Shakspeare in splendour of decoration;—his task was to correct the text, to select and write notes, and to translate the Latin and Italian poems. It was unfortunate that his powers, in their matured state, should have been thus misapplied. Milton wants few annotations or corrections, and his Latin and Italian poems, though curious specimens of his great and versatile genius, are not worth translating. On this task Cowper wasted much precious time, which might have been employed in original composition, and the consciousness of this waste of time and talents had a tendency to depress still further his spirits, which the bodily and mental decay of his faithful companion Mrs. Unwin sunk, in 1792, almost to their former state of melancholy. He visited Hayley with her, at his beautiful seat at Eartham, in Sussex, to try the benefit of change of scene and air, but in vain. He thus describes his state after his return: "A letter now and then before breakfast, and the rest of my time all holyday, if holyday it may be called that is spent chiefly in moping and misery, and *forecasting the fashion of uncertain evils.*" In February 1793 he writes thus; "I have no spirits: when Rose came, I was obliged to prepare for his

coming by a nightly dose of laudanum; twelve drops suffice, without them I am devoured by melancholy."

The old age of Cowper was a tedious, distressing, dreary blank. In 1795 he was removed, under the care of his relation, Dr. Johnson, into Norfolk, where he remained in a deplorable state of languor and melancholy for five years:—the last gleam of his genius broke forth in a deeply pathetic poem, *The Castaway*, on the accident of a seaman lost overboard in a storm, whose fate he assimilated to his own. He was attended with the most affectionate care to the last, and died on the 25th of May, 1800, aged sixty-nine.

Cowper was of middle stature, and strong in form; his eyes were bluish grey, his complexion was ruddy. He was neat in his dress, temperate in his diet, and fascinating in conversation, when quite at ease.

Few men of genius have contributed more to exalt and improve the minds of their readers than Cowper.

ELIZABETH CARTER.

The influence exercised by women over the character and happiness of men, in every period of existence, from the cradle to the grave, forms the principal point of difference between the state of society in ancient and modern times. With a few remarkable exceptions, the Greeks and Romans of old, like the Asiatic nations at present, considered woman a nurse, a toy, a statue, a plaything, a slave. To cultivate her talents by education, to make her a companion and counsellor, the greatest treasure in prosperity, and the greatest source of comfort and hope in sorrow, is the triumph of progressive refinement and of Christianity.

The name of Elizabeth Carter will always hold a distinguished place amongst those who have raised themselves in the scale of intellect, and the estimation of society, by dignified consistency of conduct, and by persevering exertion in the acquisition of knowledge. Perseverance, which is the most common, the surest, and the most practicable road to excellence, may be said to have belonged to her by inheritance: her father, Nicholas Carter, the son of a

grazier, in the rich vale of Aylesbury, was destined to pursue the plodding, humble career of his ancestors, and did not change this intention till he was nineteen years old. He began his classical studies at an age when, with most men, they are almost completed, he became an eminent Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar, was Doctor of Divinity, one of the six preachers in the cathedral at Canterbury, rector of Ham and of Woodchurch, and perpetual curate of Deal, where he resided, and where his eldest daughter Elizabeth was born, on the 16th of December 1717. Her mother, a Dorsetshire heiress, of the name of Swayne, was supposed to have shortened her life by vexation, arising from the loss of her fortune, which, with the concurrence of her husband, was vested in the celebrated South-Sea Stock. The history of this extraordinary delusion is well known; the Stock rose suddenly to a fictitious value, the possessor of hundreds might sell a few days afterwards for thousands. Females and authors, the nobility and clergy, were seized with the delusive passion of becoming suddenly rich, till the bubble burst, and those who had been dreaming of extravagant wealth awoke to real ruin. The temper and religious principles of Dr. Carter supported him under this privation; but his wife sunk to the grave when her eldest daughter was only ten years old. Those who are foolish enough to venture the fortune of a family upon a speculation which may fail, should at least have fortitude sufficient to support the loss. Dr. Carter taught his own children,

and made no distinction between sons and daughters in his plan of education; they all pursued their classical studies together. The question of the propriety of teaching the learned languages to females has been often discussed, and general opinion is against the practice, but surely without reason. Classical learning is intended to improve the intellect by practice, and the knowledge of mankind, by throwing more widely open the stores of ancient history; to refine the taste by exhibiting the most beautiful original specimens of composition; to extend the skill in general grammar by a comparison of the structure of different languages; and to afford delightful sources of occupation for those hours of solitude which occur in the most busy life. If these be the principal objects of classical learning, it is an acquisition obviously suited to both sexes alike; or rather, inasmuch as the habits of women are more sedentary and domestic, an inexhaustible variety of intellectual employment is of more importance to them than to men. The objection arising from singularity would of course disappear as the practice became general; and it is absurd to suppose that classical knowledge would disqualify females for performing their own peculiar domestic duties: the affectation of learning is folly in all cases; a little learning may in some instances be dangerous; but, whether married or single, the more a woman reads and learns, if her studies be properly directed, the better it will be for herself and for all around her. The most attractive of all pic-

tures of earthly happiness is that which represents a married couple of the highest intellectual attainments combined with Christian principles, in perfect unity of pursuits, opinions, studies, and habits, adorning and improving society, or embellishing a beautiful rural retreat. The progress of Elizabeth Carter in learning the elements of Latin and Greek was so slow, as sometimes to exhaust the patience even of her father. He then requested her to desist from pursuits for which she appeared to want natural capacity; but she knew herself, entreated leave to persevere, felt an insatiable thirst for knowledge, which gave her courage to surmount every difficulty by continual application, and succeeded completely; for of her Dr. Johnson said, when speaking of an eminent scholar, that "he understood Greek better than any one whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter." Against this testimony of a person in every respect competent to judge, no exception can be made; it finally decides the question as to the extent of her learning. She became mistress of French by residing for a year at Canterbury, in the house of Mr. le Sueur, a protestant refugee minister; and she acquired a knowledge of Italian, German, and Spanish, by her own unaided exertions. She did not neglect needle-work, music, and the other usual accomplishments of her sex; and she very early in life set apart a portion of each day for the study of the Bible and for religious reading, a rational appropriation of time which is now happily become very general amongst

women, both of the higher and middle ranks in England.

She prolonged the active hours of existence by early rising, a practice in which there is so much of moral, physical, and mental good, without the least mixture of evil, that it should be formed into a habit by every parent; the determined perseverance of her character was shown in the plan which she formed for securing to herself the use of this most precious portion of life. She caused a bell to be hung at the head of her bed, the cord passed through an aperture of her casement, and hung down within reach of the sexton of her father's chapel, who, according to her own report, roused her from sleep between four and five every morning, "with as much heart and goodwill as if he had been ringing her knell." She purchased, however, her acquisitions of knowledge in one respect rather dearly, intense application injured her health, and brought on occasional severe fits of headach, by which, though her days were not shortened, yet her enjoyments were sometimes imbittered, and her usefulness impeded, to the close of her life. Such a character as hers could not remain long unnoticed, the first families in Kent sought her acquaintance, and the circle of her friends continued to be extended amongst the great, the learned, the polished, the wise, and the good, as she became better known.

She was first introduced to that high class of intellectual society, which is the strongest recommendation of a residence in London, in the townhouse

of the Honourable Mrs. Rooke (widow of the son of Admiral Rooke, and sister to Lord Dudley and Ward,) with whom she had become acquainted at Canterbury. At Mrs. Rooke's she first met with Catherine Talbot, one of the most delightful of female characters, amiable, gentle, kind-hearted, unassuming, wise, and pious: congenial feelings on this occasion soon produced their natural fruit, a lasting friendship founded on principles; an union beyond the reach of caprice, time, absence, or change of circumstances; a blessing which, if it were common and permanent, would make earth a paradise. Of Catherine Talbot some minute and descriptive memorial should be preserved for the instruction of that sex, to which she was an ornament and an honour. Her father, who died before her birth, was the second son of the Bishop of Durham, and brother to Lord Chancellor Talbot; her mother, after the marriage of her friend Miss Benson to Archbishop Secker, was domesticated in the Archbishop's palace, and there Miss Talbot had the advantage of seeing the highest literary society. She died at the age of forty-eight, universally beloved and lamented. Her little manual of piety, entitled *Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week*, which has passed through many editions, and her essays, poems, and detached pieces, in two small volumes, exhibit a pleasing view of her acquirements and character. To her Miss Carter was indebted for an introduction to those able and excellent men, Dr. Butler, the celebrated author of the *Analogy*, Bishop of

Durham; Dr. Benson Bishop of Gloucester; and Archbishop Secker. The Archbishop, whose character has been displayed in a very advantageous manner by his grateful chaplain and biographer Bishop Porteus, was a correspondent, an adviser, a kind and faithful friend to Miss Carter for the remainder of his life. Some of her earliest poetical productions appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, of which the well-known editor and proprietor Cave was her father's friend: they are signed Eliza, and, though of little intrinsic value, may excite in some degree the curiosity of collectors. In 1738, being then at what is called the age of discretion, she published at Cave's press, a small collection of poems, in twenty-four pages quarto, of which she was probably afterwards ashamed, as they were omitted in a subsequent publication. She had now acquired a taste for the pleasant labour of composing, and, in 1739, published a translation from the French, in a small duodecimo volume, of a dissertation, by Crousaz, on Pope's Essay on Man. In this celebrated poem, Pope, whose talent consisted rather in embellishing the thoughts of others than in inventing systems of his own, was supposed to have been prevailed upon by Bolingbroke to bestow all the seductions of his poetry upon doctrines which tended to materialism and atheism;—the latent poison was detected and exposed by Crousaz; and Pope, who probably meant no harm, was delighted to have a new and more favourable interpretation affixed to his verses by the genius of Warburton; whom he reward-

ed by warm and constant friendship, and by introductions which eventually led to a marriage with the niece of Allen, to fortune, and to promotion. The translation from Crousaz was pronounced to be correct and elegant by Dr. Birch, in a short Latin letter to the author. In the same year, she translated from the Italian of Algarotti, *An Explanation of Newton's Philosophy for the use of Ladies, in Six Dialogues, on Light and Colours,* in two volumes duodecimo, printed by Cave.

The industry and learning thus displayed at the age of twenty-two, excited attention both at home and abroad, and led to acquaintance or correspondence with Johnson, who was then rising into fame; with Harte, the laborious author of the history of Gustavus Adolphus; with Rowe, on the death of whose sister she had published an elegy; and with Baratier, a young student at Halle in Prussian Saxony, who was a prodigy of early learning. She availed herself to the utmost of every opportunity which her celebrity gave her, to extend her intercourse, by visits and letters, with those who were deservedly eminent in society; but never forgot, or deserted her early and humbler friends at Deal, amongst whom her kindness, unassuming manners, and constant cheerfulness of temper, rendered her always very popular. "It is a great happiness," she said, in one of her letters, "to take extreme pleasure in objects easily acquired." She was fortunate in the application of this principle to the regulation of her own life; for the enjoyment of

existence depends greatly on the formation of a taste for such pleasures as are cheap, independent, common, and innocent; like rural scenery, reading, conversation, and composition.

In the merit and character of the members of her own family, she was singularly fortunate, and the happiest domestic union reigned amongst them. A desire to save expense to her father, whose income was not large, and a wish to render her acquirements as useful as possible, induced her to undertake the very extraordinary task of entirely educating her youngest brother, and qualifying him for the University. This she accomplished with the same devoted perseverance which she exhibited in her own early studies. When Henry Carter presented himself at Cambridge for examination, the fact of his having been wholly educated by a woman was ascertained, on the usual inquiry being made at what school he had been brought up, and the progress which he had made excited general surprise. He passed through college with credit, and, as soon as he was old enough to hold a living, he was presented to little Wittenham in Berkshire, by Sir George Oxenden. The feelings of this brother towards such a sister, who had sacrificed for his benefit the highest of her intellectual pleasures, the society of Catherine Talbot, and of her accomplished friends in London, for several winters, may be more easily conceived than described.

She employed the leisure hours which the education of her brother allowed, in translating Epictetus

from the Greek. This great undertaking was begun at the request, and for the amusement of her friend, Miss Talbot, to whom the sheets were transmitted as they were finished, and communicated to Secker, who took great interest in the progress of the work. Some chapters were at first omitted, as less interesting than the rest, but when, at the repeated suggestion of her friends, Miss Carter determined to publish a complete translation, these omissions were supplied, and such notes were added as appeared necessary to elucidate the text, and to counteract, by the higher authority of Christianity, some of the stoical doctrines. Epictetus was the most consistent and the best of the stoics. He reproved vice and excess, he recommended temperance and self-denial, and he practised what he taught: content and cheerful in extreme poverty, he attracted crowds of admiring hearers wherever he resided, by the eloquence and wisdom of his moral discourses, a selection of which was made by Arrian from the notes of his pupils. His favourite maxim was *endure and refrain;* and it is difficult to combine more instruction in so short a space. The task of translating such an author faithfully, and yet concisely, is not easy. Miss Carter felt the difficulty to be great, and the portion of time which she had to bestow upon it being uncertain and scanty, almost seven years elapsed before the work was completed. She occasionally consulted Secker and Harris of Salisbury, on the true meaning of particular words and obscure sentences,

but sought and required no other aid; and the work must, therefore, always remain a remarkable proof of female judgment, industry, and learning. It was published by subscription, at a guinea for each copy, and her friends exerted themselves for her so effectually, that the profit considerably exceeded one thousand pounds. Richardson, the author of Clarissa, was the printer.

The translation had an immediate effect in raising her reputation as the most learned woman of her age, both at home and abroad. Her character and acquirements were mentioned, in terms of the highest commendation, in a Russian literary journal. The leisure afforded by finishing this task, and by the departure of her brother to college, enabled her again to enjoy the high luxury of literary society in London, of which she had long deprived herself, in obedience to the dictates of paramount duty. She became intimately acquainted with Mrs. Montague, at whose mansion, in Portman Square, she frequently met the Lords Lyttelton and Bath, Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, and the first literary men of the age. These unceremonious meetings of persons of both sexes, who were most distinguished for cultivation of intellect, and powers of conversation, must have afforded to the privileged few who were admitted, a treat such as a great metropolis alone can present. The acquaintance with Mrs. Montague ripened into correspondence and friendship, and lasted, like most

of the similar connexions which Miss Carter formed, for life.

In 1761, her health requiring change of air, and relaxation from study, she was persuaded to accompany Mrs. Montague to Tunbridge Wells, a situation highly attractive to the lovers of beautiful rural scenery; the finest parts of the county of Kent, which has been called the garden of England, lying around the place, at the distance of a moderate morning's drive. The little society which met daily and familiarly here, formed a picture of highly refined intellectual enjoyment, such as is rarely met with in the world; it consisted of Miss Carter, then in the meridian of reputation, pious, unassuming, benevolent, and learned; of Mrs. Montague, the accomplished author of the *Essay on the Genius of Shakspeare,* younger by a few years than her friend, a generous patron of literature, polished, lively, witty, and well informed; of George Lord Lyttelton, author of a *Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul,* a man whose history is deeply interesting, on account of his talents, his virtues, and his misfortunes; for his hopes of earthly happiness rested on an amiable wife, from whom, after four years of union, he was separated by her death; and on a son, gifted with eminent abilities, who perverted them to the worst purposes, dishonoured his name, and shortened his days by intemperance and vice: another member of this society was William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, equally celebrated for eloquence in the senate and in society, a

wit and a scholar, of refined pursuits, elegant address, and extensive knowledge of the world. In such company, varying the scene by short excursions in the vicinity of Tunbridge, the spirits and health of Miss Carter were soon restored; and, by the recommendation of these friends, she was induced to prepare for the press a small volume of poems, which appeared in 1762. They were preceded by some lines of praise, in blank verse, from the pen of Lord Lyttelton, and dedicated to Lord Bath, in a few short sentences, which will be looked at with some curiosity and interest, when it is known that they were written by himself. Amongst poets Elizabeth Carter is not entitled to a high rank; her verses would please those to whom they were addressed, for the sentiments are admirable, and the expressions correct and appropriate; but they want that animating spirit, that original genius, that soul of poetry, producing

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,

which charms the attention of the reader, and fixes the line or the stanza for ever in the memory. Such as they were, however, her poems found admirers; and a translator into French, in the Count de Bedée, who is said to have performed a difficult task successfully. Few authors make a proper estimate of their own powers, and fewer still have friends judicious and resolute enough to set them right when they are wrong. The translation of *Epictetus* was, for a wo-

man, as women are usually educated, a wonderful performance: the poems of Miss Carter are a little, and but a little, above mediocrity; but she contributed to the *Rambler* one paper, No. 44, which shows a power of writing moral essays, a faculty of placing truth in an attractive form, a plain, practical good-sense, sufficient to have raised her to the highest eminence in this department of composition, which may be called truly and appropriately English. In proof of this, a few sentences may be quoted:

"Society," she says, "is the true sphere of human virtue. In social active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary, and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man, in his present state, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects and noble capacities; but yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining of his final destination."

The whole life of Miss Carter was a practical comment on the cheering and consoling doctrine thus recommended, showing that duty and enjoy-

ment are strictly compatible with each other; and that constant efforts to attain immortal felicity may be made, without diminishing the chance of happiness on earth. The profits arising from the translation of *Epictetus* placed a woman of her moderate wishes quite at ease in her circumstances. She passed the winter months regularly in London; and, when not an inmate with Archbishop Secker in Lambeth palace, where, in the society of Catherine Talbot, she passed some of the happiest days of a happy life, she had apartments at No. 21, Clarges Street, Piccadilly. Her friends in town were so numerous, and her society was so much sought, that a carriage or chair was daily at her door, to take her out to dinner, whenever her health or inclination permitted. In summer she continued to reside at Deal, and when her brothers and sisters were all married, and her father had lost his second wife, she purchased a house there, for the purpose of performing one of the most interesting parts of a daughter's duty, the making of the last stage of existence easy and comfortable to a declining parent. With admirable sense and feeling she thus wrote to a friend, who had expressed her fears that such an arrangement would withdraw her attention from literature:—"I am much obliged to you for the kind partiality, which makes you regret my giving up my time to domestic economy. As to any thing of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head was of much more consequence than I feel it to be. The true

post of honour consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they happen to be, which arise from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which, we may be assured, is the very situation best calculated for virtue, and our happiness."

Her new dwelling was commodiously fitted up; her father and she had separate libraries and pursuits, but they met at meals, in the utmost domestic enjoyment and harmony, till his uniform, happy, and useful life was terminated, in extreme old age, in 1774. The inhabitants of Deal were proud of the literary reputation of their town's-woman, and looked up to her on all occasions with a degree of respect, which approached to veneration. She was careful on her part to exhibit no pretensions to superiority of intellect, but joined the tea parties, sat down to whist, and conversed on the common topics of the day, with a cheerfulness and good humour, which rendered her deservedly popular; so that many who met her for years, familiarly and frequently, never heard from her a sentence by which her learning, her high connexions, and literary character, could be detected. Soon after the peace of 1763 had opened the continent to British travellers, she was invited by Mrs. Montague to join her and Lord Bath in a short excursion through Flanders to Spa, which was then the favourite resort of the first families in Europe. The learned Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, formed the fourth of this very select party, and the tour, which lasted from June to September, appears, from the letters

of Miss Carter to her most intimate friends, to have been greatly enjoyed. The reputation of Lord Bath as a statesman, and the literary fame, and liberal hospitality of Mrs. Montague, gave them ready access to the highest and best society; and though the frequent and severe headachs of Miss Carter interfered with her visits and amusements, she returned to England with many pleasant recollections of what she had seen and heard, and with a value for her own home, which, as generally happens with English travellers, was greatly augmented by contrast and comparison with the habits of foreigners. As life advanced she began to feel the bitterness of that condition on which length of days is granted to mankind; the necessity for surviving those who, by friendship and kindness, have most contributed to render existence a blessing. In 1764 Lord Bath died; "He left the world," said Miss Carter, in one of her letters, "in possession of every comfort it had to bestow, with faculties unimpaired, and temper unruffled, without the pains and weaknesses which often render the close of life so burdensome to the owners, so tedious to their attendants, and so pitiable to their friends." He left no legacy to her, but his immense fortune, after being enjoyed for a few years by General Pulteney, having descended to Sir William Johnstone, he settled upon Miss Carter an annuity of one hundred pounds a year, on the plea of fulfilling what must have been Lord Bath's intention. In 1768 she lost her old and kind friend Archbishop Secker, who, to many obligations,

had added, at the close of his life, the most acceptable favour that could be bestowed, by granting a valuable living in Kent, to Dr. Pennington, her brother-in-law. Rank, power, and wealth never appear so desirable as when they are employed in cementing near connexions, and making whole families happy, in the certainty of ample provision for life. But the most severe affliction which she had to sustain was the loss of Miss Talbot, who, with her mother, had a new home to seek after the Archbisohp's death, and on whose constitution that painful and incurable malady, a cancer, had long been preying. The effect of religion in sustaining the spirit, under the pressure of continual and hopeless suffering, was never more admirably displayed than by this excellent and interesting woman; for three years the fear of distressing her aged parent enabled her to repress her feelings, and to suffer, not only without repining, but without any apparent diminution of her usual cheerfulness. She died on the 9th of January 1770, and her character was thus happily portrayed in a single sentence of a letter, by her surviving friend:—"Never surely was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners of a peculiar and more engaging kind, than in any other character I ever knew." The mournful yet pleasing occupation of preparing her works for the press, devolved on Miss Carter, who

had the satisfaction of finding her own favourable opinion confirmed, by a demand for repeated editions.

The provision made by nature for the loss of cotemporaries and friends is, a rising generation of relatives, or near connexions, in whom opening talents, and a character gradually forming, supply matter of the deepest interest, full of promise and of hope. Elizabeth Carter found these welcome substitutes for early friendships broken by death, in her nephews; one of whom, who was afterwards her executor and biographer, long resided under her roof. The principles displayed, in his account of her life, do credit to her example and tuition; and she had the satisfaction of seeing him happily settled upon a living in her own neighbourhood, which he owed to the influence of her merit and character. She was never married; not from any formed or decisive resolution on the subject; for, in early life she hesitated and doubted, in her reply to a proposal made by a man, whose address and acquirements excited a deep interest in his favour, and whom she rejected, after a struggle severe enough to make her call the month in which it took place, a stormy February; on the ground that one of his publications had exhibited a want of sound, moral, and religious principle, without which she well knew that a woman has no security for happiness, nor even for constancy of attachment in the married state.

When young, her features were expressive, and her complexion clear, but her figure was bad; and she con-

tracted very early in life the odious and disgusting habit of taking snuff, which grew inveterate, and which her own efforts, and the remonstrances of her friends, proved wholly unable to break off. She became corpulent in the latter part of her life, but was an early riser, cheerful in temper, and active in exertion to the last. Her circumstances became affluent by the profits of her works, and by the liberality of her friends. The annuity of a hundred pounds a year secured to her by Sir William and Lady Johnstone Pulteney, was increased to a hundred and fifty by their generous and accomplished daughter, Lady Bath; and, on the death of Mr. Montague in 1775, his large fortune having been bequeathed to his widow, the first use made of it was a settlement by bond of a hundred pounds a year on Miss Carter, for the purpose of extending her comforts and increasing her means of doing good. Her acts of charity were accordingly numerous and judicious. Her religious principles, which were remarkably rational and practical, are thus described by herself in a letter to one of her friends;—"Thinking must always tend to peace, when it is exercised under an awful sense of the presence of the Supreme Being, and with a due submission to those restraints which his wisdom and goodness have imposed on the human faculties. To check the rovings of unprofitable speculation, and fix our attention on the task assigned us here, all truths unnecessary for us to know are involved in uncertainty and darkness, and the search must end in disap-

pointment and confusion, and too often in a total subversion of all principles. In the investigation of points essential to our present condition, the powers of the understanding are invariably adequate to its subject. Does not the difference so strongly, so evidently marked, plainly discover what ought to form the object of our study? The most active genius will never languish for want of employment, while it is engaged in unravelling the sophistries of passion, detecting the fallacies of the heart, examining the motives of action, and determining the duties which result from each particular situation."

The life of Elizabeth Carter was prolonged to the very advanced age of eighty-nine. Without rank, fortune, high connexions, or *great* talents, she was lamented in death, respected, beloved, and useful in life to an eminent and rare degree. Those who read biography for better purposes than mere pastime, will find that she owed her enviable blessings to uncommon industry and activity, and to religious principles which, avoiding all useless speculation, led her cheerfully to enjoy every permitted good; to seek the highest intellectual society, but to mix in that of her own neighbours without fastidiousness, or presumption; and to practise charity in the fullest and best scriptural meaning of the word.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

The father of Sir William Jones was a teacher of mathematics,—eminent for his early attainments in science, respectable in private character, and pleasing in manners. He was the friend of Dr. Johnson, of Halley, and Mead;—he enjoyed the familiarity and kindness of that honour to human nature, the great Newton, whose notice was in all cases high commendation, and whose small tracts on the higher mathematics he edited to the entire satisfaction of the distinguished author.

He was chosen as a companion by the two great lawyers, Lord Macclesfield, and Lord Hardwicke,—accompanied the former in his retreat to Sherborne Castle, and instructed him in the sciences. He there became acquainted with Mary Nix, the daughter of a cabinet-maker in London, whose character and frank manners raised him from obscurity to familiarity with the great,—she was married to Mr. Jones, and the fruits of their union were three children, of whom William, the youngest, was born in 1746:—he was unfortunate enough to lose the care and tuition of his father at the early age of three years.

It is the luxury of biography to dwell, whenever an opportunity occurs, upon the characters of men who rise above their fellows in manners, morals, and attainments, and who do honour to human nature in the career of life. The father of Sir William Jones was gradually raised, by his own merit, from obscurity to distinction;—science obtained for him the friendship of the learned, and his society was sought by men distinguished both for rank and talents. His reputation as a mathematician would probably have risen to the highest degree, if his hopes and prospects had not been buried with him in an early grave.

The character of Sir William Jones's mother was thus drawn, with too much of mathematical form and precision, by her husband: "She was virtuous, without blemish; generous without extravagance; frugal, but not niggard; cheerful, but not giddy; close, but not sullen; ingenious, but not conceited; of spirit, but not passionate; of her company cautious, in her friendship trusty, to her parents dutiful, and to her husband ever faithful, loving, and obedient." A character so quaintly drawn may perhaps be somewhat distrusted;—for, in general, those who seek point, effect, and antithesis in such written portraits, are apt to lose sight of truth; but there is no doubt that she was a sensible and superior woman. She was invited, after the death of her husband, to remain an inmate in Lord Macclesfield's family, but wisely and properly refused to be dependent, and devoted herself wholly to the sacred duty of training and edu-

cating her children. Her youngest son's early curiosity was unbounded,—it was her constant practice to stimulate his desire to seek for information himself, by one answer to his numerous questions, "read and you will know." In 1753, when he was seven years old, she sent him to Harrow school, and diligently taught him English and the rudiments of drawing during vacation.

William Jones was remarked at Harrow rather for industry, regularity, and attention, than for shining abilities,—his progress was steady,—he rose gradually to the head of the school; and when he was fifteen, Dr. Thackeray, the master, who was then retiring, said of him, that if left naked and friendless on Salisbury plain, his active mind would raise him to fame and wealth. Decision, kindness of heart, and a warm love of liberty marked his character in those early years of his existence. At the age of seventeen, he was admitted of University College, Oxford. He had then formed the habit of thinking for himself,—he spoke in strong reprobation of the lectures and mode of tuition, which he thought ill calculated to expand and improve the mental faculties of students. It is well known that great changes for the better have since taken place in the mode of studying at Oxford. He was elected a scholar on Bennett's foundation, which was an important object with his limited pecuniary means;—he was thus enabled to pass the vacation in London, to learn riding and fencing from Angelo,—to study Arabic,—to read Italian,

Spanish, and Portuguese, and, as he said, "to give himself the education of a prince, with the fortune of a peasant." Anxious to relieve his mother's moderate income entirely from the charge of maintaining him, he accepted, in his nineteenth year, the office of tutor to Lord Althorp, the present Earl Spencer, who was then seven years old. In 1765, he took up his residence at Wimbledon Park;—the situation is delightful;—his pupil was docile and pleasing in manners; he had leisure for study; and the society to which he was introduced might be called the highest and the best, both in rank and intellect:—here he first saw Anna Maria Shipley, the eldest daughter of the Dean of Winchester, whose figure, manners, good-sense and character, made an impression on his heart which was never effaced;—but it was his early determination to rely for subsistence on his own independent exertions, and not to seek fortune even by the attractive road of matrimony:—he, therefore, repressed his sentiments, and pursued his studies. He read Job, and the Prophets in Hebrew:—a task which, like many others, appears more formidable in apprehension than it would be found in reality. In 1766 he was elected Fellow of University College, which gave him, in his own estimation, complete independence;—during the winter he had the pleasure of inspecting the library at Earl Spencer's country seat at Althorp in Northamptonshire,—a noble collection then, and since become one of the finest private libraries in the world, by the liberal, constant,

and spirited exertions of his pupil. At the age of twenty-one, he began his commentaries on Asiatic poetry, for which the bent of his genius was early decided. In the summer of 1767, when Lord Spencer's family went to Spa, he accompanied them to the continent, and though his stay was short, he gratified his insatiable thirst for information, by studying German. His faculty for acquiring foreign languages was remarkable throughout his extraordinary career, and he was never content with superficial information, when it was possible to drink deep of the spring of knowledge by diligence and perseverance. He was prevailed upon in 1768 to undertake the difficult task of translating a Persian manuscript, containing a life of Nadir Shah, into French, for the King of Denmark, who was then in England. It was a high distinction, at his early age, to be selected amongst many learned orientalists for such a labour; and the difficulty was greatly increased by his being required to compose his translation in a foreign idiom. He completed it within a year, and his work was generally and justly applauded, for he had expressed the meaning of his author accurately, in a pure and clear French style. He was made a member of the Royal Society at Copenhagen, and strongly recommended to his own sovereign.

A little treatise, in French, on oriental poetry accompanied his translation. The extent of his acquirements at the age of twenty-three certainly does the highest honour to his industry and talents, and in watching his

progress to competency and distinction, it is pleasing to recount the numerous blessings which his zealous love of literature procured for him. Attachment to oriental studies led to acquaintance and friendship with Count Reviczki, the imperial minister at Warsaw, and ambassador at the British court. When they were separated, a regular correspondence took place, —the letters were principally written in Latin, which all Poles and Hungarians of education write and speak familiarly. The spring of 1769 passed most delightfully at Wimbledon Park in study, society, and correspondence. In the summer he accompanied Lord Althorp to Harrow; and it may be easily conceived, that early associations, and a renewal of intercourse with old friends, would render a residence at that celebrated seminary delightful. He valued Dr. Sumner, the master, most highly, and found in him a passion for classical studies and general literature perfectly congenial with his own. At Harrow he began to read and to think seriously on religion, which had hitherto occupied too small a portion of his time and his reflection. Bishop Beveridge's private thoughts were recommended to him by Dr. Glasse. He was probably led to further inquiry on this most interesting of all topics, by the following observation of the excellent Bishop, which is known to have excited his particular attention. "A profession of Christianity, merely because our countrymen profess it, without a candid inquiry and sincere conviction, would be no better reason for our faith than the Mahommedans

have for theirs." To search diligently, to inquire candidly, is indeed our duty, and happy is it for those whom search and inquiry lead finally to faith and conviction, as they led Sir William Jones. His manly and wise determination was to read the Scriptures through in the originals,—to examine, decide, and judge for himself.

He availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the Harrow vacation, in the autumn of 1769, to visit his friends at Oxford, and to make an excursion from thence to Forest Hill, in the neighbourhood, which had once been the temporary residence of Milton, and where it is still possible to trace the scenery so beautifully described by the greatest of our poets,

> By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

in his L'Allegro. Jones's letter to Lady Spencer, dated September 7, 1769, is one of the most favourable specimens of his epistolary talents,—his account of the excursion is lively, natural, and enthusiastic. He thus quotes the celebrated picture, which lives for ever in immortal song,

> While the ploughman, near at hand,
> Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
> And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
> And the mower whets his scythe;
> And every shepherd tells his tale,
> Under the hawthorn in the dale:
> Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
> Whilst the landscape round it measures,
> Russet lawns and fallows grey,
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray,

Mountains on whose barren breast,
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees;

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks.

The letter then proceeds to describe the real scene. "We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images; it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides; the distant mountain that seemed to support the clouds, the villages, and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a greyish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the description quoted, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature:—thus will this fine passage which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness." This short description, which is clear and good, is considered worth quoting, on two accounts, as it serves to illustrate Milton, and is a specimen of the prose style of Jones. At the close of the year, he accompanied Lord Spencer a second time to the continent, and addressed a letter to his friend Reviczki, from Nice,

which he calls a delightful little spot, dated February 4, 1770. He states his time to be there occupied in music, mathematics, and the sublime and beautiful in poetry and painting. He had begun a tragedy called Soliman, and frequently translated Arabic, Persian, and Greek odes with great felicity.

In another letter, dated Nice, March 1, 1770, addressed to Halhed, the celebrated orientalist, he thus describes the insufficiency of fine scenery alone, to make a man happy who has been accustomed to one of the highest of human pleasures, superior society: "My health is good, but I long for those enjoyments of which I know not well how to bear the privation. When I first arrived here I was delighted with the variety of objects, rarely, if ever, seen in my own country; olives, myrtles, pomegranates, palms, vineyards, aromatic plants, and a surprising variety of the sweetest flowers, blooming in the midst of winter. But the attraction of novelty has ceased. I am now satiated,—the windows of our inn are scarcely thirty paces from the sea; and, as Ovid says,

> Tired on the uniform expanse I gaze.

I cannot describe to you how weary I am of this place, nor my anxiety to be again at Oxford, where I might jest with you, or philosophize with Poore."

In another letter, written soon afterwards, he tells his friend Reviczki that he is disgusted with the odious rattle of French gaiety, and that the calm se-

renity of an Italian sky has something gloomy in it. The mind must indeed be out of tune, which can find gloom in the lovely blue sky of Italy; but the author himself subsequently wrote,

> For what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
> When the anxious moments are counted by care?
> No flowers gaily springing,
> No birds sweetly singing,
> Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The cause of his melancholy must be sought in separation from relatives,—from friends,—from intelligent society, and from one whom he probably loved and regretted above them all. Such sorrows are, fortunately for human nature, only transient,

> Soon flies the cloud: the solar rays,
> Disperse the gloom and brighter blaze.

He returned to England in 1770, and was enabled to gratify the society which he had so much longed to rejoin, with original and extensive observations on life, character, and manners in foreign countries.

His situation in Lord Spencer's family was a most eligible one to him, when it was first offered: it gave him, at the age of nineteen, amongst other great advantages, the means of subsistence without the necessity of trespassing at all on the income of his kind and anxious mother;—but, at twenty-four, his views were materially changed,—his mind was enlarged, and his

hopes expanded; he wished for a pursuit in which he might expect to reach independence and distinction before life was exhausted to the dregs;—he panted also, with ardent and enlightened patriotism, for an opportunity of being useful to his country;—these requisites, he thought he perceived in the study of the law; he therefore resigned his charge, and was admitted as a student into the Temple, on the 19th of September 1770. His plan of study was not so strict as to deprive him of the delight of poetry and society,—his letters to Reviczki are full of the warmest admiration of oriental imagery; of Jami's poem of Yusef or Joseph, and Zuleika, he speaks in rapture, as containing more than four thousand couplets, each of which he says is a star of the first brilliancy. He mentions his intention of publishing a volume of poems of his own, and adds, that he greatly enjoys the pleasures of singing and dancing, and the exquisite charm of female society.

From a letter to his friend Mr. Wilmot, dated Oxford, June 3, 1771, it appears that he had not found the study of the law so totally devoid of interest as some have represented it. "I do not see," he writes, "why the study of the law is called dry and unpleasant; and I very much suspect that it seems so to those only, who would think any study unpleasant which required a great application of the mind and exertion of the memory." He had, indeed, advantages which are not at the command of every law

student:—his hours were varied and enlivened by visits to Oxford, by general literature, and by extensive and excellent society.

In 1771 he published a letter, in French, to Anquetil du Perron, the object of which was to vindicate the oriental scholars of Oxford from the charges of ignorance brought against them by that vain, petulant, self-sufficient, but well-informed and laborious writer.—Anquetil du Perron was passionately devoted to oriental learning:—anxious to drink deep at its proper source, and finding no better means of visiting Arabia, Persia, and India, he engaged himself as a common soldier in the service of the French East India Company,—braved, for a long series of years, dangers and privations, which no man but an enthusiast could have supported, and returned to Europe, laden, as he conceived, with the choicest spoils of eastern literature, and too much disposed to undervalue the knowledge of those who had acquired it with less toil and hardship. His attack on Oxford was unjust, and most ungrateful, for he had experienced there the greatest kindness and hospitality. The reply of Jones was keen and severe; he felt indignant, and he expressed himself too warmly. At a later period of life, he would have treated the errors of his learned antagonist with more indulgence;—his style was so correct, that his letter passed for the work of a Parisian. His mother, who resided at Oxford, received letters and visits from him frequently, and enjoyed with exquisite and peculiar *maternal* relish his

improving prospects, his rising reputation, and his character; which every passing year obviously contributed to form and to improve.

In 1774 he published, in Latin, his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, which had been finished five years; but which, with laudable diffidence, he refrained from giving to the world sooner, in the hope of profiting by reflection and criticism;—the matter was generally applauded both at home and abroad; the style received the commendation of one of the most competent judges in England, Dr. Parr, who praised it for "purity, ease, and elegance," and who thus concluded his letter to the modest and highly accomplished author: "On the whole, I have received infinite entertainment from this curious and learned performance, and I look forward with pleasure to the great honour which such a publication will do our country."

He had to lament that death prevented Dr. Sumner from joining his valuable testimony to that of Dr. Parr. To the character of Sumner, whom he admired and loved, he paid a beautiful tribute of affection and regret, in the preface to his Commentaries, thus: "There never was a man more worthy of being remembered for his talents, integrity, admirable disposition, and exquisite learning: in the art of instructing, I never knew any master equal to him, and his cheerfulness and sweetness were such, that it is difficult to say whether he was most agreeable to his friends or his pupils. In Greek and Latin literature,

he was deeply versed; his voice was clear and distinct, his style polished, his expression fluent, his wit playful, and his memory tenacious." The preface to the Commentaries concludes with these animated sentences, which well deserve the trouble of being extracted and copied:—

"If I am asked who is the greatest man? I answer, the best; and if I am required to say who is the best? I reply, he that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures.—Whether we deserve better of mankind, by the cultivation of letters, by intellectual pursuits, calculated rather to amuse than to inform, than by strenuous exertions in speaking and acting for the good of others, let them consider who busy themselves in studies unproductive of benefit to their fellow-creatures; I think not.—I have been long enough engaged in preparation, and I am now called to the field: what my fortune may be I know not; this however I know, that the first wish of my heart is,—when my career is run, and my active duty fulfilled, to retreat to the University;—not to indulge in indolence, which I abhor, but to enjoy a dignified leisure in the uninterrupted cultivation of letters."

It is much to be regretted that wishes so moderate, so rational, and so eloquently expressed, were not doomed to be fulfilled. His fame for talents and oriental learning began to be extended over Europe. A man who writes in Latin may, on that account, be less popular in his native country, but he addresses himself to all literary and well-educated persons

throughout the civilized world. The author of the Commentaries received within a few months, friendly and flattering communications from Amsterdam, Paris, Madrid, and Venice. In January 1775 he presented a copy of his recently published poems, to the Countess Spencer, assuring her Ladyship that if he had never known her, the first of them, called Solima, would never have been written.—She replied, with a modesty and good sense which showed her to be worthy of the compliment paid to her, that she considered the flattering picture as a model set up for her future imitation, and that she should be sorry not to approach nearer to it, especially when so publicly called upon to improve herself in the ways of virtue and benevolence. Amongst other occupations of ingenuity and thought, he invented what he called an Andrometer,—which was a mathematical scale adapted to human attainments and enjoyments. It is chiefly curious as showing the extensive range of his hopes and views in the attainment of knowledge. He divides life into seventy portions or years, and allots to each its peculiar acquisitions and duties. The first thirty years he devotes to study and preparation for active existence; the next twenty to public and professional employment; the third division of ten years he allots to literary and scientific composition, and the continuation of former pursuits; and the last ten years he would spend in the enjoyment of the fruits of past labours, and in preparation for eternity.

To this arrangement some objection may be made; every man is bound to the performance of certain relative duties, arising from his own connexions and station; he cannot devote a certain portion of his life to preparation, when he may be imperiously called into action, in some of the earlier stages of his career; and surely it is not wise in a deliberate plan to defer reflections on eternity to the last years of life,—these should be early and habitual; but perhaps it may be only intended to show, what all will admit to be true, that if the motives be right, a life passed in active duty is the best preparation for eternity. Of the proceedings of Jones during five years of his study and practice at the English Bar, there is not much to record that is characteristic or interesting. He attended the Oxford circuit,—translated the speeches of the Athenian lawyer Isæus, from the Greek; composed a tract on the law of bailment,—was appointed by Lord Bathurst, one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts; and with an activity of mind, which distinguished him through life, united in his studies, general literature with law,—enjoyed the luxury of polished society, and corresponded with eminent men in every country.

One of the objects of his ambition was the representation of the University of Oxford in Parliament; his talents, and his personal character, obtained for him many warm friends and supporters, but he was not friendly to the principles of the administration, and he had very formidable rival candidates in the

able Dr. Scott, now Lord Stowell, and the popular and benevolent Sir William Dolben:—under these circumstances he finally declined the contest, after receiving many honourable testimonies of regard and kindness, from men who knew him only from his public character and his works. The riots in 1780 induced him to publish an *Inquiry into the legal mode of suppressing Disturbances, with a Constitutional Plan of future Defence.* He had always been a warm, consistent, and enlightened friend to the civil liberties of his country. His attention, in this year, was forcibly called, from public duties and cares, to one of the most grievous of all calamities, the death of his mother:—the character of this superior woman has been already noticed; she had been his earliest instructor,—his kindest and warmest friend,—she had shown herself ready to resign all her own comforts, if needful, for the purpose of maintaining him at College;—from the moment of his obtaining a fellowship, he declined receiving any allowance from her, but her willingness to make the sacrifice was not the less amiable and praiseworthy. There is indeed nothing extraordinary in this: all observers of human nature delight to record the wonders of maternal affection,—perhaps the strongest,—certainly the most disinterested, of all passions;—its powers and effects appear almost unlimited, for no man can say what it will not perform and endure. Mrs. Jones was justly proud of her son,—she lived near him at Oxford, and to her he devoted his leisure

hours, with the most unwearied and affectionate attention. It is natural to suppose that the pleasure which he derived from the distinction to which he raised himself by abilities and industry during her life, was doubled by reflecting on the high and pure delight which it afforded her.

The great object of his ambition, at this period of his life, was the appointment of Chief Justice in the East Indies,—a post for which his character, his knowledge of law, and of the eastern languages, rendered him eminently and peculiarly fit. His opinions are best exhibited by extracts from his letters, and he writes thus to his pupil, Lord Althorp, under the date of January 5, 1782:

"Man was born for labour; his configuration, his passions, his restlessness, all prove it; but labour would wear him out, and the purpose of it be defeated, if he had not intervals of pleasure; and unless that pleasure be innocent, both he and society must suffer: now, what pleasures are more harmless,—if they be nothing else, than those afforded by polite arts and polite literature? Love was given us by the Author of our being as the reward of virtue, and the solace of care; but the base and sordid forms of artificial society in which we live, have encircled that heavenly rose with so many thorns, that the rich alone can gather it with prudence."

The *hope delayed*, which continued for many years the uppermost thought in Jones's manly mind, evidently suggested the paragraph last quoted, and mix-

ed something of bitterness with all his feelings.—The clouds of uncertainty which obscured his prospect of happiness at length were dispersed;—in March 1783 he was appointed a Judge of the supreme court at Calcutta, on which occasion he was knighted, and in the following month he was united to the object of his earliest choice and constant affection Anna Maria Shipley, eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph;—a woman worthy of his love, and calculated, by her excellent principles, good-sense, good-temper, accomplishments, and pleasing manners, to make his life most happy. He owed his appointment to the friendship of the great lawyer Dunning, Lord Ashburton, whose letter, inclosing it, ended in this kind manner: "When I consider this appointment as securing to you at once, two of the first objects of human pursuit, those of ambition and love, I feel it a subject of very serious and cordial congratulation, which I desire you to accept, and to convey accordingly."

In April 1783, Sir William Jones sailed for Calcutta in the Crocodile frigate, and took a final leave of his native country, and of many beloved and distinguished friends. A voyage to Calcutta would, in ordinary circumstances, be considered one of the greater miseries of human life;—the sea and the sky are sublime spectacles at intervals, or for once; the eye however grows weary of dwelling upon them continually, and the resources of common society are easily exhausted on board a ship; but to have for a com-

panion, on such a voyage, a cheerful, amiable, accomplished, and intelligent wife, long loved, and recently married, must be perfectly delightful:—the complete separation from external objects and from society, is the picture of happiness which fancy usually forms under such circumstances. Sir William Jones's character had gone out to India before him,—he was anxiously expected, and experienced a cordial welcome from all classes. His conduct on the bench fully justified the high hopes which had been formed,—his manner was dignified, his law clear, his conduct calm, steady, and upright, his charges eloquent; he introduced great improvements into the administration of justice, particularly to the native inhabitants, whose manners, language, and institutions he studied with unremitting zeal and diligence:—by founding the Asiatic Society, he rendered similar pursuits and studies general. The employment of his time was always systematic and regular, and he was thus enabled to acquire a mass of information truly wonderful. Some light is thrown on the distribution of his hours by two lines found amongst his papers, which he had altered from Sir Edward Coke:

> Six hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
> Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

The climate of the East Indies soon exhibited its usual debilitating and fatal effects on the constitution of one who, when duty called for exertion, never spared himself in mind or body:—a paragraph in one

of his letters to Mr. Macpherson, dated from a cottage in the country, is truly characteristic:—"If temperance and composure of mind will avail, I shall be well; but I would rather be a valetudinarian all my life, than leave unexplored the Sanscrit mine which I have just opened." He continued, at every interval of leisure, his researches into the literature of Persia, Arabia, and India. His translation of the following tetrastick from the Persian, is said to be perfectly literal; it is quoted because it is beautiful and short:

> On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
> Weeping thou sats't, while all around thee smil'd;
> So live that sinking in thy last long sleep,
> Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep.

Lady Jones's health was also affected by the climate,—in a letter to her sister, dated September 7, 1786, her husband, who had talked of returning to Europe in 1790, thus mentions his wife; "God grant that the bad state of my Anna's health may not compel her to leave India before me. I should remain like a man with a dead palsy in one of his sides, but it were better to lose a side for a time, than both for ever." She was persuaded to embark for Europe, without him, in December 1793, and he saw her no more. It would have been possible, in a pecuniary point of view, for him to have left India at the same time, but he had voluntarily undertaken a most laborious work, a translation of the digest of Hindu-

and Mahommedan laws,—the completion of which he deemed of vital importance to the due administration of justice to the immense native population of India. If he had returned to England in time, his health might have been restored, and his valuable life prolonged, but he lingered over his great work till it was too late, and on the 27th of April 1794 he expired, in perfect tranquillity, apparently without suffering or pain. He died a martyr to his duty; and his sacrifices, his exertions, and his character were duly appreciated by all who had known him. The native inhabitants were loud and sincere in their lamentations,—to them the loss was irreparable;—the English might hope to see upon the bench another Judge as learned and as upright as he was; but the natives well knew that another could not be found equally diligent in searching for truth and information, amidst the voluminous records of their own language.

Sir William Jones was a classical scholar, and a ripe and good one. He had made considerable progress in botany and mathematics. His acquisitions in languages perhaps never were exceeded: the following is his own clear account:—eight studied critically—English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit;—eight intelligible with a dictionary, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runick, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish; and twelve studied less perfectly, but attainable. In the Bible of this wise and good man, who owed to literature so

many blessings, he had written these words, " I have carefully perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books."

HORNE.

GEORGE HORNE was a native of Kent. He was born at Otham, near Maidstone, on the first of November 1730. His career in life was that of a fortunate man, and the favourable circumstances of it commenced with his earliest years; he was one of seven children, and the members of numerous families, being soon taught to control their tempers, and to exercise their affections, are generally better and happier than others on that account. His father was rector of Otham, and had been a tutor at Oxford; he was therefore well qualified to teach his own sons, and willingly undertook that delightful labour.—George, the second son, was thus saved, in the days of boyhood and of natural glee, from the tyranny and the numerous petty vexations, which often break the spirits of boys at a public school. The years of his youth were very happy, for he passed them at home, in the midst of a district so highly cultivated and beautiful, that it is often called the Garden of England. At the age of thirteen he was sent to the grammar-school at Maidstone, very unnecessarily,

as it appeared from the testimony of the master, who, after examining him, as is usual on the arrival of a new pupil, expressed surprise that he should be sent to school when he was fully qualified to leave it. In the memorable year 1745, when he was only fifteen years old, he was elected to a scholarship in University College, and immediately removed to Oxford, where his vivacity of temper, and solid acquirements, soon rendered him popular. Many of his earliest companions there became subsequently eminent in character and station; amongst them were Moore, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Jenkinson, who gradually raised himself in political life to the Earldom of Liverpool. The college intimacies of a man of sound and deep religious principles, and admirable temper, like Horne, are generally friendships for life. Of the readiness of those around him to render him active and unsolicited service, he received a very pleasing proof: a fellowship of Magdalen College, which was appropriated by the statutes to natives of Kent, became vacant at a time when there was no person in that College duly qualified and ready to take it; the senior Fellow of University College solicited and obtained it for Horne, who thus found himself appointed to a very desirable situation, not only without an effort on his own part, but without his knowledge. The command of leisure and of books, the choice of companions, and the independence of his circumstances, all contributed to make his college life a pleasant

one, to a man of subdued passions, and moderate wants.

The progress of students in Greek is generally from the Testament to Homer, afterwards to the historians Xenophon, Thucydides, and Herodotus; and, lastly, to the great tragedians Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus; there are appropriate enjoyments for every resting place in this career, but the true enthusiasm for Grecian lore is most felt at the last stage; and, accordingly, over the works of the ancient masters of the drama, mutilated and imperfect as they are, Horne lingered with very great delight. He quitted them at the age of nineteen to devote himself to the study of Hebrew, a knowledge of which, being destined for the church, he considered an indispensable duty; and, indeed, the power of examining the scriptures in the original language, and referring to it for the explanation of all doubtful passages in case of need, is of so much importance, that a knowledge of Hebrew should be invariably required in every candidate for holy orders. In this branch of his studies, Horne was encouraged and directed by George Watson, one of those modest, polished, benevolent scholars, who abound in the English universities, and who, being too diffident, or too careless of fame, to publish what they write, are buried at last in remote country livings, and survive, only for a single generation, in the memory of admiring associates and attached friends. To a very beautiful discourse of Watson's, on the nineteenth Psalm, preached be-

fore the University, may perhaps be traced, the first design of that celebrated commentary on the Psalms, which formed the delightful occupation of Horne's life for eighteen years, and will deliver down his name to posterity as an excellent writer and commentator. There was a disparity of seven years in age between these friends, but this was probably an advantage to both, the younger profiting by the experience of his companion, and enlivening in return the hours of mutual study by the exuberance of never-failing juvenile spirits. It is creditable to Horne that, at this early period of his life, he had self-denial enough to remain in college for a whole summer vacation studying Hebrew with Watson, instead of enjoying the society of his father's numerous family, to whom he was warmly attached, in his own rich and beautiful native district. He was intimate also with George Berkeley, a student of Christ Church, the son of the eminent Bishop of Cloyne; and with Welbourne, an antiquary of the first class, and a zealous Hebraist, whom he frequently visited at Wendlebury, near Bicester. His first publication was a tract of temporary interest, written at the age of nineteen, entitled "A fair, candid, and impartial Account of the State of the Case between Newton and Hutchinson." This was considered creditable to his talents at the time.

In 1750, Dr. Clayton, Bishop of Clogher in Ireland, published an essay *on the Spirit*, which, not being deemed orthodox by some of the highest authorities in the Church, brought in its consequences sufficient

obloquy on the learned, well-meaning, and amiable author, to imbitter grievously the closing hours of his long life. Horne, when on a visit to his friend Jones in Northamptonshire, united with him in the task of a reply to the objectionable parts of the Bishop's essay. The library of the gentleman with whom Jones was domesticated as tutor, happened to be rich in divinity, and particularly in the works of the earliest Fathers of the Christian Church. The nature of the reply rendered a very diligent study of these works, and others, on the same subject, necessary, and the mind of Horne derived great benefit from laborious application to the study of divinity, though his immediate object was only temporary. He was particularly pleased with the works of Charles Leslie, since made popular and familiar by the cheap publications of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and with those of William Law, whose "Serious Call" was very warmly commended by Johnson. On Trinity Sunday, 1753, he was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford, and entered upon the office of minister with a due and very deep sense of its importance. The style of his sermons was remarkably graceful, pure, clear, and unaffected; earnest, and animated, yet free from any improper tendency to enthusiasm; and the manner in which he delivered them was so impressive and fascinating, that a clerical friend, in whose pulpit he officiated, before a polished London congregation, exclaimed, when the sermon was over, "George Horne is, with-

out exception, the best preacher in England." In the year 1755, he began to preach before the University; and, in his published works, a great number of discourses will be found which were delivered on various occasions before those very learned and enlightened hearers. Amongst the many attractive sights which the great Universities offer to a passing stranger, there is none more striking than the assembly of the heads of houses, the Doctors in Divinity, and the Masters of Arts, all in appropriate places, to hear divine service. The preacher appointed is generally one of the most eminent young men of the day, and it very rarely happens that so much distinguished talent and information is to be seen concentrated in so small a space. Horne was peculiarly calculated to be warmly beloved by the students of his own college: the important duty of making virtue amiable, and religion lovely, by showing practically that they are perfectly compatible, not merely with cheerfulness, but with mirth and constant joyous spirits, was never more admirably performed than by him; and yet, when he was appointed Proctor, he showed that he knew how to make his temporary authority respected, and to keep up that strictness of discipline which is absolutely necessary to the well-being of such public bodies as the Universities. In the zealous discharge of his duty, he caught the measles by visiting a poor family, and was for some time dangerously ill. He was succeeded in the office by Thurlow, brother to the Chancellor, and afterwards Bishop of Durham,

who, in his inauguration speech paid this singularly high tribute to the merit of his predecessor: "As to the late Proctor, I shall speak of him but in few words, for the truth of which I can appeal to all that are here present; if ever virtue was visible and dwelt on earth, it was in the person who this day lays down his office." The powers of language in praise could go no farther; the cases are few indeed in which such a testimonial could be justly and properly given; in many it would appear a gross instance of flattery, or exaggeration, entirely defeating the speaker's end, for

Praise undeserv'd is censure in disguise;

but as applied to Horne, the college and the whole University admitted that it was purely and simply the truth.

His reputation for humanity and sanctity of character was so general and great, that he was sent for by a noted highwayman under sentence of death in the county gaol. The culprit was supposed to have been of a respectable family, and to have committed a long series of criminal acts under an assumed name. Though sufficiently enlightened by education to distinguish between right and wrong, he had betrayed no symptom of remorse up to the time of his conviction, and only began to be sensible of his real situation, when no chance of escape remained. The direction of a conscience so newly awakened, is one of the most difficult tasks that can be imposed upon a young clergyman, who is impressed with a full sense

of the awful responsibility of his duty. He would naturally recommend earnest prayer and sincere repentance; but when the trembling criminal, assured that a few days or hours must terminate his career of probation, demands from his instructor the ground and extent of hope in a future state, the danger of exciting improper enthusiasm on the one hand, or overwhelming despair on the other, is great. The piety of Horne was rational and enlightened, he pointed out the atonement as the only way left for mercy, and committed the dying man with feelings of deep commiseration to a judge who knows the human heart, and who is both merciful and just. An habitual sense of danger, or a constitutional indifference to it, had so strengthened the nerves of this poor criminal, that, in the earnest conversations which preceded his death, he was apparently much less agitated than the pious and excellent man whom he had summoned to administer consolation. Horne's pen was frequently engaged in the composition of slight controversial tracts, which have their little day of notoriety, and then perish with the occasion which gave them birth. He printed an apology for some of his friends in the University who had been aspersed anonymously, and began his reply with a sentence taken from the often-quoted Hooker, which should be used as a motto on all similar occasions. "Your next argument consists of railing and reasons, to your railing I say nothing, to your reasons I say what follows," &c.

Opinions were much divided in the University on the

expediency of publishing a new edition of the Hebrew Bible, with what was called a corrected and improved text, under the inspection of Dr. Kennicott. Horne was one of those who opposed it, on the ground of the great danger of any innovation in the text of Scripture; it was his opinion that the religious prejudices of the Jews had, in all ages, induced them to guard the words of the sacred writings from interpolation and corruption with such scrupulous vigilance, that no material errors could reasonably be expected; and, that if, as was reported, the altered text was to be immediately followed by a new translation, the very foundation of Christian faith and doctrine might be shaken.

The new edition of the Hebrew Bible, after long discussion and delay, was at last published by subscription, under the superintendence of Dr. Kennicott, and it now appears that the apprehensions of those who so earnestly opposed it were vain, for none of the bad effects which were confidently foretold have ensued. The Christian religion stands upon too firm a foundation to be endangered by criticism, investigation, and discussion; they are probably on the contrary beneficial to it in the end; it is for error and sophistry to dread the light, but truth will appear the clearer and brighter the more its principles are tried, proved, and discussed, and its admirers should act accordingly.

Horne found in the library of Magdalen College, a copy of the beautiful Manual of Devotion, written in

Greek by Bishop Andrews, he admired it so much as to make daily use of it; and, at a subsequent period of his life, published it in English, that its value might be more generally felt and understood. When a vacancy occurred in the high office of President of the college, the purity and consistency of his character, his learning and acknowledged talents, his general popularity, and the recollection of the manner in which he had filled the office of Proctor, caused all eyes to be turned upon him, and, on the 27th of January 1768, he was elected in a manner most gratifying to his feelings.

A residence in the midst of the society of his chosen and most valued friends, was thus rendered compatible with the enjoyment of that domestic comfort which he was most peculiarly calculated to enjoy and to promote; he married the only daughter of P. Burton, Esquire, and his anticipations of happiness, and of harmony with her, were fully realized. The only occasion on which his popularity in Oxford underwent a temporary decline, was a contested election for the University; one of the cases in which those who are peaceably disposed are not permitted even to be neutral with impunity. His friend Jenkinson was a candidate, whom he felt himself called upon by the recollections of past intimacy, and by a high opinion of talents fitted for political life, to support with all his influence. The opposite party of course accused him of permitting the dictates of private friendship to prevail over a proper, public-spirited concern for

the true interest of the University, but the cloud passed over, the ferment subsided with the occasion which produced it, and then full justice was done to his motives by those who had blamed him at first. He was nominated to the office of vice-chancellor with universal approbation, and this appointment made his character familiarly known to the Chancellor, Lord North, proverbially called the best-tempered man of the age; in this most enviable and happy quality which, like mercy, twice blessed, is a blessing to the owner, and to all who approach him, there was a perfect congeniality of disposition between the Prime Minister and the President: the promotion of Horne, therefore, soon followed the acquaintance; he was preferred to the rich deanery of Canterbury, the most desirable appointment that could have been given to him, for it was in his own county, and in the midst of his relatives and early friends. Perhaps there is no feeling more naturally and purely gratifying to a man's heart, than to be raised to a distinguished office under the very eyes of those who are most deeply interested in his fate and fortune, with a consciousness of having fairly earned and deserved it, and with the general concurrence and approbation of the world. His first impulse on receiving this most gratifying preferment, was to resign the office of President of Magdalen College, and a man of disciplined feelings and religious principles generally does right when he follows the impulse of the first impression without hesitating or consulting others; but his

friends in the University were so unwilling to lose his society, that they persuaded him to hold both appointments, probably on the doubtful plea of more extensive usefulness; and he divided his residence between Oxford and Canterbury.

We may be permitted to pause, for a moment, here in our narrative, to contemplate one of the most completely beautiful pictures of human happiness that was ever offered to the admiring sight of a benevolent and philosophical observer. The health and the mental faculties of Dr. Horne were still unimpaired; he had a natural cheerfulness of disposition improved by habit, founded on religious principles, and therefore permanent; increased by the recollections of a blameless and useful life, and deriving daily accessions from warm gratitude for what Jeremy Taylor would have called *a heap and union of blessings.* He was a domestic man in taste and inclination; he was happily married, and a young family was rising around him, for whose education and provision he had no fears or doubts, and who enabled him to look forward to the time when the eye must grow dim, and the strength of mind and body must decay, with an assurance of affectionate support to be administered by the unhired and unwearied attendants to whom a parent's smile is a sufficient reward. As the head of a learned body in Oxford he was deservedly popular, and, when resident there, he could command the most enlightened society in the world; whilst every term that brought new students to the University, brought to him an

accession of admirers, some of whom were sure to become friends. At the seasons of vacation he removed his residence to Canterbury, which, considering its noble and venerable cathedral, the exquisitely beautiful scenery in its immediate neighbourhood, and its polished and intellectual society, must be deemed one of the most attractive places of abode in the kingdom; there his talents as a preacher, his well-known character, and his high office of Dean, caused him to be looked up to with respect and affection; and, lastly, for his hours of study, he had a regular pursuit, the composition of his beautiful discourses, which caused his solitary and retired hours to pass uncounted: let hopes and prospects of a blessed immortality be added to these advantages, and a picture of earthly happiness is formed, on which it is impossible for the mind to dwell without pleasure and admiration. To him the ways of religion were indeed ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace.

The great literary work of Horne, the Commentary on the Psalms, which will always be the delight, and the manual of devout Christians, was published in quarto in 1776. It had long been the pleasant employment of his hours of retirement; and the subject had become so much interwoven with his thoughts and studies, that, on its completion, he parted from it as from a dear friend, in the warmest terms of eloquent and affectionate regret. Its value has recently become more generally known, by the extensive use made of it in the notes of the Bible, which has been so

widely circulated by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. The comments on the book of Psalms in that great work were almost wholly taken from Horne. His letter to Adam Smith, occasioned by some reflections on the character and death of David Hume, appeared about the same time as the Commentary on the Psalms; it was a work very small in bulk, but great in importance and value. Hume's sceptical writings are fortunately too refined and philosophical for the comprehension of the middle and lower orders of society; it is therefore to be hoped that the mischief which they have done, in unsettling the religious faith, and thus overturning the moral principles of mankind, has been limited. The indignation which every benevolent mind must feel on contemplating repeated efforts to deprive the wretched of their only consolation, has been well expressed by Beattie in his Essay on Truth. "In the solitary scenes of life, there is many an honest and tender heart, pining with incurable anguish, pierced with the sharpest sting of disappointment, bereft of friends, chilled with poverty, racked with disease, scourged by the oppressor, whom nothing but trust in Providence, and the hope of a future retribution could preserve from the agonies of despair. Does the sceptic attempt to violate this last refuge of the miserable, and to rob them of the only comfort that had survived the ravages of misfortune, malice, and tyranny? Has the influence of such execrable tenets disturbed the tranquillity of virtuous retirement, deep-

ened the gloom of human distress, or aggravated the horrors of the grave? Traitor to human kind, how can you answer for it to your heart?" It is stated by Faujas St. Fond, in his travels through Scotland, that Adam Smith was a warm admirer of Voltaire and Rousseau, his opinions were probably therefore not much at variance with those of Hume; and he published a letter, containing an account of the Philosopher's last moments, in which he asserted, that the character of Hume approached as nearly to perfection as the frailty of human nature permitted. The little publication of Horne was intended to expose the folly and danger of such an assertion, and this task he accomplished in the happiest popular style, calling to his aid the united powers of irony and argument. The utility of a work must not be measured by its bulk; the style, size, and expense of Horne's little book were suited to the readers whose principles were most likely to be endangered; and there is reason to believe that it accomplished the purpose for which it was written, and effected extensive good.

In 1788, the constitutional infirmities of Horne began to increase; a letter on this subject may be quoted as a specimen of the playful manner of a learned and good man under the pressure of bodily suffering; it is dated May 20.—"I have been more than ever harassed this year, for four months past, with defluxions on my head and breast; they have driven me to take the benefit of the Headington air this charming season, which, by God's blessing, will enable me to get clear for the summer I believe. But as I grow

older I shall dread the return of winter. Do you know what could be done in the way of preservative? My good friends of the church wish me to continue here, and engage to do the business of the midsummer chapter without me. I am urged to get once more upon a horse as much like an ass as possible; long disuse has now been added to my original awkwardness; however, by keeping to a gentle pace I shall avoid going off, as you may remember it was my hap once to do, like a frog from a board."

Visits to Ramsgate and Brighton had before been serviceable to him, but his health was impaired to a degree unusual at the age of sixty, and therefore when a bishopric was offered, as the last and highest reward of useful industry, constant benevolence, eminent talents, and a blameless life, he hesitated some time before he accepted it, on account of the awful responsibility and active nature of its various duties; the remonstrances of his friends, and the hope of extending his means of influence and usefulness prevailed: he was consecrated Bishop of Norwich in the beginning of 1791, and took his seat in the House of Peers in February. In that great assembly he was mainly instrumental in procuring for the Scotch episcopal clergy the removal of the hardships and privations under which they had long laboured: he corresponded on the subject with Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen, and used, in favour of the cause which he had undertaken, all the influence which he possessed, with characteristic warmth of heart and benevolence. The use of his limbs began to fail soon after his ap-

pointment to the bishopric, but his spirit was still cheerful. There is a long flight of steps ascending to the door of the Bishop's residence at Norwich, and as he was laboriously climbing up them, he said to his chaplain, on whose arm he was leaning, " I am come to these steps when I can neither go up them nor come down them with safety." He struggled resolutely against his increasing infirmities, and endeavoured, painful as the effort was, to strengthen his limbs by early morning walks. He had twice derived benefit from visiting Bath, and in the autumn of 1791 his medical attendants advised him to go again ; but he deferred it till little chance of restoration remained : he was attacked by paralysis on the road, but was able to finish the journey, and at the end of it he recovered sufficient strength to walk in the pump room. His mind was in some degree affected by his disorder, but he joined his family in the communion service with his usual devotion. He died on the 17th of January 1792, as tranquilly as he had lived, at the age of sixty-one. That affecting scene, the departure of a wise and good man, is described, with great pathos and simplicity, in the following letter from one of his household, Mrs. Salmon to her sister :

" This morning, at twenty minutes past two, our dear Lord departed this life. He died, as he lived, a saint indeed. He had not been able for some days to express himself clearly, but yesterday, when Mr. Selby read prayers, he joined, and repeated the Lord's

prayer with as much composure as ever he did in his life. After that he received the sacrament with his wife and daughters, and, when that was over, he said, now am I blessed indeed. All was peace and joy and comfort within. He blessed us all severally, and thanked us for what we had done. Had you seen him bolstered up, blessing his children, and speaking comfort to his wife, in the hope and trust of their meeting again, you never would have forgotten it; I am sure I never shall, nor do I wish it."

There are few readers of this plain, unvarnished, and affecting description by an eye-witness, who will not apply to the Bishop his own emphatic quotation, at the end of his letter to Adam Smith, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his." He was interred at Eltham, in Kent, the residence of his wife's father. A tablet in the church there was erected to his memory. Monumental inscriptions cannot in general be safely quoted as testimonials of character, for they are often composed by partial friends, under feelings of great excitement, and therefore exaggeration is so common that a reader of epitaphs may suppose bright examples of every virtue to have been formerly common, and that he has himself been unfortunate in possessing acquaintances and connexions of mixed and imperfect character. The epitaph on Bishop Horne is strictly just in stating that he possessed depth of learning, brightness of imagination, and sweetness of temper, in a de-

gree beyond the usual lot of mortality, and that he edified and delighted his hearers by his preaching.

His widow and three daughters survived him.

It is greatly to be lamented that he was summoned away from his elevated station in the church, so soon after he had been appointed to fill it, for his great talents for preaching, and prose composition, and his beneficent and truly Christian character, were calculated to do extensive good.

The style of Bishop Horne may be quoted as one of the best specimens of pure, unaffected, perspicuous English: rising occasionally, when the subject requires it, to pathos and sublimity, its usual flow is that of persuasive gentleness. Too many of his sermons are unfortunately of restricted utility, from having been prepared and preached on particular occasions, but those on *The Garden of Eden*, on *regulating the Secret Thoughts* and on *The Sea*, may be quoted and referred to as specimens of his manner, and as almost perfect examples of this species of composition. The commentary on the Psalms is Horne's great work, and is entitled to the highest praise, for judgment and research in the matter, as well as for its style, which is animated, appropriate, and delightful. No man ever selected a literary task more peculiarly suited to his own taste, habits, and feelings. The Psalms, independently of their venerable antiquity, and prophetic character, abound in poetical beauties of the very highest order. About fifty of them are songs of praise and thanksgiving, either for par-

ticular instances of mercy, or for general blessings, and these were exactly suited to the pious and cheerful character of the commentator: it was therefore perfectly natural that he should succeed eminently in his undertaking, and that it should have been the delight of his solitary hours for a very large portion of his active life.

In the little specimen of Horne's talents in poetry, with which this sketch will be closed, he seems to have very happily caught some of the affecting simplicity and pathetic grace of ancient times:—

I.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die.

II.

Sweet rose! in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

III.

Sweet spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas! must die.

IV.

Be wise then, Christian, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying,
The thoughtless man that laughs to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

EUSTACE.

Till letter'd fame upon him shone,
He walk'd in darkness and alone.

Of the author of the classical tour in Italy no account has yet been published; and as many of his cotemporaries and friends have already followed him to the grave, it is to be feared that the minute particulars of his education and early habits will never be collected and known: yet the subject, if it had fallen into able hands, would have proved deeply interesting, for his was no common character; and the scantiness of my materials is to me a peculiar source of regret, as I should search in vain through ancient and modern records for an instance more striking of the beneficial effects of literature on character and happiness. I once had abundant opportunities of collecting such materials from his own lips, for he honoured me with his friendship and confidence; and though the habitual elevation of his mind prevented him from ever voluntarily speaking of himself, he would have

answered all my questions with unreserved kindness. I lament that these opportunities can never return; I was too young and heedless to appreciate them properly when they were present, and now, that he is gone to a foreign and a premature grave, I look back to them with unavailing regret. If I should ever hereafter be enabled to collect authentic materials for a more extended history of his life, I will endeavour to do him more justice; in the mean time, I will try to record all that I can recollect of him, and to make an imperfect sketch of his manners, acquirements, and character:

> His saltem accumulem donis.
> These tributes let me heap upon his grave.

John Chetwode Eustace was a native of Ireland, his mother was a Chetwode of a good family in Cheshire: being a Roman Catholic, he was sent at an early period of his life to the Benedictine College at Douay in French Flanders, where great numbers of his countrymen were educated with a view to the priesthood, there being then no adequate public seminary for such a purpose in Ireland. A foreign education is in many respects a great misfortune both to the Pastors themselves, and to the flocks whom they are afterwards called upon to direct and enlighten. The priests taught abroad become strangers to the land which gave them birth, and to the ideas, habits, and character of its inhabitants: they return from Douay, Lisbon, or Salamanca, instructed in the his-

tory and doctrines of their religion, uncontaminated with the vices of society (for, in general, the morals of the young are very strictly guarded in such institutions) and imbued with a competent share of classical learning; but of common life, and its important duties, they must be profoundly ignorant; confinement within the walls of a convent must cramp the intellect and confine the ideas; and they too frequently undertake to teach, when they have themselves to learn nearly all that is important and essential in human duties. In these places of education, a salutary system of equality of treatment has always prevailed; the son of a peasant and the young nobleman would partake of the same fare, pursue the same studies, and be seated without the least distinction at the same bench; and this had the effect of exalting the poor friendless boy in his own estimation, and encouraging him to exertion.

Eustace became a Roman Catholic priest, and received in England that second education which a man of talents always gives to himself, and which, as Milton has justly remarked, forms and decides the character. It was to this second education that Eustace alluded in his remarkable conversation with the eloquent and celebrated Burke, whom he had offended for a moment by speaking of Ireland in disparaging terms: "Have I been mistaken in you?" said Burke, "I thought you had been an Irishman and a brother." "Hear me," replied Eustace, "and judge. It is true that I was born in Ireland, but I left it early in life:

my family and my connexions are English; to England I owe the best part of my education, and, from Ireland I have derived no advantages except such as that education has procured for me." "You are right," answered Burke energetically and nobly, "for mere existence is a doubtful benefit; it may be a great blessing, or it may prove a curse; but that land which gave you mental being, that land which, by expanding and improving your faculties, raised you in the scale of intellectual existence, that should be, in your affections and feelings, your home and your country." The intimate friendship of a man of Burke's superior intellect and attainments was in itself a great distinction: he bestowed it upon Eustace, and selected him to be his confidential adviser and companion in his last illness; in those trying moments, when the busy scenes of life are gradually fading into distance; when wealth, and talents, and worldly distinction and literary fame are felt to be worthless and vain. The qualities which insure a preference over others at such a time, must be solid and amiable; the dying man does not choose a companion on account of the possession of rank, wit, fascinating manners, or brilliant talents, but he naturally wishes to have at his bed-side a friend distinguished for good judgment, right feeling, self-denial, and piety. Eustace closed the eyes of his highly gifted and eminent friend, and, in 1798, published an elegy to his memory, dedicated to Earl Fitzwilliam: it bears internal evidence of hasty composition; and the charac-

ter of the author's mind was to excel rather by gradual improvement, and patient correction, than by sudden efforts of genius and inspiration: in a modest preface he expresses his hope that it may be the means of exciting to exertion talents more worthy of the subject. The fifth stanza begins an address to his country thus:

> Then Britain! come, approach the hallow'd bier,
> Majestic bend in grief thy laurell'd head,
> And drop o'er Burke's remains one sacred tear,
> To raise thy sage above the vulgar dead.

In the eighth stanza he alludes to the celebrated essay on the sublime and beautiful:

> Him hast thou seen, with all the glow of youth,
> Up reason's steep ascent, adventurous climb,
> With eagle wing, attempt the heights of truth,
> And gaze, undazzled, on the bright sublime.

The stanzas which allude to a public monument in Westminster Abbey deserve to be extracted.

XXIII.

> Then, Britain! come, in all the pomp of woe,
> The last sad tribute to thy guardian pay,
> 'Tis public virtue bids thy sorrows flow,
> And, weeping, points to yonder sacred clay.

XXIV.

> Say shall thy patriot, with the crowd unknown,
> In yon neglected fane, unhonour'd lie?
> No bronze present his form; no sculptur'd stone
> Direct the lonely Pilgrim's searching eye?

XXV.

Behold yon awful towers, where greatness sleeps,
Where heroes, sages, saints repose in state,
Where o'er their dust thy grateful genius weeps,
And shields their fame against the stroke of fate.

XXVI.

O! thither bear his hallowed dust—there raise
The pile sepulchral sacred to his fame:
There let the muse announce to future days,
How Britain honours Burke's immortal name.

Of Eustace's poetry little has been published; the composition which he had finished with the greatest effect and care, was a long didactic poem on education, a subject familiar to him in all its bearings and branches; he sometimes recited to his friends passages from this poem full of noble sentiments vigorously and harmoniously expressed; it was completed long before his death, but though it would have done great credit to his talents and feelings in the opinion of all enlightened readers, he probably judged well in abstaining from publishing it, for direct instruction in verse is not often popular, and his work would have been found to want that deep and exciting interest which is requisite to create a general demand for a book. A shorter, earlier, and inferior specimen of his poetical talents is copied here from his manuscript, to exhibit his style.

I.

As all alone I strayed on Thames's side,
And view'd a thousand beauties rising round,
I hail'd with filial love the swelling tide,
And kiss'd with tears the dear the hallow'd ground.

II.

Grant me ye gracious powers! I ask no more,
The envied lot of Thames's happy swains,
To raise my humble cottage on its shore,
And rove unnotic'd on its flowery plains.

III.

Give me to steal in pensive thought along,
The winding borders of the willowed rill,
To hear at times the shepherd's rustic song,
Or catch the prospect from some wood-crowned hill.

IV.

Or spread at ease beneath the beechen shade,
To tune my pipe to some endearing theme,
And sing the beauties of some gentle maid,
Some woodland nymph, some maiad of the stream.

V.

Fain would I change, could Heaven permit! my lot,
And here renounce each vain, each noisy joy,
To pass my lonely days in yonder cot,
And live in humble bliss, a shepherd's boy.

VI.

Fain would I here forego an empty name,
Resign each fancied talent, dear bought art,
And far from all the noisy haunts of fame,
Unhonour'd glide along, unseen depart.

VII.

Or if the muse must still inspire her bard,
And bid me tune with skill the rural reed,
The praise of shepherds be my sole reward:
The smiles of simple nymphs my only meed!

VIII.

But woe is me! such bliss must ne'er be mine,
Far from thy lovely plains, O Albion, torn,
And doom'd a hapless exil'd wretch to pine,
In distant realms, neglected and forlorn.

IX.

Yet spite of all the seas that roll between,
Still shall my faithful soul return to thee:
Again shall visit each endearing scene,
And haunt the shade of every well-known tree.

X.

Yet still in fancy shall thy forests rise,
In fancy still thy willowed streamlets roll,
Thy spires in seeming prospect hail my eyes,
Thy shaded plains amuse my pensive soul.

XI.—(Written some time afterwards.)

But while I mourn, behold the shore recedes,
Already see! we sweep along the main;
Farewell, dear isle! my tortured bosom bleeds,
And tears alone can now relieve my pain.

In the year 1801 Eustace set out on a tour through Germany and Italy, as the tutor of Mr. Roche, a young Irishman of fortune. The education of the Roman Catholic gentry was formerly very much ne-

glected, both in England and Ireland: if I succeed in conveying to the reader my own impressions of the character of Eustace, I shall have shown, when my short sketch is finished, how peculiarly and eminently he was qualified to form the habits of young men into all that is requisite to complete the accomplished gentleman and scholar, and to repair the defects of early tuition. Mr. Roche unfortunately died young, before the benefits of his tutor's system could be fully exhibited in society.

The state of Flanders and the Peninsula having rendered it impossible for the Roman Catholics to educate young men for the priesthood in their ancient foreign seminaries, a college for the purpose of supplying the loss was formed, upon an extended scale, at Maynooth, in Ireland, and the post of one of the Professors was offered to Eustace: a difference of opinion on the mode of tuition caused him to decline this offer; and he was resident at different periods in both the English Universities, as tutor to two young relatives of the late Lord Petre, the generous and hospitable patron of Geddes, and of all Roman Catholics of talents and worth, who wanted his assistance. The earnest recommendation of the great Protestant Universities, as the only places in which young Roman Catholics of rank and fortune could acquire the learning, manners, and accomplishments suited to their station, was a proof of the judgment and liberality of Eustace, whose mind rose infinitely superior to the narrow prejudices usually imputed to

his religious profession. In 1805 he was resident in Jesus College, Cambridge, with Mr. George Petre, and there he associated on friendly and familiar terms with the most eminent literary men in the University. Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, the publication of whose extensive travels afterwards rendered him celebrated, resided in Jesus College at the same time. It has been fashionable for men, inferior in every way to Dr. Clarke, to impeach his veracity, and to ridicule his prejudices as a traveller; but the world has done ample justice to his works, and none of those who ever associated with him could differ in their opinion of his extraordinary qualities and attractions as a companion; he was lively, social, good-humoured, equally ready to listen and to speak, full of information on every topic, and willing to communicate the results of his extensive observations in a pleasant, unaffected manner. To him the public are indebted for the appearance in print of *The Classical Tour in Italy:* he had seen the manuscript journal of Eustace, and earnestly recommended its publication, of which the modest author had previously entertained no intention. Dr. Clarke, with characteristic zeal and kindness, entered into a negotiation with Mawman the bookseller, who paid a very liberal price for the copy-right, and was amply remunerated by an extensive demand for the work. The Classical Tour of Eustace was expected long before it appeared in print; the notes actually made on his journey formed but a small portion of the work, as it was fi-

nally published; many quotations, allusions, and comments were added by degrees, as subsequent studies threw new light on his extensive subject; and he was too anxious for his own literary reputation to print so large a work without the most mature consideration. He added and corrected scrupulously, laboriously, and slowly: the effect of this process has been to take off from his descriptions part of that freshness and air of similitude, which are diminished by every change of the original language, but the intrinsic and permanent value of the work was probably increased nearly in a ratio with the labour bestowed upon it. He was in Italy in 1802, and his book was not published till he had kept and considered it for the long period of eleven years. In the mean time he had taken a journey with Mr. George Petre, through part of Dalmatia, the western coast of Greece, the Ionian Islands, Sicily, and Malta. It is much to be lamented that he did not carry into effect his intention of publishing an account of this second tour: the objects and the countries which he then saw, have been frequently visited and described, but new and interesting light would have been thrown upon them by the remarks of his original, inquiring, and enthusiastic mind.

Before the publication of the Classical Tour in Italy, the merit of Eustace was known, and duly appreciated, by many of the first Roman Catholic families in England, and by some eminent men in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, whom he had

met occasionally in society during his residence with his pupils at those places; but his character was modest and retiring, and his path in life was comparatively obscure, till his work made him generally and advantageously known to the reading world; his talents, information, and principles, were exhibited in his book in so favourable a light, that his society was immediately sought by eminent men of all classes and persuasions; and intimate personal acquaintance always confirmed the first favourable impression. The reader of his book soon perceived that the ruling passions of Eustace were literature and religion, and that he was an enthusiast in both.

Enthusiasm, when properly regulated and well directed, throws its own peculiar charm over intellectual existence, and banishes from life and society that great calamity, that most grievous burden, which the French call *ennui*, and for which we have no name exactly appropriate; for *listlessness*, which perhaps comes nearest to the meaning, is scarcely expressive enough of intolerable misery. To enthusiasm in literature few will be disposed to object; without it an author has little chance of permanent reputation; with it, he may reach the summit of fame, amongst his cotemporaries, and with posterity; and it can scarcely fail to make him a companion, in whose society the hours will pass uncounted and unheeded. With enthusiasm in religion, which is the excess of hope, as opposed to superstition, the excess of fear, a man will probably be very happy; and he may ef-

fect most extensive good amongst his fellow-creatures, *if his creed be right.* The pleasures of literature are independent of place, time, and circumstances; they are innocent, and easily procured; they elevate the mind, improve the temper, and never satiate on repetition. The literary man will love society; for, carrying into company benevolent feelings and kind affections, he cannot be insensible to the pleasure which he creates in others, and he will be equally ready to speak and listen, to amuse, and to be amused; but he will not be constrained to depend on the convenience or the caprice of others for his daily portion of enjoyment, as probably the happiest hours of his existence will be those passed in composition, and alone. The religious man has the great advantage of being secure from worldly disappointment; for, viewing the events of life as means of trial and improvement, he endeavours to be grateful, or at least resigned, under all circumstances; and hope, that blessing and balm of life, will be his constant companion to the verge of the grave. If these positions be true, an enthusiast in literature and religion must be the happiest of living beings, having enjoyments for the present which never weary, and hopes for the future which never fail.

The creed of Eustace was liberal and tolerant, the sentiments on the subject of religion, which regulated his whole life, being expressed in the following eloquent passage, in the preface to his Classical Tour in Italy:—

"The author must acknowledge, that the affecting lessons, the holy examples, and the majestic rites of the Catholic Church, made an early impression on his mind, and neither time nor experience, neither reading, nor conversation, nor much travelling, have weakened that impression, or diminished his veneration. Yet, with this affectionate attachment to the ancient faith, he presumes not to arraign those who support other systems. Persuaded that their claims to mercy, as well as his own, depend upon sincerity and charity, he leaves them and himself to the disposal of the common Father of all; who, we may humbly hope, will treat our errors and our defects with more indulgence than mortals usually show to each other. In truth, reconciliation and union are the objects of his warmest wishes, of his most fervent prayers: they occupy his thoughts, they employ his pen; and if a stone shall happen to mark the spot where his remains are to repose, that stone shall speak of peace and reconciliation."

If the ministers and professors of a religion, whose leading and essential doctrine is charity, would always write and speak in the spirit of this quotation, much bitterness and misery would be banished from amongst mankind.

In June 1814, during the short peace, Eustace was invited by the Lords Carrington and Essex, to accompany them on an excursion to France, and he published, on his return, a letter, addressed from Paris to his friend and former pupil, George Pet.e,

in which he gave a rapid, but clear and excellent sketch of the changes made by war and revolution in that unhappy country. This little work was so popular, that eight editions of it were sold. A beautiful short passage may be quoted, as exhibiting to advantage the feelings, the talents, and style of the author; it is a description of the noble Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, the ancient burying place of the Kings of France:—

"I beheld St. Denis in 1790,—it was served by a numerous fraternity of learned and holy monks; fumes of incense ascended daily from the altars; and morning, noon, and night, the tones of the organ and the notes of the choir echoed from its vaults. In 1802 I revisited it. The ruins of the Abbey strewed the ground; the church stood stripped and profaned; the wind roared through the unglazed windows, and murmured round the vaults; the rain dropped from the roof and deluged the pavement; the royal dead had been torn from the repositories of departed greatness; the bones of heroes had been made the playthings of children, and the dust of monarchs had been scattered to the wind. The clock alone remained in the tower, tolling every quarter, as if to measure the time permitted *to the abomination of desolation*, and to record each repeated act of sacrilege and impiety."

After his return from France Eustace lived for some time at the village of Great Chesterford, in Essex, the principal recommendation of which was its

proximity to the residence of some enlightened and hospitable friends, at whose table he was always a welcome guest: he had become more dependent on society, in consequence of the gradual decay of his sight. He went to Italy in 1815, and was collecting materials for a new volume of his tour, when the pestilential exhalations of summer, against which he had cautioned others in his travels, became fatal to himself. He died at Naples, universally, deeply, and most justly lamented.

Eustace was rather above the middle size, and stooped habitually, as is common with short-sighted and studious men; his pale cheek and thin form indicated, that with him bodily wants and personal luxuries were secondary considerations. His manners had that quiet self-possession which is suited to all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, and leaves a man at full liberty for enjoyment and observation in society. Of his powers in conversation I am warranted in speaking strongly, for, in my journey through life, I have never met with or known so delightful and inexhaustible a companion. I have sat with him after breakfast, that most pleasant and cheerful of meals, and listened to him for hours over empty tea-cups, till noon has surprised me, and time has passed uncounted and unnoticed. The only man whom I ever thought nearly equal to him in colloquial talent was the late Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, of Cambridge, of whom I speak diffidently, having only passed with him a single afternoon, which I shall never forget.

The expression of Eustace's countenance was intellectual and benevolent; there was none of that restless mobility of eye and feature which usually indicates genius; his was a face in which a stranger would remark only the complacency and repose of a mind at ease; but it was lighted up with peculiar animation when subjects were discussed which interested him nearly. To his whole character the term attractive may be justly applied; for his pupils, and all who knew him intimately, became warmly and unalterably attached to him.

The sketches in this little volume have been purposely made of persons from different countries and stations in life, to supply the reader with materials for thinking and for drawing his own conclusions on the effects of literary pursuits. In cases such as those of Beattie, Cowper, and Zimmerman, where the parties have not been uniformly happy, (for who is uniformly happy in this world?) it will be found, on impartial investigation, that the causes of misery are to be distinctly traced, and that the influence of literature was, even in these unhappy men, soothing and salutary. I have endeavoured to place facts in a clear light and distinct order, and the result must be matter of opinion. On the life and character of Eustace, having had many opportunities for personal observation, I may be permitted to dwell a little longer, for the purpose of throwing additional light on the subject, which, in this inquiring age, is deeply interesting.

There is considerable difficulty in forming a due estimate of human life; it is probably a transitory portion of existence intended to be a scene of trial, and to furnish means of preparation for eternity: experience shows it to be a mixed state of pleasure and pain, but a benevolent design may be easily traced, for the greater portion is passed either in positive enjoyment, or in the absence of suffering, which constitutes ease. If the events of life are intended to draw forth the latent powers of mind, it becomes a duty to aid in this great design, by availing ourselves to the utmost of every occasion which may present itself for the improvement of our faculties. The nature of the union of the soul and the body is a mystery too deep for us to solve. There are evidently two principles within us, the one earthly, corporeal, sensual, grovelling; delighting only in what is present and tangible; the other spiritual, exalted, heavenly, ranging over the past and the future, and dwelling by choice upon forms of ideal and infinite beauty and excellence: whatever tends to make the latter principle predominant over the former, whatever, in our manner of life, induces us to make mind our first consideration, raises us in the scale of being. Life is short, but within its brief space much more may be done than has ever yet been effected; how far incessant and judicious cultivation can carry the faculties in the career of improvement, supposing that noble object to be the main design of every active hour of existence, is a problem not yet solved. The very attempt

would relieve us at once from a host of little, daily, degrading cares, as to what we shall eat or drink, where we shall lodge, and how we shall be clothed; these matters being once regulated in the simplest and shortest manner possible, elevation and dignity of character would follow, without precluding reasonable attention to those concerns of existence which, though unworthy of notice when they relate to ourselves, are ennobled in estimation when they become of consequence to the comfort and well-being of others. There is no doubt that the direct effect of literature is to refine and exalt the character of its votaries: they are rash innovators who propose, as some popular modern writers have done, to banish it from our seminaries. Some minds are, by nature, calculated for the patient and strict investigations which mechanics and mathematics require; let them pursue their vocation: to trace omnipotence in the regulation of the planets, and to follow the eccentric comet in its orbit, is a noble occupation; and they who endeavour to render science popular and useful, in chain-bridges, railways, and steam-engines, promote the intercourse and comfort of society, and are therefore well employed; but the number of those who can be thus occupied must be comparatively small: a regular pursuit of some literary object is the only safe refuge from listlessness and misery, for that extensive class in society who, their own wants, or those of their families, do not compel to labour in some manner for daily bread and future provision.

When the mind stagnates it is ruined; if happiness is to be designated by one term, we should perhaps define it to be constant, successful, honourable employment. Those who are not constrained to labour, in the strict sense of the word, will, therefore, do well to make the improvement of their faculties, by literary cultivation, their principal business: they will thus secure to themselves self-respect, never-failing resources in solitude, a welcome reception in society, and the general estimation of the enlightened part of mankind.

From the constitution of our nature, a progress appears necessary to our enjoyment, in all our pursuits, and this essential ingredient of happiness may be obtained in literature with certainty. To read such books as are acknowledged by general suffrage to be the best, to analyze, to comment, to decide by the exercise of independent judgment, whether an author has proved and illustrated what he proposed to prove and illustrate, or not, is surely possible to all, and this cannot be done habitually without a progressive and perceptible improvement of the mind.

I have frequently endeavoured to trace the sources of that pleasure which Eustace communicated by his conversation to those who associated with him: his favourite topics were the beauties of classical literature, with which he was extensively and most familiarly acquainted; the great superiority of the institutions of England [illegible] of foreign countries; the effect of Christianity and its social worship when conducted [illegible] and appropriate man-

ner, on the human mind; the benefits which would have resulted to society from leaving such institutions as the Abbies of Tintern, Fountaine, and Furness entire in their form, and fully endowed, and making them great seminaries for gratuitous education, under the management of learned, liberal, and charitable men like the Benedictine Monks; and, lastly, the subject on which his mind appeared to dwell most constantly and willingly, the possibility of uniting all sects of Christians in one form of worship: a hope certainly vague and visionary, so long as human passions shall continue to mix their bitterness with religious feelings, but on which the benevolent mind may be permitted to dwell in contemplation, as the day-dream of an earthly paradise. It is difficult to give such a description of his manner as may convey a full impression of it to the reader; he was fluent and eloquent when excited by a favourite subject, and perhaps a part of the pleasure of his hearers may have arisen from their feelings being exalted far above the level of their usual current by catching a portion of his enthusiasm.

Literature had refined his mind, and exalted his heart with every thing of mean and temporary interest had been effectually expelled from both. Even before the publication of his great work, he was known, respected, and valued by the Petres, the Throckmortons, the Jerninghams, and many others of the ancient Roman Catholic families of England; they were acquainted with his talents, estimated his moral

worth, and duly appreciated his powers of conversation. After the Classical Tour in Italy appeared, his acquaintance was sought by the Protestant gentry, and nobility also, and what he would estimate as a higher privilege, he was enabled to associate with the most distinguished of the learned men and popular authors. I am far from underrating the value of wealth, rank, and ancient lineage; they are great advantages when properly used, and, as such, they should always be estimated: but there are still higher distinctions. When the stranger in Edinburgh takes his morning walk towards the Corstorphine hills, and hears, in answer to his inquiry, that a pleasantly situated mansion belongs to a titled man, he looks at it for an instant and passes on; but, if he finds a castellated dwelling half concealed in foliage, and, on asking the owner's name, hears [illegible] of Mr. Jeffrey, he gazes on the [illegible] awakened interest; for the ma[illegible] flood of illustration from law, [illegible] on any subject, as Mr. Jeffrey [illegible] extraordinary talents.

Is the stranger introduced [illegible] of the court [illegible] moments o[illegible] the venera[illegible] with the [illegible] table belo[illegible] respectable [illegible] it is difficu[illegible]

is little mobility of features, and the eye is usually directed to routine business with its expression in a state of repose; but that grey head contains the first intellect in Scotland, and the name of its owner, Sir Walter Scott, has a magical power in commanding and arresting attention. Is the stranger present at the interesting ceremony of electing a representative Peer for Scotland? He forgets the long line of Monarchs whose faded figures are looking down from the walls in Holyroodhouse, and even the brilliant living assemblage around him: he thinks only on the author of Marmion, who is reading the official papers, and whose genius has fixed the creations of his fancy so vividly in every reader's mind, that they are perpetually confounded with real personages and historical facts. It is thus that in all countries civilized man bends in deep and spontaneous homage before the nobility of superior intellect: a distinction far above any which wealth, rank, and title can confer.

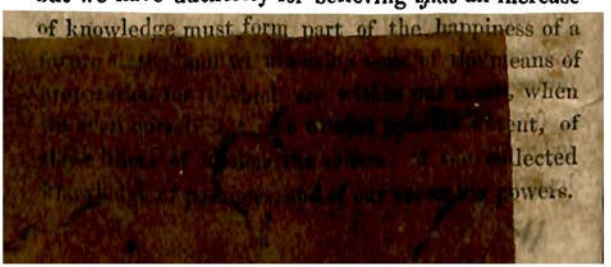
Laudari a laudatis,—to be praised by those who are praised by others; to be sought and distinguished by men whose labours have been sanctioned, and whose reputation has been sealed by general and public approbation, has in all ages been considered one of the greatest and most laudable objects of worldly ambition. Literary fame is a ready passport to the highest and best society at home and abroad: an author does not always acquire it in the first instance in exact proportion to his labour or even his talents; for friends, patronage, and favourable circumstances,

must concur to fix public attention upon new works and new names; but though justice is sometimes done tardily it is generally done effectually at last; and very few instances can be quoted of men of real merit remaining long obscure and neglected, after they have exhibited proofs of genius and information through the public press.

The example of Eustace is calculated to teach students the very useful lessons of humility, patience, and industry. He thought so humbly of the journal which formed the basis of his classical tour, that Dr. Clarke had great difficulty in prevailing upon him to publish it; and this feeling, whilst it doubled the value of public applause, guarded him effectually from the chance of disappointment; his perseverance in correcting his work, and his ardent zeal in collecting from every quarter materials for illustration, were admirable. There is no general rule more usefully applicable to all the pursuits of life than that which points out labour as the only sure road to excellence. A few names of eminent men may be quoted who appear to acquire knowledge by a process something like intuition, who become wise and learned without sacrificing any of the pleasures or enjoyments of social life; but these instances are too rare to be safely relied upon as examples; and, besides, it will frequently be found on investigation that the talent of [illegible] is merely the pow[illegible] the mind, and thus [illegible] ly is made

up by intensity of application. The habit of constraining the attention and fixing it with accumulated force upon any required point, has been recommended with triumphant force of argument by every eminent writer and teacher on the subject of mind and its powers, from Locke to the venerable Professor of Logic, Jardine of Glasgow: but fame cannot be the portion of all who study, and, therefore, it is satisfactory to those who have leisure and inclination to cultivate their intellect to know, that they will not lose their reward, even though the fruits of their study should be wholly confined to themselves, or a very narrow social circle. If any temporal employment can be truly said to bring with it its own sure recompence, that employment is diligent study with a view to improve the intellectual powers. It is an occupation suited to all stations, circumstances, and ages; it tends to refine and embellish social conversation; and when good society cannot be procured, it saves a man from the dreadful misery of seeking an external stimulus in debauchery, gambling, frivolous company, or from the fearful alternative of counting the weary moments in the listlessness of stagnant thought. These advantages will be duly estimated by every observer of life and manners; but though the power of self-amusement and self-occupation which [illegible] the pur[illegible] mind a[illegible] ponder[illegible]

yet there is a still higher ground which the advocate for literature may securely take when he recommends it as a regular pursuit: *the improvement of the faculties is a moral duty.* Our obligations as responsible beings may be divided into three classes, the first relating to ourselves, the second to society, and the third to our Creator. The restraint of appetites and passions within due bounds, forms but one branch of our duty to ourselves. We are placed on earth as candidates for immortality with a very limited time allowed for preparation; our faculties are imperfect, but they are capable of cultivation, and it still remains to be proved how far that cultivation can be carried. It is by reason that we are distinguished from the brute creation; and it seems evident that the farther and higher we carry this distinction by our own efforts, the more exactly we are fulfilling the designs of our Creator. It is to be presumed that there are not many rational beings who, viewing time and eternity in their due relation to each other, can pass a whole day of life without reflecting, in some part of it, on the nature of a future existence. Much of what we shall be hereafter is veiled in mystery; but we have authority for believing that an increase of knowledge must form part of the happiness of a



With regard to society, the homage which it pays to genius and information may be called universal, for the savage of the forest looks up to the civilized and cultivated European as a superior being. To acquire knowledge, and afterwards to apply it in furnishing advice and instruction to the ignorant, may thus be considered a social duty. There are few human beings who possess an influence of more fearful responsibility than that of a popular author, who, having passed the early part of his life in acquiring useful knowledge, has also gained the talent of arresting attention when he invites his readers to be as wise as himself; pouring forth light on his subject from the stores of his mind as from an inexhaustible fountain. The matured fruits of his wisdom become fixed upon the printed page, are gradually made known in foreign countries by translation, and are carried by the rapid intercourse of commerce and civilisation to the utmost parts of the habitable world. Thus it is plain, that a ready pen, a logical understanding, a clear, unaffected and expressive style, a store of wisdom collected from antiquity, nature, and art, and so arranged as to be easily accessible, are most powerful instruments of good; and that the diligent acquisition of such powers by study, by training the mind, and concentrating the attention, is an important social duty.

And when a man fulfils, to the best of his knowledge and belief, one of the great designs of creation, by exalting his mind and cultivating its powers; when

under the influence of charity in the most extensive meaning of the term, he applies the wisdom which he has gained to the purpose of enlightening the ignorance and promoting the happiness of his fellow-creatures; when by instruction, arguments and examples, he teaches the rich how to use prosperity, the poor how to support want, and the afflicted how to procure consolation; it may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that he is not neglecting the third and highest branch of his obligations, his duty to his Creator.

FINIS.

ERRATUM.

Page 201, line third, *for* 1720 *read* 1797.

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